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THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

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THE WORKS OF WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

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IN THIRTEEN VOLUMES.

VOLUME XIII.

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MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS,

SKETCHES AND REVIEWS,

CONTRIBUTIONS TO "PUNCH."

LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE.
1896.

"AM I NOT A MAN AND A BROTHER?"

304
COMPUTRIZED

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS,

SKETCHES AND REVIEWS

AND

CONTRIBUTIONS TO "PUNCH."

By W. M. THACKERAY.

WITH A FRONTISPIECE.

LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE.
1896.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE contents of this volume have not hitherto been included among Mr. Thackeray's collected works. They consist chiefly of contributions to Magazines, written when he was between twenty-six and thirty-five years of age, together with a few scattered papers belonging to a later period of his life, and of contributions to *Punch*. When the previous volumes were issued it was considered that these articles—many of them on topics of the day—were unsuitable for publication in a permanent form. In consequence, however, of the copyright of some of Mr. Thackeray's earlier writings having expired, and of advertisement having been made of a contemplated raking together and indiscriminate republication of every casual and unconsidered trifle from his pen, the Publishers have decided to reprint such of Mr. Thackeray's uncollected writings as they consider desirable. It has, indeed, been suggested by competent critics that Mr. Thackeray's severe judgment on his own early efforts ought in many cases to be overruled, and it is hoped that much in this volume will prove both interesting to the general reader and instructive to the student of Mr. Thackeray's method of working, as well as illustrative of the development of his genius. It is believed that this volume contains all Mr. Thackeray's early writings which have not from their slight and ephemeral nature lost all interest from the mere lapse of time.

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CRITICAL REVIEWS

OF

BOOKS AND PICTURES

CRITICAL REVIEWS

OF

BOOKS AND PICTURES.

FASHNABLE FAX AND POLITE ANNYGOATS.

BY CHARLES YELLOWPLUSH, ESQ.

No. —, Grosvenor Square: 10*th October.*
(*N.B. Hairy Bell.*)

MY DEAR Y.—Your dellixy in sending me "My Book"* does you honour; for the subjick on which it treats cannot, like politix, metafizzix, or other silly sciences, be criticized by the common writin creaturs who do your and other Magazines at so much a yard. I am a chap of a different sort. I have lived with some of the first families in Europe, and I say it, without fear of contradistinction, that, since the death of George the IV., and Mr. Simpson of Voxall Gardens, there doesn't, praps, live a more genlmnly man than myself. As to figger, I beat Simpson all to shivers; and know more of the world than the late George. He did things in a handsome style enough, but he lived always in one set, and got narrow in his notions. How could he be otherwise? Had he my opportunities, I say he would have been a better dressed man, a better dined man (*poor angsy deer*, as the French say), and a better furnitured man. These qualities an't got by indolence, but by acute hobservation and foring travel, as I have had. But a truce to heggotism, and let us proceed with bisniss.

Skelton's "Anatomy" (or Skeleton's, which, I presume, is his real name) is a work which has been long wanted in the littery world. A reglar slap-up, no-mistake, out-an'-out account of the manners and usitches

* *My Book; or, The Anatomy of Conduct.* By John Henry Skelton. London: Simpkin & Marshall. 1837.

of genteel society, will be appreciated in every famly from Buckly Square to Whitechapel Market. Ever since you sent me the volum, I have read it to the gals in our hall, who are quite delighted of it, and every day grows genteeler and genteeler. So is Jeames, coachman; so is Sam and George, and little Halfred, the sugar-loafed page:—all 'xcept old Huffy, the fat veezy porter, who sits all day in his hall-chair, and never reads a word of anythink but that ojus *Hage* newspaper. "Huffy," I often say to him, "why continue to read that blaggerd print? Want of decency, Huffy, becomes no man in your high situation: a genlman without morallity, is like a liv'ry-coat without a shoulder-knot." But the old-fashioned beast reads on, and don't care for a syllable of what I say. As for the *Sat'rist*, that's different: I read it myself, reg'lar; for it's of uncompromising Raddicle principils, and lashes the vices of the arristoxy. But again I am diverging from Skeleton.

What I like about him so pertiklerly is his moddisty. Before you come to the book, there is, fust, a Deddication; then, a Preface; and nex', a Prolygomeny. The fust is about hisself; the second about hisself, too; and, cuss me! if the Prolygolygominy an't about hisself again, and his schoolmaster, the Rev. John Finlay, late of Streatham Academy. I shall give a few extrax from them:—

"Graceful manners are not intuitive: so he, who, through industry or the smiles of fortune, *would emulate a polite carriage*, must be *taught* not to outrage propriety. Many topics herein considered have been discussed, more or less gravely or jocosely, according as the subject-matter admitted the varying treatment. I would that with propriety much might be expunged, but that I felt it is all required from the nature of the work. The public is the tribunal to which I appeal: not friendship, but public attestation, must affix the signet to 'My Book's' approval or condemnation. Sheridan, when manager of Drury, was known to say, he had solicited and received the patronage of friends, but from the public only had he found support. So may it be with me!"

There's a sentence for you, Mr. Yorke!* We disputed about it, for three-quarters of an hour, in the servants' hall. Miss Simkins, my Lady's *feel de chamber*, says it's complete ungramatticle, as so it is. "I would that," &c., "but that," and so forth: what can be the earthly meaning of it? "Graceful manners," says Skeleton, "is not intuitive." Nor more an't grammar, Skelton; sooner than make a fault in which, I'd knife my fish, or malt after my cheese.

As for "emulating a genteel carriage," not knowing what that

* Oliver Yorke was the well-known pseudonym of the editor of *Fraser's Magazine*.

might mean, we at once asked Jim Coachman; but neither he nor his helpers could help us. Jim thinks it was a baroosh; cook says, a brisky; Sam, the stable-boy (who, from living chiefly among the hosses and things, has got a sad low way of talking), said it was all dicky, and bid us drive on to the nex' page.

"For years, when I have observed anything in false taste, I have remarked that, when 'My Book' makes its appearance, such an anomaly will be discontinued; and, instead of an angry reply, it has ever been, 'What! are *you* writing such a work?' till at length, in several societies, 'My Book' has been referred to whenever *une méprise* has taken place. As thus: '"My Book" is, indeed, wanted;' or, 'If "My Book" were here;' or, 'We shall never be right without "My Book";' which led me to take minutes of the barbarisms I observed. I now give them to the world, from a conviction that a rule of conduct should be studied, and impressed upon the mind. Other studies come occasionally into play; but the conduct, the deportment, and the manner are ever in view, and should be a primary consideration, and by no means left to chance (as at present), 'whether it be good, or whether it be evil.'

"Most books that have appeared on this vital subject have generally been of a trashy nature; intended, one would imagine—if you took the trouble to read them—as advertisements to this trade, or for that man, this draper, or that dentist, instead of attempting to form the mind, and leaving the judgment to act.

"To Lord Chesterfield other remarks apply: but Dr. Johnson has so truly and so wittily characterised, in few words, that heartless libertine's advice to his son, that, without danger of corrupting the mind, you cannot place his works in the hands of youth.

"It should ever be kept in our recollection, that a graceful carriage—a noble bearing, and a generous disposition to sit with ease and grace, must be enthroned 'in the mind's eye' on every virtuous sentiment."

There it is, the carriage again! But never mind that—to the nex sentence it's nothink: "to sit with ease and grace must be enthroned 'in the mind's eye' on every virtuous sentiment!" Heaven bless your bones, Mr. Skeleton! where are you driving us? I say, this sentence would puzzle the very Spinx himself! How *can* a man sit in his eye? If the late Mr. Finlay, of Streatham Academy, taught John Henry Anatomy Skeleton to do this, he's a very wonderful pupil, and no mistake! as well as a finominy in natural history, quite exceeding that of Miss Mackavoy. Such *peculiar* opportunities for hobservation must make his remarks really valuable.*

* I canot refrain from quattin, in a note, the following extract, from page 8:—

"To be done with propriety, everything must be done quietly. When the cards are dealt round do not sort them in all possible haste, and, having per-

Well, he observes on every think that is at all observable, and can make a gen'l'man fit for gen'l'manly society. His beayviour at dinner and brexfast, at bawls and swarries, at chuch, at vist, at skittles, at drivin' cabs, at gettin' in an' out of a carriage, at his death and burill—givin', on every one of these subjicks, a plenty of ex'lent maxums; as we shall very soon see. Let's begin about dinner—it's always a pleasant thing to hear talk of. Skeleton (who is a slap-up heppycure) says:—

"Earn the reputation of being a good carver; it is a weakness to pretend superiority to an art in such constant requisition, and on which so much enjoyment depends. You must not crowd the plate—send only a moderate quantity, with fat and gravy; in short, whatever you may be carving, serve others as if you were helping yourself: this may be done with rapidity, if the carver takes pleasure in his province, and endeavours to excel. It is cruel and disgusting to send a lump of meat to anyone: if at the table of a friend, it is offensive; if at your own, unpardonable. No refined appetite can survive it."

Taken in general, I say this remark is admiral. I saw an instance, only last wick, at our table. There was, first, Sir James and my lady, in course, at the head of their own table; then there was Lord and Lady Smigsmag right and left of my lady; Captain Flupp, of the huzzas (huzza he may be; but he looks, to my thinkin, much more like a bravo); and the Bishop of Biffeter, with his lady; Haldermin Snodgrass, and me—that is, I waited.

Well, the haldermin, who was helpin the tuttle, puts on Biffeter's plate a wad of green fat, which might way a pound and three-quarters. His ludship goes at it very hearty; but not likin to seprate it, tries to swallow the lump at one go. I recklect Lady Smigsmag saying gaily, "What, my lord, are you goin that whole hog at once?" The bishop looked at her, rowled his eyes, and tried to spick; but between the spickin and swallerin, and the green fat, the consquinsies were fatle! He sunk back on his chair, his spoon dropt, his face became of a blew colour, and down he fell as dead as a nit. He recovered, to be sure, nex day; but not till after a precious deal of bleedin and dosin, which Dr. Drencher described for him.

formed it in a most hurried manner, clap your cards on the table, looking proudly round, conscious of your own superiority. I speak to those in good society,—not to him who, making cards his trade, has his motives for thus hurrying,—that he may remark the countenances of those with whom he plays—that he may make observations in *his mind's eye*, from what passes around, and use those observations to *suit ulterior ends*."

This, now, is what I call a reg'lar parrylel passidge, and renders quite clear Mr. Skeltonses notin of the situation of the mind's eye.—CHAS. YLPLSH.

This would never have happened, had not the haldermin given him such a plate-full; and to Skeleton's maxim let me add mine.

Dinner was made for eatin, not for talkin: never pay compliments with your mouth full.

"The person carving must bear in mind that a knife is a saw, by which means it will never slip; and should it be blunt, or the meat overdone, he will succeed neatly and expertly, while others are unequal to the task. For my part, I have been accustomed to think I could carve any meat, with any knife; but lately, in France, I have found my mistake—for the meat was so overdone, and the knives so blunt, that the little merit I thought I possessed completely failed me. Such was never the case with any knife I ever met with in England.

"Pity that there is not a greater reciprocity in the world! How much would France be benefited by the introduction of our cutlery and woollens; and we by much of its produce!

"When the finger-glass is placed before you, you must not drink the contents, or even rinse your mouth, and spit it back; although this has been done by some inconsiderate persons. Never, in short, do that of which, on reflection, you would be ashamed; for instance, never help yourself to salt with your knife—a thing which is not unfrequently done in *la belle France* in the 'perfumed chambers of the great.' We all have much to unlearn, ere we can learn much that we should. My effort is 'to gather up the tares, and bind them in bundles to destroy them,' and then to 'gather the wheat into the barn.'

"When the rose-water is carried round after dinner, dip into it the corner of your napkin lightly; touch the tips of your fingers, and press the napkin on your lips. Forbear plunging into the liquid as into a bath."

This, to be sure, would be diffiklt, as well as ungenlmnly; and I have something to say on this head, too.

About them blue water bowls which are brought in after dinner, and in which the company makes such a bubblin and spirtin; people should be very careful in usin them, and mind how they hire short-sighted servants. Lady Smigsmag is a melancholy instance of this. Her ladyship wears two rows of false teeth (what the French call a *rattler*), and is, every body knows, one of the most absint of women. After dinner one day (at her own house), she whips out her teeth, and puts them into the blue bowl, as she always did, when the squirtin time came. Well, the conversation grew hanimated; and so much was Lady Smigsmag interested, that she clean forgot her teeth, and wen to bed without them.

Nex morning was a dreadful disturbance in the house; sumbady had stolen my lady's teeth out of her mouth! But this is a loss which a lady don't like positively to advertise; so the matter was

hushed up, and my lady got a new set from Parkison's. But nobody ever knew who was the thief of the teeth.

A fortnight after, another dinner was given. Lady Smigsmag only kep a butler and one man, and this was a chap whom we used to call, professionally, Lazy Jim. He never did nothing but when he couldn't help it; he was as lazy as a dormus, and as blind as a howl. If the plate was dirty, Jim never touched it until the day it was wanted, and the same he did by the glas; you might go into his pantry, and see dozens on 'em with the water (he drenk up all the wind) which had been left in 'em since last dinner party. How such things could be allowed in a house, I don't know; it only shewed that Smigsmag was an easy master, and that Higgs, the butler, didn't know his bisniss.

Well, the day kem for the sek'nd party. Lazy Jim's plate was all as dutty as pos'bil, and his whole work to do; he cleaned up the plate, the glas, and every think else, as he thought, and set out the trays and things on the sideboard. "Law, Jim, you jackass," cried out the butler, at half-past seven, jist as the people was a comen down to dinner; "you've forgot the washand basins."

Jim spun down into his room,—for he'd forgotten 'em, sure enough; there they were, however, on his shelf, and full of water: so he brought 'em up, and said nothink; but gev 'em a polishin wipe with the tail of his coat.

Down kem the company to dinner, and set to it like good uns. The society was reg'lar *distangy* (as they say): there was the Duke of Haldersgit, Lord and Lady Barbikin, Sir Gregory Jewin, and Lady Suky Smithfield, asides a lot of commontators. The dinner was removed, and the bubble and squeakers (as I call 'em) put down; and all the people began a washin themselves, like any think. "Whrrrrr!" went Lady Smigsmag; "Cloocloocloocloophizz!" says Lady Barbikin; "Goggleoggleoggleblrrawaw!" says Jewin (a very fat g'n'l'm'n), "Blobblobgob!" began his Grace of Haldersgit, who has got the widest mouth in all the peeridge, when all of a sudden he stopped, down went his washand-basin, and he gev such a piercing shrick! such a bust of agony as I never saw, excep when the prince sees the ghost in "Hamlick": down went his basin, and up went his eyes; I really thought he was going to vomick!

I rushed up to his Grace, squeeging him in the shoulders, and patting him on the back. Every body was in alarm; the duke as pale as hashes, grinding his teeth, frowning, and makin the most frightful extortions: the ladis were in astarrix; and I observed Lazy Jim leaning against the sideboard, and looking as white as chock.

I looked into his Grace's plate, and, on my honour as a gnlmn, among the amins and reasons, there was two rows of TEETH!

"Law!—heavens!—what!—your Grace!—is it possible?" said Lady Smigsmag, puttin her hand into the duke's plate. "Dear Duke of Aldersgate! as I live, they are my lost teeth!"

Flesh and blud coodn't stand this, and I bust out laffin, till I thought I should split; a footman's a man, and as impregnable as hany other to the ridiklous. *I* bust, and every body bust after me—lords and ladies, duke and butler, and all—every body excep Lazy Jim.

Would you blieve it? *He hadn't cleaned out the glasses, and the company was a washin themselves in second-hand water, a fortnit old!*

I don't wish to insinuate that this kind of thing is general; only people had better take warnin by me and Mr. Skeleton, and wash theirselves at home. Lazy Jeames was turned off the nex morning, took to drinkin and evil habits, and is now, in consquints, a leftenant-general in the Axillary Legend. Let's now get on to what Skelton calls his "Derelictions"—here's some of 'em, and very funny one's they are too. What do you think of Number 1, by way of a dereliction?

"1. A knocker on the door of a lone house in the country.

"2. When on horseback, to be followed by a groom in a fine livery; or, when in your gig or cab, with a 'tiger' so adorned by your side. George IV., whose taste was never excelled, if ever equalled, always, excepting on state occasions, exhibited his retinue in plain liveries—a grey frock being the usual dress of his grooms.

"4. To elbow people as you walk is rude. For such uncouth beings, perhaps, a good thrashing would be the best monitor; only there might be disagreeables attending the correction, in the shape of legal functionaries.

"9. When riding with a companion, be not two or three horse-lengths before or behind.

"10. When walking with one friend, and you encounter another, although you may stop and speak, never introduce the strangers, unless each expresses a wish to that effect.

"13. Be careful to check vulgarities in children; for instance: 'Tom, did you get wet?'—'No; Bob did, but I cut away.' You should also affectionately rebuke an unbecoming tone and manner in children.

"18. To pass a glass, or any drinking vessel, by the brim, or to offer a lady a bumper, are things equally in bad taste.

"19. To look from the window to ascertain who has knocked, whilst the servant goes to the door, must not be done.

"26. Humming, drumming, or whistling, we must avoid, as disrespectful to our company.

"27. Never whisper in company, nor make confidants of mere acquaintance.

"28. Vulgar abbreviations, such as gent for gentleman, or buss for omnibus, &c., must be shunned.

"29. Make no noise in eating: as, when you masticate with the lips unclosed, the action of the jaw is heard. It is equally bad in drinking. Gulping loudly is abominable—it is but habit—unrestrained, no more; but enough to disgust.

"30. To do anything that might be obnoxious to censure, or even bear animadversion from eccentricity, you must take care not to commit.

"31. Be especially cautious not to drink while your plate is sent to be replenished.

"32. A bright light in a dirty lamp * is not to be endured.

"33. The statue of the Achilles in Hyde Park is in bad taste. To erect a statue in honour of a hero in a defensive attitude, when his good sword has carved his renown—Ha, ha, ha!"

Ha, ha, ha! isn't that reg'lar ridiklous? Not the statute I mean, but the *dereliction*, as Skillyton calls it. Ha, ha, ha! indeed! *De*fensive hattitude! He may call that nasty naked figger *de*fensive—I say it's *hof*fensive, and no mistake. But read the whole bunch of remarx, Mr. Yorke; a'nt they *rich*?—a'nt they what you may call a perfect gallixy of derelictions?

Take, for instance, twenty-nine and thutty-one—gulpins, mastigatin, and the haction of the jaw! Why, sich things a'nt done, not by the knife-boy, and the skillery-made, who dine in the back kitchin after we've done! And nex appeal to thutty-one. *Why* shouldn't a man drink, when his plate's taken away? Is it unnatral? is it ungen'm'n'ly? is it unbecomin? If he'd said that a chap shouldn't drink when his *glass* is taken away, that would be a reason, and a good one. Now let's read "hayteen." Pass a glass *by the brim*! Put your thum and fingers, I spose. The very notin makes me all over uncomfrble; and, in all my experience of society, I never saw no not a coalheaver do such a thing. Nex comes:—

"The most barbarous modern introduction is the habit of wearing the hat in the 'salon,' as now practised even in the presence of the ladies.

"When, in making a morning call, you give your card at the door, the servant should be instructed to do his duty, and not stand looking at the name on the card while you speak to him."

There's two rules for you! Who *does* wear a hat in the salong? Nobody, as I ever saw. And as for Number 40, I can only say, on

* "If in the hall, or in your cab, this, if seen a second time, admits no excuse: *turn away the man*."

my own part individiwidiwally, and on the part of the perfession, that if ever Mr. Skelton comes to a house where I am the gen'l'm'n to open the door, and instrux me about doing my duty, I'll instruct him about the head, I will. No man should instruct other people's servants. No man should bully or talk loud to a gen'l'm'n who, from his wery situation, is hincapable of defense or reply. I've known this cistim to be carried on by low swaggerin fellars in clubbs and privit houses, but never by reel gen'l'm'n. And now for the last maxum, or dereliction :—

"The custom of putting the knife in the mouth is so repulsive to our feelings as men, is so entirely at variance with the manners of gentlemen, that I deem it unnecessary to inveigh against it here. The very appearance of the act is—

'A monster of so odious mien,
That to be hated, needs but to be seen.'"

Oh, heavens! the notion is overpowerin! I once see a gen'l'm'n cut his head off eatin peez that way. Knife in your mouth!—oh!—fawgh!—it makes me all over. Mrs. Cook, do have the kindniss to git me a basin!

* * * * * * * *

In this abrupt way Mr. Yellowplush's article concludes. The notion conveyed in the last paragraph was too disgusting for his delicate spirit, and caused him emotions that are neither pleasant to experience nor to describe.

It may be objected to his communication, that it contains some orthographic eccentricities, and that his acuteness surpasses considerably his education. But a gentleman of his rank and talent was the exact person fitted to criticise the volume which forms the subject of his remarks. We at once saw that only Mr. Yellowplush was fit for Mr. Skelton, Mr. Skelton for Mr. Yellowplush. There is a luxury of fashionable observation, a fund of apt illustration, an intimacy with the first leaders of the *ton*, and a richness of authentic anecdote, which is not to be found in any other writer of any other periodical. He who looketh from a tower sees more of the battle than the knights and captains engaged in it; and, in like manner, he who stands behind a fashionable table knows more of society than the guests who sit at the board. It is from this source that our great novel-writers have drawn their experience, retailing the truths which they learned.

It is not impossible that Mr. Yellowplush may continue his communications, when we shall be able to present the reader with *the only authentic picture of fashionable life* which has been given to the world in our time. All the rest are stolen and disfigured copies of that original piece, of which we are proud to be in possession.

After our contributor's able critique, it is needless for us to extend our remarks upon Mr. Skelton's book. We have to thank that gentleman for some hours' extraordinary amusement; and shall be delighted at any further productions of his pen.

O. Y.

(*Fraser's Magazine*, November 1837.)

JEROME PATUROT.

WITH CONSIDERATIONS ON NOVELS IN GENERAL—IN A LETTER FROM M. A. TITMARSH.

PARIS: *July 20th.*

IF I had been his Majesty Louis Philippe, and the caricaturist had made fun of me ever so, I would, for the sake of the country, have put up with the insult—ay, perhaps gone a little farther, and encouraged it. I would be a good king, and give a premium to any fellow who, for a certain number of hours, could make a certain number of my subjects laugh. I would take the Salle des Pas Perdus, and have an exhibition of caricature-cartoons, with a dozen of handsome prizes for the artists who should invent the dozen ugliest likenesses of me. But, wise as the French King proverbially is, he has not attained this degree of wisdom. Let a poor devil but draw the royal face like a pear now, or in the similitude of a *brioche*, and he, his printer, and publisher, are clapped into prison for months, severe fines are imposed upon them, their wives languish in their absence, their children are deprived of their bread, and, pressing round the female author of their days, say sadly, "Maman, où est notre père?"

It ought not to be so. Laughing never did harm to anyone yet; or if laughing does harm, and kings' majesties suffer from the exhibition of caricatures, let them suffer. Mon Dieu! it is the lesser evil of the two. Majesties are to be had any day; but many a day passes without a good joke. Let us cherish those that come.

Indeed, I am inclined to believe that the opinion commonly held about the *gaieté Française* is no more than a mystification, a vulgar practical joke of the sort which the benevolent mind abhors. For it is a shame to promise us something pleasant, and then disappoint us. Men and children feel in this matter alike. To give a child an egg-shell, under pretence that it is an egg, is a joke; but the child roars in reply, and from such joking the gentle spirit turns away abashed, disgusted.

So about the *gaieté Française.* We are told that it still exists, and are invited by persons to sit down and make a meal of it. But it is almost all gone. Somebody has scooped out all the inside and swallowed it, and left only the shell behind. I declare, for my part, I know few countries where there is less joking than in France ; it is of a piece with the boasted amenity and politeness of the Gauls. Really and truly, there is more real and true politeness in Wapping than in the Champs Elysées. People whom the stranger addresses give him civil answers, and they are leaving off this in France. Men in Wapping do not jostle ladies off the street, and this they do in France, where the charcoal-man, drinking at the corner of the wine-shop, will let a lady's muslin slip into the gutter rather than step aside an inch to allow her to pass.

In the matter of novels especially, the national jocularity has certainly passed away. Paul de Kock writes now in such a way as not to make you laugh, but to make you blush for the intolerable vulgarity of the man. His last book is so little humorous, that even the English must give him up—the English, whose island is said after dinner to be "the home of the world," and who certainly gave Monsieur Paul a very hearty welcome. In his own country this prophet has never been much honoured. People sneer at his simple tricks for exciting laughter, and detect a vulgarity of style which the foreigner is not so ready to understand. And as one has seen many a vulgar fellow who dropped his *h*'s, and came from Hislington, received with respect by foreigners, and esteemed as a person of fashion, so we are on our side slow in distinguishing the real and sham foreign gentleman.

Besides Paul de Kock, there is another humorous writer of a very different sort, and whose works have of late found a considerable popularity among us—Monsieur de Bernard. He was first discovered by one Michael Angelo Titmarsh, who wrote a critique on one of his works, and pilfered one of his stories. Mrs. Gore followed him by "editing" Bernard's novel of "Gerfeuil," which was badly translated, and pronounced by the press to be immoral. It may be so in certain details, but it is not immoral in tendency. It is full of fine observation and gentle feeling ; it has a gallant sense of the absurd, and is written—rare quality for a French romance—in a gentleman-like style.

Few celebrated modern French romance-writers can say as much for themselves. Monsieur Sue has tried almost always, and, in "Mathilde," very nearly succeeded, in attaining a tone of *bonne compagnie.* But his respect for lacqueys, furniture, carpets, titles, *bouquets,* and such aristocratic appendages, is too great. He slips quietly over

the carpet, and peers at the silk hangings, and looks at Lafleur handing about the tea-tray with too much awe for a gentleman. He is in a flutter in the midst of his marquesses and princes—happy, clever, smiling, but uneasy. As for De Balzac, he is not fit for the *salon*. In point of gentility, Dumas is about as genteel as a courier; and Frédéric Soulié as elegant as a *huissier*.

These are hard words. But a hundred years hence (when, of course, the frequenters of the circulating library will be as eager to read the works of Soulié, Dumas, and the rest, as now), a hundred years hence, what a strange opinion the world will have of the French society of to-day! Did all married people, we may imagine they will ask, break a certain commandment?—They all do in the novels. Was French society composed of murderers, of forgers, of children without parents, of men consequently running the daily risk of marrying their grandmothers by mistake; of disguised princes, who lived in the friendship of amiable cut-throats and spotless prostitutes; who gave up the sceptre for the *savate*, and the stars and pigtails of the court for the chains and wooden shoes of the galleys? All these characters are quite common in French novels, and France in the nineteenth century was the politest country in the world. What must the rest of the world have been?

Indeed, in respect to the reading of novels of the present day, I would be glad to suggest to the lovers of these instructive works the simple plan of always looking at the end of a romance, to see what becomes of the personages, before they venture upon the whole work, and become interested in the characters described in it. Why interest oneself in a personage who you know must, at the end of the third volume, die a miserable death? What is the use of making oneself unhappy needlessly, watching the consumptive symptoms of Leonora as they manifest themselves, or tracing Antonio to his inevitable assassination?

Formerly, whenever I came to one of these fatally virtuous characters in a romance (ladies are very fond of inventing such suffering angels in their novels, pale, pious, pulmonary, crossed in love of course; hence I do not care to read ladies' novels, except those of Mesdames Gore and Trollope)—whenever I came to one of those predestined creatures, and saw from the complexion of the story that the personage in question was about to occupy a good deal of the reader's attention, I always closed the book at once, and in disgust, for my feelings are much too precious to be agitated at threepence per volume. Even then it was often too late. One may have got through half a volume before the ultimate fate of Miss Trevanion was made clear to one. In that half volume, one may have grown to be exceedingly interested in Miss Trevanion; and hence one has all the pangs

of parting with her, which were not worth incurring for the brief pleasure of her acquaintance. *Le jeu ne valait pas la chandelle.* It is well to say, I never loved a young gazelle to glad me with his dark blue eye, but when he came to know me well he was sure to die ; and to add, that I never loved a tree or flower but 'twas the first to fade away. Is it not better, instead of making yourself unhappy, as you inevitably must be, to spare yourself the trouble of this bootless affection? Do not let us give up our affections rashly to young gazelles, or trees, or flowers ; but confine our tenderness to creatures that are more long-lived.

Therefore, I say, it is much better to look at the end of a novel ; and when I read, "There is a fresh green mound in Brentford churchyard, and a humble stone, on which is inscribed the name of 'Anna Maria ;'" or "Le jour après on voyait sur les dalles humides de la terrible Morgue le corps virginal et ruisselant de Bathilde ;" or a sentence to that effect, I shut the book at once, declining to agitate my feelings needlessly ; for at that stage I do not care a fig for Anna Maria's consumption or Bathilde's suicide : I have not the honour of their acquaintance, nor will I make it. If you had the gift of prophecy, and people proposed to introduce you to a man who you knew would borrow money of you, or would be inevitably hanged, or would subject you to some other annoyance, would you not decline the proposed introduction? So with novels. The Book of Fate of the heroes and heroines is to be found at the end of Vol. III. One has but to turn to it to know whether one shall make their acquaintance or not. For my part, I heartily pardon the man who brought Cordelia to life (was it Cibber, or Sternhold and Hopkins?). I would have the stomach-pump brought for Romeo at the fifth act ; for Mrs. Macbeth I am not in the least sorry ; but, as for the general, I would have him destroy that swaggering Macduff (who always looks as if he had just slipped off a snuff-shop), or, if not, cut him in pieces, disarm him, pink him certainly ; and then I would have Mrs. Macduff and all her little ones come in from the slips, stating that the account of their murder was a shameful fabrication of the newspapers, and that they were all of them perfectly well and hearty. The entirely wicked you may massacre without pity ; and I have always admired the German Red Riding-Hood on this score, which is a thousand times more agreeable than the ferocious English tale, because, when the wolf has gobbled up Red Riding-Hood and her grandmother, in come two foresters, who cut open the wolf, and out step the old lady and the young one quite happy.

So I recommend all people to act with regard to lugubrious novels, and eschew them. I have never read the *Nelly* part of the "Old

Curiosity Shop" more than once; whereas, I have Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness by heart; and, in like manner, with regard to "Oliver Twist," it did very well to frighten one in numbers; but I am not going to look on at Nancy's murder, and to writhe and twist under the Jew's nightmare again. No! no! give me Sam Weller and Mr. Pickwick for a continuance. Which are read most—"The Pirate" and "The Bride of Lammermoor," or "Ivanhoe" and "Quentin Durward"?—The former may be preferred by scowling Frenchmen, who pretend to admire Lord Byron. But, if we get upon the subject of Lord Byron, Heaven knows how far we may go. Let us return to the Frenchmen, and ask pardon for the above digression.

The taste for horrors in France is so general, that one can really get scarcely any novels to read in the country (and so much the better, no doubt, say you; the less of their immoralities any man reads the better); hence (perfectly disregarding the interruption of the reader), when a good, cheerful, clever, kind-hearted, merry, smart, bitter, sparkling romance falls in the way, it is a great mercy; and of such a sort is the "Life of Jerome Paturot." It will give any reader who is familiar with Frenchmen a couple of long summer evenings' laughter, and any person who does not know the country a curious insight into some of the social and political humbugs of the great nation.

Like many an idle honest fellow who is good for nothing else, honest Paturot commences life as a literary man. And here, but that a man must not abuse his own trade, would be a fair opportunity for a tirade on the subject of literary characters—those doomed poor fellows of this world whose pockets Fate has ordained shall be perpetually empty. Pray, all parents and guardians, that your darlings may not be born with literary tastes! If so endowed, make up your minds that they will be idle at school, and useless at college; if they have a profession, they will be sure to neglect it; if they have a fortune, they will be sure to spend it. How much money has all the literature of England in the Three per Cents? That is the question; and any bank-clerk could calculate accurately the advantage of any other calling over that of the pen. Is there any professional penman who has laid by five thousand pounds of his own earnings? Lawyers, doctors, and all other learned persons, save money; tradesmen and warriors save money; the Jew-boy who sells oranges at the coach-door, the burnt-umber Malay who sweeps crossings, save money; there is but Vates in the world who does not seem to know the art of growing rich, and, as a rule, leaves the world with as little coin about him as he had when he entered it.

So, when it is said that honest Paturot begins life by publishing certain volumes of poems, the rest is understood. You are sure he

will come to the parish at the end of the third volume; that he will fail in all he undertakes; that he will not be more honest than his neighbours, but more idle and weak; that he will be a thriftless, vain, kind-hearted, irresolute, devil-may-care fellow, whose place is marked in this world; whom bankers sneer at, and tradesmen hold in utter discredit.

Jerome spends his patrimony, then, first, in eating, drinking, and making merry; secondly, in publishing four volumes of poems, four copies of which were sold; and he wondered to this day who bought them: and so, having got to the end of his paternal inheritance, he has to cast about for means of making a livelihood. There is his uncle Paturot, the old hosier, who has sold flannel and cotton night-caps with credit for this half-century past. "Come and be my heir, and sell flannels, Jerome," says this excellent uncle (alas! it is only in novels that these uncles are found,—living literary characters have no such lucky relationships). But Jerome's soul is above nightcaps. How can you expect a man of genius to be anything but an idiot?

The events of his remarkable history are supposed to take place just after the late glorious Revolution. In the days of his *bombance*, Jerome had formed a connection with one of those interesting young females with whom the romances of Paul de Kock have probably made some readers acquainted,—a connection sanctified by everything except the magistrate and the clergyman,—a marriage to all intents and purposes, the ceremony only being omitted.

The lovely Malvina, the typification of the grisette, as warm an admirer of Paul de Kock as any in the three kingdoms, comes to Jerome's aid, after he has spent his money and pawned his plate, and while (with the energy peculiar to the character of persons who publish poems in four volumes) he sits with his hands in his pocket bemoaning his fate, Malvina has bethought herself of a means of livelihood, and says, "My Jerome, let us turn Saint-Simonians."

So Saint-Simonians they become. For some time, strange as it may seem, Saint-Simonianism was long a flourishing trade in this strange country; and the two new disciples were admitted into the community *chacun selon sa capacité*.

[A long extract from the book relating their experiences among the Saint-Simonians is omitted.]

The funds of the religion, as history has informed us, soon began to fail; and the high-priestess, little relishing the meagre diet on which the society was now forced to subsist, and likewise not at all approving of the extreme devotion which some of the priests manifested for her, quitted the Saint-Simonians, and established herself

once more very contentedly in her garret, and resumed her flower-making. As for Paturot, he supported the falling cause as long as strength was left him, and for a while blacked the boots of the fraternity very meekly. But he was put upon a diet of sour grapes, which by no means strengthened his constitution, and at last, by the solicitations of his Malvina, was induced to recant, and come back again into common life.

Now begin new plans of advancement. Malvina makes him the treasurer of the Imperial Morocco Bitumen Company, which ends in the disappearance of the treasury with its manager, the despair and illness of the luckless treasurer. He is thrown on the world yet again, and resumes his literary labours. He becomes editor of that famous journal the *Aspick*; which, in order to gather customers round it, proposes to subscribers a journal and a pair of boots, a journal and a great-coat, a journal and a leg of mutton, according to the taste of the individual. Then we have him as a dramatic critic, then a writer of romances, then the editor of a Government paper; and all these numerous adventures of his are told with capital satire and hearty fun. The book is, in fact, a course of French humbug, commercial, legal, literary, political; and, if there be any writer in England who has knowledge and wit sufficient, he would do well to borrow the Frenchman's idea, and give a similar satire in our own country.

The novel in numbers is known with us, but the daily *feuilleton* has not yet been tried by our newspapers, the proprietors of some of which would, perhaps, do well to consider the matter. Here is Jerome's theory on the subject, offered for the consideration of all falling journals, as a means whereby they may rise once more into estimation:—

"You must recollect, sir, that the newspaper, and, in consequence, the *feuilleton*, is a family affair. The father and mother read the story first, from their hands it passes to the children, from the children to the servants, from the servants to the house porter, and becomes at once a part of the family. They cannot do without the story, sir, and, in consequence, must have the journal which contains it. Suppose, out of economy, the father stops the journal; mamma is sulky, the children angry, the whole house is in a rage; in order to restore peace to his family, the father must take in the newspaper again. It becomes as necessary as their coffee in a morning or as their soup for dinner.

"Well, granting that the *feuilleton* is a necessity nowadays, what sort of a *feuilleton* must one write in order to please all these various people?

"My dear sir, nothing easier. After you have written a number or two, you will see that you can write seventy or a hundred at your will. For example, you take a young woman, beautiful, persecuted, and unhappy. You add, of course, a brutal tyrant of a husband or father; you give the lady a

perfidious friend, and introduce a lover, the pink of virtue, valour, and manly beauty. What is more simple? You mix up your characters well, and can serve them out hot in a dozen or fourscore numbers as you please.

"And it is the manner of cutting your story into portions to which you must look especially. One portion must be bound to the other, as one of the Siamese twins to his brother, and at the end of each number there must be a mysterious word, or an awful situation, and the hero perpetually before your public. They never tire of the hero, sir, they get acquainted with him, and the more they do so the more they like him, and you may keep up the interest for years. For instance, I will show you a specimen of the interesting in number-writing, made by a young man, whom I educated and formed myself, and whose success has been prodigious. It is a story of a mysterious castle.

* * * * * * *

"'Ethelgida was undressed for the night. Her attendant had retired, and the maiden was left in her vast chamber alone. She sat before the dressing-glass, revolving the events of the day, and particularly thinking over the strange and mysterious words which Alfred had uttered to her in the shrubbery. Other thoughts succeeded and chased through her agitated brain. The darkness of the apartment filled with tremor the sensitive and romantic soul of the young girl. Dusky old tapestries waved on the wall, against which a huge crucifix of ivory and ebony presented its image of woe and gloom. It seemed to her as if, in the night-silence, groans passed through the chamber, and a noise, as of chains clanking in the distance, jarred on her frightened ear. The tapers flickered, and seemed to burn blue. Ethelgida retired to bed with a shudder, and, drawing the curtains round her, sought to shut out the ghostly scene. But what was the maiden's terror when, from the wall at her bedside, she saw thrust forward a naked hand and arm, the hand was clasping by its clotted hair a living, bloody head! What was that hand!!!!—what was that head!!!!!!

'(*To be continued in our next*).'"

This delightful passage has been translated for the benefit of literary men in England, who may learn from it a profitable lesson. The terrible and mysterious style has been much neglected with us of late, and if, in the recess of Parliament, some of our newspapers are at a loss to fill their double sheets, or inclined to treat for a story in this *genre*, an eminent English hand, with the aid of Dumas, or Frédéric Soulié, might be got to transcribe such a story as would put even Mr. O'Connell's Irish romances out of countenance.

Having gone through all the phases of literary quackery, and succeeded in none, honest Jerome, driven to despair, has nothing for it, at the end of the first volume of his adventures, but to try the last quackery of all, the charcoal-pan and suicide. But in this juncture the providential uncle (by means of Malvina, who is by no means

disposed to quit this world, unsatisfactory as it is), the uncle of the cotton nightcaps steps in, and saves the unlucky youth, who, cured henceforth of his literary turn, submits to take his place behind the counter, performs all the ceremonies which were necessary for making his union with Malvina perfectly legal, and settles down into the light of common day.

May, one cannot help repeating, may all literary characters, at the end of the first volume of their lives, find such an uncle! but, alas! this is the only improbable part of the book. There is no such blessed resource for the penny-a-liner in distress. All he has to do is to write more lines, and get more pence, and wait for grim Death, who will carry him off in the midst of a penny, and, lo! where is he? You read in the papers that yesterday, at his lodgings in Grub Street, "died Thomas Smith, Esq., the ingenious and delightful author, whose novels have amused us all so much. This eccentric and kind-hearted writer has left a wife and ten children, who, we understand, are totally unprovided for, but we are sure that the country will never allow them to want." Smith is only heard of once or twice again. A publisher discovers a novel left by that lamented and talented author; on which another publisher discovers another novel by the same hand: and "Smith's last work," and "the last work of Smith," serve the bibliopolists' turn for a week, and then are found entirely stupid by the public; and so Smith, and his genius, and his wants, and his works, pass away out of this world for ever. The paragraph in the paper next to that which records Smith's death announces the excitement created by the forthcoming work of the admirable Jones; and so to the end of time. But these considerations are too profoundly melancholic, and we had better pass on to the second tome of Jerome Paturot's existence.

One might fancy that, after Monsieur Paturot had settled down in his nightcap and hosiery shop, he would have calmly enveloped himself in lambswool stockings and yards of flannel, and, so protected, that Fortune would have had no more changes for him. Such, probably, is the existence of an English hosier: but in "the empire of the middle classes" matters are very differently arranged, and the *bonnetier de France peut aspirer à tout.* The defunct Paturot whispered that secret to Jerome before he departed this world, and our honest tradesman begins presently to be touched by ambition, and to push forward towards the attainment of those dignities which the Revolution of July has put in his reach.

The first opportunity for elevation is offered him in the ranks of that cheap defence of nations, the National Guard. He is a warm man, as the saying is; he is looked up to in his quarter; he is a

member of a company: why should he not be its captain too? A certain Oscar, painter in ordinary to his Majesty, who paints spinach-coloured landscapes, and has an orange-coloured beard, has become the bosom friend of the race of Paturot, and is the chief agent of the gallant hosier in his attempts at acquiring the captain's epaulettes.

[An extract from the novel relates his election to the National Guard.]

Thus happily elected, the mighty Paturot determines that the eyes of France are on his corps of voltigeurs, and that they shall be the model of all National Guardsmen. He becomes more and more like Napoleon. He pinches the sentinels with whom "he is content" by the ear; he swears every now and then with much energy; he invents a costume (it was in the early days when the fancy of the National Guardsman was allowed to luxuriate over his facings and pantaloons at will); and in a grand review before Marshal Soban the Paturot company turns out in its splendid new uniform, yellow facings, yellow-striped trousers, brass buckles and gorgets—the most brilliant company ever seen. But, though these clothes were strictly military and unanimously splendid, the wearers had not been bred up in those soldatesque habits which render much inferior men more effective on parade. They failed in some manœuvre which the old soldier of the Empire ordered them to perform—the front and rear ranks were mingled in hopeless confusion. "Ho, porter!" shouted the old general to the guard of the Carrousel gate; "shut the gates, porter! these canaries will fly off if you don't."

Undismayed by this little check, and determined, like all noble spirits, to repair it, Captain Paturot now laboured incessantly to bring his company into discipline, and brought them not only to march and to countermarch, but to fire with great precision, until, on an unlucky day, the lieutenant, being in advance of his men, a certain voltigeur, who had forgotten to withdraw his ramrod from his gun, discharged the rod into the fleshy part of the lieutenant's back, which accident caused the firing to abate somewhat afterwards.

Ambition, meanwhile, had seized upon the captain's wife, who too was determined to play her part in the world, and had chosen the world of fashion for her sphere of action. A certain Russian Princess, of undoubted grandeur, had taken a great fancy to Madame Paturot, and, under the auspices of that illustrious hyperborean chaperon, she entered into the genteel world.

Among the fashionable public of Paris, we are led by Monsieur Paturot's memoirs to suppose that they mingle virtue with their pleasure, and, so that they can aid in a charitable work, are ready to sacrifice themselves and dance to any extent. It happened that a part

of the Borysthenes in the neighbourhood of the Princess Flibustikopfkoi's estate overflowed, and the Parisian public came forward as sympathisers, as they did for suffering Ireland and Prince O'Connell the other day. A great *fête* was resolved on, and Madame de Paturot became one of the ladies patronesses.

And at this *fête* we are presented to a great character, in whom the *habitué* of Paris will perhaps recognise a certain likeness to a certain celebrity of the present day, by name Monsieur Hector Berlioz, the musician and critic.

"The great artist promised his assistance. All the wind instruments in Paris were engaged in advance, and all the brass bands, and all the fiddles possible.

"'Princess,' said the artist, agitating his locks, 'for your sake I would find the hymn of the creation that has been lost since the days of the deluge.'

"The day of the festival arrived. The artist would allow none but himself to conduct his own *chef-d'œuvre*; he took his place at a desk five metres above the level of the waves of the orchestra, and around him were placed the most hairy and romantic musicians of the day, who were judged worthy of applauding at the proper place. The artist himself, the utterer of the musical apocalypse, cast his eyes over the assembly, seeking to dominate the multitude by that glance, and also to keep in order a refractory lock of hair which would insist upon interrupting it. I had more than once heard of the plan of this great genius, which consists in setting public and private life to music. A thousand extraordinary anecdotes are recorded of the extraordinary power which he possessed for so doing; among others is the story of the circumstance which occurred to him in a tavern. Having a wish for a dish of fricandeau and sorrel, the genius took a flageolet out of his pocket, and modulated a few notes.

'Tum-tiddle-di-tum-tiddle-de,' &c.

The waiter knew at once what was meant, and brought the fricandeau and the sauce required. Genius always overcomes its detractors in this way.

"I am not able to give a description of the wonderful *morceau* of music now performed. With it the festival terminated. The hero of the evening sat alone at his desk, vanquished by his emotions, and half-drowned in a lock of hair, which has previously been described. The music done, the hairy musicians round about rushed towards the maestro with the idea of carrying him in triumph to his coach, and of dragging him home in the same. But he, modestly retiring by a back-door, called for his cloak and his clogs, and walked home, where he wrote a critique for the newspapers of the music which he had composed and directed previously. It is thus that modern genius is made; it is sufficient for all duties, and can swallow any glory you please."

Whether this little picture is a likeness or not, who shall say? but it is a good caricature of a race in France, where geniuses *poussent* as they do nowhere else; where poets are prophets, where romances have

revelations. It was but yesterday I was reading in a Paris newspaper some account of the present state of things in Spain. "Battles in Spain are mighty well," says the genius; "but what does Europe care for them? *A single word* spoken in France has more influence than a pitched battle in Spain." So stupendous a genius is that of the country!

The nation considers, then, its beer the strongest that ever was brewed in the world; and so with individuals. This has his artistical, that his musical, that his poetical beer, which frothy liquor is preferred before that of all other taps; and the musician above has a number of brethren in other callings.

Jerome's high fortunes are yet to come. From being captain of his company he is raised to be lieutenant-colonel of his regiment, and as such has the honour to be invited to the palace of the Tuileries with Madame Paturot. This great event is described in the following eloquent manner:—

[Here follows a description of a ball at the Tuileries.]

If the respected reader, like the writer of this, has never had the honour of figuring at a ball at the Tuileries (at home, of course, we are as regular at Pimlico as Lord Melbourne used to be), here is surely in a couple of pages a description of the affair so accurate, that, after translating it, I for my part feel as if I were quite familiar with the palace of the French king. I can see Louis Philippe grinning endlessly, ceaselessly bobbing his august head up and down. I can see the footmen in red, the *officiers d'ordonnance* in stays, the spindle-shanked young princes frisking round to the sound of the brass bands. The chandeliers, the ambassadors, the flaccid Germans with their finger-rings, the Spaniards looking like gilded old clothesmen; here and there a deputy lieutenant, of course, and one or two hapless Britons in their national court suits, that make the French mob, as the Briton descends from his carriage, exclaim, "Oh, ce marquis!" Fancy besides fifteen hundred women, of whom fourteen hundred and fifty are ugly—it is the proportion in France. And how much easier is it to enjoy this Barmecide dance in the description of honest Paturot than to dress at midnight, and pay a guinea for a carriage, and keep out of one's wholesome bed, in order to look at King Louis Philippe smiling! What a mercy it is not to be a gentleman! What a blessing it is not to be obliged to drive a cab in white kid gloves, nor to sit behind a great floundering racing-tailed horse of Rotten Row, expecting momentarily that he will jump you into the barouche full of ladies just ahead! What a mercy it is not to be obliged to wear tight lacquered boots, nor to dress for dinner, nor to go to balls at midnight, nor even

to be a member of the House of Commons, nor to be prevented from smoking a cigar if you are so minded! All which privileges of poverty may Fortune long keep to us! Men do not know half their luck, that is the fact. If the real truth were known about things, we should have their Graces of Sutherland and Devonshire giving up their incomes to the national debt, and saying to the country, "Give me a mutton chop and a thousand a year!"

In the fortunes of honest Paturot this wholesome moral is indicated with much philosophic acumen, as those will allow who are inclined from the above specimen of their quality to make themselves acquainted with the further history of his fortunes. Such persons may read how Jerome, having become a Colonel of the National Guards, becomes, of course, a member of the Legion of Honour, how he is tempted to aspire to still further dignities, how he becomes a deputy, and how his constituents are served by him; how, being deputy, he has perhaps an inclination to become minister, but that one fine day he finds that his house cannot meet certain bills which are presented for payment, and so the poor fellow becomes a bankrupt.

He gets a little place, he retires with Malvina into a country town; she is exceedingly fond of canaries and dominoes, and Jerome cultivates cabbages and pinks with great energy and perfect contentment. He says he is quite happy. Ought he not to be so who has made a thousand readers happy, and perhaps a little wiser?

I have just heard that "Jerome Paturot" is a political novel: one of the Reviews despatches this masterpiece in a few growling lines, and pronounces it to be a failure. Perhaps it *is* a political novel, perhaps there is a great deal of sound thinking in this careless, familiar, sparkling narrative, and a vast deal of reflection hidden under Jerome's ordinary cotton nightcap; certainly it is a most witty and entertaining story, and as such is humbly recommended by the undersigned to all lovers of the Pantagruelian philosophy. It is a great thing nowadays to get a funny book which makes you laugh, to read three volumes of satire in which there is not a particle of bad blood, and to add to one's knowledge of the world, too, as one can't help doing by the aid of this keen and good-humoured wit. The author of "Jerome Paturot" is Monsieur Reybaud, understood to be a grave man, dealing in political economy, in Fourierism, and other severe sciences. There is a valuable work by the late Mr. Henry Fielding, the police-magistrate, upon the prevention of thieving in the metropolis, and some political pamphlets of merit by the same author; but it hath been generally allowed that the history of Mr. THOMAS JONES by the same Mr. Fielding is amongst the most valuable of the scientific works of this author. And in like manner, whatever may be the graver works of Monsieur

Reybaud, I heartily trust that he has some more of the Paturot kind in his brain or his portfolio, for the benefit of the lazy, novel-reading, unscientific world.

M. A. TITMARSH.

(*Fraser's Magazine*, September 1843.)

GRANT IN PARIS.*

BY FITZ-BOODLE.

TRAVELLERS' CLUB: *Nov.* 24, 1843.

IT is needless to state to any gent in the upper circles of society, that the eyes of Europe have long been directed towards Grant. All the diplomatic gents at this haunt of the aristocracy have been on the look-out for his book. The question which Don Manuel Godoy addresses to Field-Marshal Blucher (before they sit down to whist) is, in the Spanish language of course, When will it appear? "Prxckpfsky Grantowitz bubbxwky," exclaims His Excellency Count Pozzo di Borgo, before taking his daily glass of caviare and water, "that terrible fellow Grant is going to publish a work about Paris, I see." "Quand sera-t-il dehors?" screams Prince Talleyrand, "when will it be out?" and on the day of publication I know for a fact that a courier was in waiting at the French embassy to carry off the volumes to His M-t-y L-is Ph-l-ppe and Monsieur Gu-z-t. They have 'em by this time—they have read every word of these remarkable tomes, and I have no doubt that they are trembling in their *souliers* at some of the discoveries therein made.

Grant has always been notorious for possessing a masculine and vigorous understanding, a fine appreciation of the delicacies of good society, and a brilliant—almost too brilliant wit. The only things wanting to perfect him as a writer were, perhaps, English grammar and foreign travel. This latter difficulty he has now brilliantly overcome. He *has* travelled. Dangers and expense have not delayed him. He has visited foreign courts and acquired the high-bred elegance and badinage which the young English gent can only attain by Continental excursions; and though in the matter of grammar,

* *Paris and its People.* By the Author of "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons," "The Great Metropolis," &c. &c. 2 vols. London: Saunders & Otley.

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before alluded to, he is not perfectly blameless, yet who is? "Nil desperandum," as Molière observes, grammar may be learned even better at home in the solitude of the closet, than abroad amidst the dazzling enticements of the French (who, besides, don't speak the English grammar), and I have no doubt that, after he has published a few more works, Grant will be pronounced faultless.

It was a kind thought which induced Grant to have his portrait engraved, and to prefix it to this his last and most original work. This practice has of late been very common amongst our great men, who know that the affectionate public longs to be in possession of the form and features as well as of the thoughts of the poets and sages who delight and instruct it. We enter into society with them, as it were: we have personal converse with them. Who, for instance, when he sees that fascinating portrait of Moore in Longman's late edition, does not feel doubly interested in the bard? Who that has seen Chalon's picture of Sir Edward Bulwer turned up in the uneasy chair, or that in which the honourable baronet is represented with his arms folded, or that in which we have him without any arms, nay, almost without any clothes—I mean in the engraving after the bust—who, I say, does not feel more intimate with the accomplished author? And if with these, why not with Grant? I venture to say that though, perhaps, he does not know it himself, as a writer of fiction he surpasses any one of them; and that he can say of his works what they cannot say of theirs, that in every single page there is something amusing.

We accordingly have him on steel, and from the likeness here given I should take Grant to be a man of forty or two-and-forty. He is represented as sitting on a very handsome chair, probably of mahogany, and with a leather back, though what the colour of the leather is, it is impossible, as the engraving is not coloured, to say. He is dressed in a suit of black, probably his best suit of clothes. The elbow of his left hand reposes upon a work entitled "Random Recollections;" while the fingers are occupied in twiddling his shirt-collar, probably a clean one (or if not a shirt-collar at least a false collar, or by possibility a dicky), put on that very day. In his right hand he holds a pen, with which very likely he wrote those very "Random Recollections" under his left elbow. A chain hangs out of the pocket of his velvet waistcoat, by which we may conclude that he has a watch, though we have known many gents whose watches were at their *uncle's* (as the fashionable term for the pawnbroker goes),—I have known, I say, many gents who had no watch wear a bullet or a copper-piece in their fob, and when asked, "What o'clock is it?" say "Oh, my dear William!" or "my dear John" (varying the name, of course, as the case may be), "I forgot to wind my watch up last evening, or this

morning," and so they *did forget to wind it up*. But a truce to pleasantry.

Grant's hair seems to be rather thin on the forehead, and I should say, if closely pressed, that he was—baldish. Over his ears it grows, however, pretty luxuriantly, and if not put into papers over-night, or touched up with the tongs, as many gents' hair is, especially when they are going to have their portraits taken, has a natural curl. Whether his nose grows as it is represented in the picture, and his eyes have that peculiar look, I cannot, of course, say, so much depending upon the artist in these cases, for it is manifest that if we have never seen a gent, we cannot say whether that gent's picture is like or no. The above description will suffice to give the reader an idea of Grant.

Under the print is written "Yours very truly, James Grant." And in looking at that piece of writing, as at many other similar autographs at the bottom of portraits, I have not been able to refrain from asking myself, *Whose* very truly? Does a gent sit down and write "yours very truly" to himself, which is absurd? Or does he send off a letter to a friend begging him to send back a former letter, in some terms like the following?—

"My dear Friend (or Sir, or Madam, as the case may be), the public is very anxious to have my picture and autograph; as I cannot write 'yours very truly' to myself, will you have the goodness to send me any one of my former letters, and oblige yours very truly,

"JAMES, or EDWARD LYTTON SO-AND-SO."

However this may have been managed, there the autograph is—the handwriting is very like the Duke of Wellington's, by the way—there is the writing, and there is the writer, and very truly he *has* been ours, and in no instance more truly than now. James Grant, I say to myself, when looking at that *writing*, I am very glad to take you by the *hand*.* And so to business.

"In appearing once more before the public," begins James in his preface, "it is unnecessary for the author to say that he has gone over entirely new ground—ground which, for the most part, has been untrodden by any previous English writer." And I quote the sentence for the purpose of vindicating at the outset a remark which some people may have thought unnecessarily harsh, viz. that Grant sometimes neglects his grammar. I don't mean merely his grammar of language, but his moral grammar, so to speak, his grammar of the mind. Thus when our dear friend says, "It is unnecessary to say

* Our opinion is that Master Fitz is attempting an imitation of the style of Grant.

that I have gone over entirely new ground," I ask first, if it is unnecessary to say so, dear friend, why *do* you say so? Second, I inquire, how can that ground, of which some part has been trodden, according to Grant's own admission,—how can that very ground be *entirely* new? Such contradictions, coming in the very same sentence, do not, permit me to state, look well. There should be a few pages between them; they should not jostle each other, and eat each other up, as it were, in the narrow space of a couple of lines; but one or other assertion should be allowed to stand over to another chapter, and thus it would wear the air, not of a contradiction, but of a fresh and brilliant thought. Many of our well-known writers use this method with the greatest success. Thirdly, I would take the liberty to ask, *Is* Paris entirely new ground? It can't be, for James himself says, at the end of the second volume, that when he went thither he expected to find 15,000 English there. However, I need not have occupied so much of your valuable time and the club paper in discussing the above sentence, for on turning to sentence 2, what do I perceive? Why, this; that as the last part of sentence 1 contradicts the first part, so sentence 2 contradicts the second part of sentence 1, by admitting that a great deal has been already written about Paris,—which, indeed, I believe to be the fact.

In six masterly pages James narrates the early history of Paris; and though it must be owned that these pages are robbed, for the chief part, from an exceedingly rare and curious book, called "Galignani's Paris Guide," yet it must not be imagined that James has not placed his own peculiar mark upon the article which he has appropriated.

For instance, Galignani begins his account thus: "The origin of Paris, and the character of its inhabitants, are necessarily involved in deep obscurity." Whereas James writes as follows: "The origin and early history of Paris, *unlike the early history of the metropolis of England*, are so completely enveloped in obscurity, that *we rarely meet with* any writer of note who *even hazards* a conjecture on the subject." How fine this is! Some people may presume that James has committed a theft, but surely it is an excusable theft. If I steal the child of a beggar, and make him a duke, with a hundred thousand a year, will not that child—will not the public (provided his Grace has no collateral heirs) pardon me? So with James. He takes a handkerchief, let us say, he appropriates, or—to speak professionally—*prigs* that handkerchief; but the instant it is in his possession, he puts a border of gold lace round it, so that the handkerchief will hardly know itself. And how happily chosen are all the ornaments which he adds to the appropriated article! *Unlike* the history of London, the origin

of Paris is, and no writer even hazards a conjecture on the subject; by which words we see that James is perfectly aware of the origin of London (and in that knowledge, I fearlessly say, excels any man in England), and, likewise, that he has consulted every author of note who has written about Paris, for how else could he say that they never hazarded conjectures concerning its origin?

"The first mention," says he, "of *the French capital*" (the turn is again delightfully happy) "occurs in Cæsar's 'Commentaries,' written about fifty years before the Christian era. *That distinguished writer* refers to it under the name of Lutetia. . . . The references which Cæsar makes to the Paris of his day are exceedingly slight and unsatisfactory. All that can be gleaned from them is, that it was an inconsiderable town built on *La Cité*, one of the *then* five islands in the Seine. This island was at that period *much smaller than it now is.*" Indeed! if an island cannot grow in 1890 years, the deuce is in it! And so he continues, now narrating what "the Emperor Julian informs us," now stating that it was sacked under "the auspices of Clovis," again touching upon "Hugh Capet, the founder of the Bourbon dynasty," always happy in his phrases, and profound, if not in research (for, indeed, I believe the guide-book contains most of the truths which Grant has arranged for publication), yet in that profound spirit of observation and manly justice of reasoning, which is so much better than mere musty book-learning, and which the mere scholar can sometimes *never* acquire. For instance, take the following passage:—

"Great diversity of opinion exists among the earlier historians of England as to the period at which Christianity was first introduced into our country. There seems to be *no such diversity* among the accredited historians of France respecting the time when the Christian faith was first promulgated in *that part of Europe.* They *all* concur in the statement that Saint Denis introduced Christianity among the Parisians about the year 250. Whether the majority of them renounced Paganism, and embraced the religion of Jesus, on the introduction of the latter, is a point on which the French historians are silent; but the presumption is, that at least a goodly number must have adopted the new faith, as a bishoprick was established in Paris a few years after Saint Denis promulgated the truths of Christianity among its people."

How fine it is to see Grant sitting, as it were, in the judgment-seat, and calling up to the tribunal of his thought the mighty witnesses of the past. Nothing escapes him. The doubts and struggles of the new faith, the surly yet unavailing resistance of the old, are painted by him in a few masterly touches. Whether the majority embraced the new creed is what he at once asks. And how does he answer that momentous question? Why, by a manly and straightforward state-

ment that he doesn't know. "The French historians are silent. But there *must* have been a goodly number," says the keen and noble James. And why? Because a *bishopric* was established. It is (if he will pardon me the expression) his *eureka*. It is stout Cortes discovering the Pacific. The mists of time are rolled away before the keen eyes of James. He sees the bard and Druid retreating into his woods to emerge from them no more. He sees the pale-faced missionary of the new faith pleading its cause before the savage and wondering Gaul. Down go Thor and Woden; down go the fairer idols of Roman worship; cross-topped church-spires rise over the pines; clinking chapel-bells are heard in the valleys; and lo! preceded by banner and crosier, by beadle and verger, comes BISHOP DENIS, in his wig and lawn-sleeves. It is a fact, I believe, not generally known, that Bishop Denis walked for several miles with his head cut off; which circumstance, supposing his Lordship was twenty years occupier of the see of Paris, must, therefore, have taken place about the year 270—no less than fifteen hundred and seventy-four years ago.

Let us quit, however, the regions of antiquity, and plunge at once into the Paris of to-day.

And now our antiquarian having first put us in possession of the ancient history of the place, he passes the barrier, and rushes *in medias res* I may say, if the Latin word *res, rei*, "a thing," may, in the present instance, be allowed by a little poetic license to mean "a street" (as, in fact, a street *is* a thing, therefore *res* is Latin for a street). He rushes, I say, *in medias res*, into the middle of the streets, where the gutter is, and begins to look about him. And his very first remark on entering the city shows how fine is his insight into human nature, and how, though he has travelled but little hitherto, he has profited by the little he has seen.

"The first impression of Paris," says James, "which a stranger receives *depends on the part of the town at which he makes his entrance.*' Such facts may possibly strike other travellers, but do other travellers discover them? No; and the best characteristic of truth I say is, when everybody says "How true!" Having been at Paris myself, I can state for a fact, that nothing *is* more true than the above observation; and that not only there, but in other cities which I have visited, *your impressions depend upon what you see.* He must be a miserably prejudiced creature who judges otherwise, and one who is not worthy of credit.

Now, as the entrance from the Saint Denis road is not picturesque, what does our author do but benevolently carry us round to the Arc de l'Etoile, and introduce us to the city that way.

"Englishmen are accustomed," says he, "to admire the grand entrance

into Hyde Park; but it is nothing" (no more it is) "to the majestic barrier. As the stranger passes it, a singularly beautiful prospect presents itself to his view. He sees a considerable portion of Paris in the distance, with all the magnificence of the Tuileries in the foreground; while on either side, extending for more than a mile and a half, are many rows of trees of stately size and ample foliage, all planted with perfect regularity, and producing an effect in the mind of the spectator *far too pleasing to admit of description.*"

The only difficulty to this charming description is with regard to the foreground of the Tuileries, which is a mile and a half off; for, "as you proceed farther on this beautiful road, you near the gardens of the Tuileries, which never yet *has* been beheld by an intelligent person without confounding him with *their* surpassing beauty!" And Grant is an intelligent person, and confounded, therefore, must he have been at the sight, of which he finely says again, "it were impossible for the most graphic description to convey an idea." "In the months of August and September," he adds, "I stood in *the centre* of the Tuileries, and felt myself literally bewildered with the glories around me;" and so, I need not say, would any man who were to stand there for that time. "Nature and man," continues James, "co-operate together in this charming locality; and it is no wonder that the Parisians should be so anxious that all illustrious visitors should enter their city by the Champs Elysées."

In the city, "what most forcibly strikes the stranger is," Grant says at once, "the height of the houses and the narrowness of the streets." This would strike anybody perhaps; but few know that the houses are painted in different fancy colours; that each individual has a right to paint the part of the house which he rents as he pleases; and hence that "there is something very pleasing as well as strange to the eye of the visitor in the aspect of many of the streets." In the summer season the streets have a horticultural aspect. Most of the windows in the upper stories are filled with flowers of various kinds, and along the fronts of many of the houses are balconies so abundantly laden with every diversity of flowers, as to have the appearance of so many gardens. "This fortunately struck me," says James, "*in the middle of the Rue Saint Honoré;*" but he does not say in what months he stood there,--in July probably, before he went to stand in the centre of the Tuileries, where we have seen him during August and September. This point, however, is of minor importance; the main matter is the description of the town. And who that has been at Paris does not recognise the capital of Europe in the above lively description? One more circumstance regarding the exterior aspect of the town could not be expected to escape one of the most daring investigators in the world,—it is this —*the number of signs.* "Most of these signs consist of the name and

business of the parties *painted*, as with us, *on a board* on the wall,—in other cases on the walls themselves, and the gigantic proportions of the letters will be understood when I state that they are often *two feet in length and one foot in breadth*." What say you to that, my masters? Is it good to go abroad, or is it not? Is observation a noble quality, or is it not? I say, that Grant going into a town—a foreign town, not knowing the language, as he himself says, and discovering at a glance the boards upon the shop walls,—the size of their letters, and that those letters were formed into words meant to describe "the name and business of the parties,"—I say that such a man is a man of genius. What does *he* want with knowing a language? he knows it without learning it, by the intuition of great spirits. How else could he have ascertained that fact, or have been aware that the letters written upon the walls, *as with us* (as with us, mark you; nothing escapes him at home or abroad, and he is ready with a thousand rich illustrations to decorate the subject in hand)—how, I say, should he have known BUT by genius that those boards, those words, those letters, were not meant to describe the name and business of some *other* parties over the way? Pass we to the *inside* of the shops; 'tis, without meaning a play upon words, a natural *transition*:—

"The Paris shops are remarkable for the number and size of their mirrors. Look in what direction you may, after you have entered, and you see your person reflected at full length. In some cases, indeed, you can hardly see anything but mirrors; and the entire fitting-up displays corresponding taste. Then, as regards the arrangement or grouping of the articles for sale, nothing can be more tasteful. Everything in the shop is seen, and everything is seen to the best advantage. But the Parisian shopkeeper remembers that every passer-by does not enter his shop, and therefore he very wisely bestows his special attention on his windows. The window of a Parisian shop—*I am assuming, of course, that it is in the fancy line*—is a sight worth going a day's journey to witness; it is quite a study—a perfect picture. It affords an exhibition of artistical skill of which the people of no other country can have any conception. I never looked at a French shopkeeper's window without the conviction forcing itself on my mind, that he who arranged its contents must be an artist, *though he may himself be unconscious of it*; and that had he turned his attention to any department of art requiring a combination of the imaginative faculty with an exquisite taste in the practical embodiment of his notions, he must have attained a celebrity of no common order."

Isn't it too bad to say, after this, that we do not do foreigners justice? that we pretend in all things to assert the superiority of our country? Here is Jim, who goes into a shop—of course assuming that it is in the fancy line—and pays it a compliment such as deserves to get him the cross of the Legion of Honour. I can see him looking in

the glass—not over ill-satisfied with himself, the sly rogue! and with his person reflected all over the shop. "*Perhaps* I may here remark," says Jim, "that the pleasing effect of the Parisian shops is very considerably heightened by the number of beautiful and well-dressed women that are to be found in them." The *perhaps*, indeed! The rogue, the sly rogue, the wicked abominable rogue! But mum is the word, dear James. Let us not touch on this painful, this delicate theme.

James's, however, is no blind admiration—no Gallomania (if he will allow me the expression). If he praises some things, he blames others—viz. the gutters in the streets;—"those puddles or miniature rivers of mud which assail the eye, *and another organ which it is needless to name.*" (Blessings on him—my James—my Jim—my dear, dear friend! I don't know him; but as I write about him, and think about him, I love him more and more.) The remedy for these gutters his eagle eye at once sees.

"The remedy," says he, "is cheap, simple, efficacious. Let conduits be formed underground and the thing is done." Ought not the Ville de Paris to thank him for this; and, instead of spending their money in presenting swords to the Comte de Paris, and erecting tawdry gimcracks of lamps and fountains, present James with something handsome? Since the gentleman who has a good memory has been writing in this Magazine, it is read with anxiety at the French court. This I know to be a fact. And, perhaps, these humble lines may fall under the eye of M——y, to whom I would say, "Sire, remember Jim Grant!"

There are other nuisances in Paris which the untiring observer points out—"small exposed constructions, which invite the passers-by," and which will, doubtless, be hurled down by the withering denunciations of the indignant moralist—for instance, the cabs. "The cabs," says he, "are, for the most part, the same in form as they are with us: *so are the coaches.* Connected with the drivers of the former, especially, there is one very unpleasant thing. I allude to the fact that, in a great many, though not in a majority of these vehicles, the driver actually sets himself down alongside his passenger. No matter how dirty his appearance may be, he will actually plant himself beside the finest and most elegantly dressed lady in the land."

"This," Jim says, in a tone of melancholy, almost tender reproof, "he should not have expected from the Parisians." And, indeed, it ought to be looked to. A duchess wants to go to court; a marchioness wishes to pay her respects to her friend the Countess of So-and-So. It rains; and, of course, she calls a cab. Can her

ladyship do otherwise? And when in that cab, dressed out in silks and satins, with a swan's-down muff and tippet, and feathers in her head very possibly, is a filthy cabman to set himself alongside of her? Faugh! This must be amended. And many a noble dame of the Faubourg will thank JIM, a foreigner and a man of letters, for pointing out this intolerable nuisance. Now let us give a rapid glance with James at the city, which was never described so delightfully before :—

[A long description of the Boulevards and "Palais Royale."]

The whole annals of literature (if I may be allowed the expression) contain, I fearlessly assert, no description like this. "The Grosvenor, the Belgrave, the Berkeley, the Portman, the Bryanstone, the Russell squares" (how finely does he keep up the genteel gradation) "are wholly unknown in France." Ay! and so I may say are the Bloomsbury, the Red Lion too; and the more is the pity. If I had children, and wished to form their tender minds, I would have a sort of catechism made of the above description, which they should be made to get by heart. As thus :—

Q. What is the Boulevard?

A. A sort of avenue formed by trees.

Q. What is its aspect?

A. Its aspect is at once rural and architectural, or rather (this distinction is uncommonly fine) presents an instance in which the rural and the architectural are happily blended.

Q. How is the pavement formed?

A. Of asphalte materials.

Q. How is its effect impaired?

A. By circular patches of earth.

Q. What imparts to the Boulevards their greatest charms?

A. Their curvatures.

Q. What locality is most frequently in the thoughts and on the lips of a Frenchman?

A. The Palais Royale.

Q. Why do you spell Royale with an *e*?

A. Because I choose.

Q. Does a Parisian dream of the Palais Royale every night?

A. Yes.

Q. Is it a more severe affliction to the Frenchman to lose the Palais Royale than to lose his dear friend, wife, mother, or child?

A. Yes, it is.

Q. Is this an exaggeration?

A. Not in the least to those who know Paris. &c. &c.

And then the question comes, How did Jim, not speaking a word

of French, find out these things? He says he took a laquais-de-place at three francs the half-day, who probably told him these stories. But I have too high an opinion of Jim's economy to suppose he would hire one of these fellows for many days together; and, indeed, he very soon appears to have got a smattering of the language, and to push on for himself. Thus, he used to go to a barber's, and he calls him "Monsieur Tonsor." This he never could have done had he not known French—Monsieur being French for *Mister*, and Tonsor meaning Barber in the Latin language. Again, we find him speaking French with respect to hats in the noble passage where he says:—

"Of all parts of a Parisian's dress, that which he is most particular about is his hat. I am confident that any man might with safety bet that, out of every hundred hats you see on the heads of the pedestrians in Paris, *not more than one in ten will be found to be bad.* A Frenchman seems to consider his 'chapeau' as part of himself. He would just as soon be seen with an unwashed face as with a shabby hat. *It is to him what a bonnet is to a lady.* It is true the Parisian gentlemen do not talk of their new hats as ladies do about their new bonnets; but they are not on that account the less delighted when they see a beautiful 'chapeau.' A Frenchman would sooner receive a blow which would injure his head, than one which would damage his hat. He will pardon an insult offered to himself, but he will never forgive you if you destroy or injure his hat."

This is a curious fact; and the story, coming from a man of honour and observation, will be useful to our young countrymen abroad, who can easily prove the correctness of the narrative by kicking the first Frenchman they meet, and sitting on the hat of the second. They will see, then, if *Monsieur's* conduct will bear out Jim's assertion. A military man (of whom there are plenty) would be a good subject to select for the first experiment. But the point which I wish to mark here is the progress he has evidently made in the language; on two occasions, and in the same sentence, he playfully uses the foreign word "chapeau," a hat—ay, and spells it right too, which could hardly be expected of him in so short a time.

A laughable *quid pro quo*, if he will pardon me the term, occurred to him in a conversation with one of the men of distinction to whom he had letters of introduction—one of the most rising barristers in France. I shrewdly suspect Monsieur Charles Ledru to be the man of distinction in question.

He and Jim fell to talking naturally about lords and judges. "What's the opinion of Lord —— ?" said the French barrister. On which Grant expressed his idea that his lordship was insane.

"You don't mean that!" said the other, falling back in his seat, and looking unutterably amazed. "Thrown himself into the Seine!"

"Oh no! I only said that some people thought him insane."

"Ah! *in-sane*, not *in* the *Seine*. I mistook what you said. Ah! I see now."

Of course, nobody knew who was the noble and learned lord who gave rise to this play upon words.

To do him justice, Jim very seldom indulges in them. But when he does, the dry rogue! he takes care to fix upon a good one. I have laughed at the above heartily for the last twenty years, and can fancy how Ledru and Grant must have enjoyed it as they sat together in the parlour discussing the character of Lord Br—— But mum! the word was very nearly out.

Jim had an interview with Jules Janin, which does not appear to have been very satisfactory; for though Janin writes English books, he does not understand a word of the language. Nor was our James much more skilled in the *parley Fransy*, as they say. Janin did not ask him to dinner, nor probably did Ledru; for about the hospitality of the French he speaks in a very sad and desponding tone. "Dinner-parties are comparatively rare amongst the aristocracy of France. When they invite their friends they ask them to a *soirée*; when the refreshments consist of tea and coffee, with a little wine and cake." Wine is much cheaper in France, adds Jim, who does not conceal his disappointment, and has probably been asked to some *soirée*, where, after going to the expense of a cab, a fresh shirt-collar, and a pair of white Berlin gloves, he has been fobbed off with a glass of sour wine-and-water and a biscuit. And yet, in spite of this disappointment, I think there is nothing I would more like to have seen than James at one of these French parties of the "aristocracy," pulling a queer face over a glass of orgeat (pronounced *orjaw*) while the *monsieurs* were thinking him a great literary man.

What he calls the *table-d'hôtes* (for his expressions are invariably happy) seem to have pleased him a good deal. None but the aristocracy, he says, ever dream of "putting up" in "Meurice's," from which choice place the honest fellow accordingly kept away. "No man must think of dining there," he says, sadly, "*under from* fifteen *to* twenty francs;" and he does not think the average price of a bed can be less than eight or ten francs per night. But it is not so, dear Jim; and out of respect to a worthy landlord whom you have injured, you should alter this passage in your second edition. You might have gone with perfect safety and asked the question of the waiter. Snobs are admitted at Meurice's as well as gentlemen. Why, then, should

James Grant be denied admittance to the "most famous of the Parisian establishments"?

About the two-franc dinners of which the French aristocracy partake, our dear friend is much better informed. "I met with no instance," says he, "in which the charge exceeded two francs and a half, including a pint, or *half a bottle* of *vin ordinaire.* There are, indeed, some respectable houses where the charge is as low as a franc and a half. The most common price, however, is two francs; and for this sum (twenty pence of our money), with an additional threehalfpence or twopence in the shape of a gratuity to the waiter, you can have a dinner which never fails to suit the most dainty palate." He then describes the bill of fare, and says, "Would the most passionate admirer of a good dinner desire more?" Jim says a great amount of business is done in these houses, and used to take his dinner in a "very celebrated one, up three pair of stairs in the Palais Royal." Bless him once more, I say; bless him. He is a dainty dog, fond of good victuals and fine things. The aristocracy in Paris seem to be shabby fellows; he never saw a carpet in any house except an English one, and thought with pride of Kidderminster, the luxurious rogue!

He does not appear to have seen "Chautebriand," but says he is a member of the Chamber of Deputies, a republican in principles, and that he goes weekly to weep over the tomb of Armand Carrel. A "priest" by the name of Ginode is also mentioned as a priest of republican principles, which are, moreover, those of Jim. The first thing he remarks about the Chamber of Deputies (for the fellow goes everywhere) is that THE SEATS are incomparably superior to those in our House of Commons. These seats bear ample proofs that the pen-knives of honourable members are not idle, for they are covered with all sorts of hieroglyphics, the works of the French legislators.

As Jim contemplated these, "schoolboy recollections," he affectingly says, rushed into his mind, and his thoughts reverted, with a rapidity surpassing that with which light travels, to a period full thirty years ago, when he, Jim, used to see so many of his companions soundly thrashed by their "teacher for doing precisely similar work."

How different the scene is now! Then Jim was a boy, getting probably, with other boys at Eton, where he was brought up, some cuts from the usher across his own--organ, which it is needless to name. Now he is a man, honoured, wise and wealthy. He has improved his mind by study in Long Acre, and afterwards abroad by foreign travel. He has taken his place with the learned of the land. People look up to him as their instructor and friend. Only this minute comes up to me a venerable gentleman in a broad-brimmed hat, who

says, "Reading Mr. Grant's new work, Fitz-Boodle? An able man, sir, though I think he has somewhat fallcn off."

Fallen off! O jimini (as the poet observes)! fallen off? No, Jim is better than ever. He grows more rich the more he publishes. *His* ideas are not like those of some feeble writers who give birth to an idea and die. No, Jim is always ready, always abundant; no subject will ever find him at a loss, no plummet will ever sound the depth of his tremendous dulness. Why is he mere private man still? Why is he not in the House of Commons, and making senates shout with his eloquence? I am sure that he would speak to perfection. I am sure that worthy people in the country would rally round him. I have a very strong notion indeed that he is the "coming man" for whom we are on the look-out. Other people may doubt and be perplexed, but depend upon it, *he* never feels a difficulty. Jim has achieved fortune and fame as, perhaps, no man ever achieved it. He has published five-and-twenty volumes of such a quality as perhaps the whole world cannot elsewhere produce; and his success is to the world and himself a credit. It shows that a good writer need not despair nowadays. Burns died a beggar, for instance, and Jim Grant will probably leave a good round sum at his lamented demise. And so he should with such a public as ours, so alive to genius, so wise a critic of good writing, so able an appreciator of fine wit. Jim is worthy of the public, and the public of him. May they long both flourish, each honouring the other!

Sometimes popular writers find themselves outstripped of a sudden by younger rivals, and deserted in their old age. I do not think in Jim's case this is likely, or even possible. I do not think the world *can* produce a greater than Jim. Honour to him and his patron! He has already written five-and-twenty volumes; let us hope and pray for scores more. I have requested Mr. Titmarsh, the eminent artist, to copy his picture and hang it up in the heroic picture gallery, by the side of * * * * and——*

One word more. The revelations in this book concerning Louis Philippe will be found of the highest interest. I think Jim's description of the King beats that of the gentleman with the good memory completely. "Louis," says Grant, "is tall and portly in his person. *His face partakes of the oval shape, and his cheeks are rather* PLUFFY."

Farewell, and Heaven bless him! I have ordered all his books at the club,—not to read them at once, that would be impossible, but to

* Here our friend Fitz grew so abominably scurrilous that we were obliged to expunge the sentence.—O. Y.

meditate over favourite bits and con over old familiar pages. Familiar! why do I say familiar? Fresh beauties bubble up in them at every moment—new expressions, and vast and wonderful thoughts.

G. S. F.-B.

(*Fraser's Magazine*, December 1843.)

A BOX OF NOVELS.

THE Argument.—Mr. Yorke having despatched to Mr. Titmarsh, in Switzerland, a box of novels (carriage paid), the latter returns to Oliver an essay upon the same, into which he introduces a variety of other interesting discourse. He treats of the severity of critics; of his resolution to reform in that matter, and of the nature of poets; of Irishmen; of Harry Lorrequer, and that Harry is a sentimental writer; of Harry's critics; of Tom Burke; of Rory O'More; of the Young Pretender and the Duke of Bordeaux; of Irish Repeal and Repeal songs; concerning one of which he addresseth to Rory O'More words of tender reproach. He mentioneth other novels found in the box, viz. "The Miser's Son," and "The Burgomaster of Berlin." He bestoweth a parting benediction on Boz.

SOME few—very few years since, dear sir, in our hot youth, when Will the Fourth was king, it was the fashion of many young and ardent geniuses who contributed their share of high spirits to the columns of this Magazine, to belabour with unmerciful ridicule almost all the writers of this country of England, to sneer at their scholarship, to question their talents, to shout with fierce laughter over their faults historical, poetical, grammatical, and sentimental; and thence to leave the reader to deduce our (the critic's) own immense superiority in all the points which we questioned in all the world beside. I say *our*, because the undersigned Michael Angelo has handled the tomahawk as well as another, and has a scalp or two drying in his lodge.

Those times, dear Yorke, are past. I found you, on visiting London last year, grown fat (pardon me for saying so)—fat and peaceful. Your children clambered smiling about your knee. You did not disdain to cut bread and butter for them; and, as you poured out their milk and water at supper, I could not but see that you, too, had imbibed much of that sweet and wholesome milk of human kindness, at which in youth we are ready to sneer as a vapid and unprofitable potion; but whereof as manhood advances we are daily more apt to

recognise the healthful qualities. For of all diets good-humour is the most easy of digestion; if it does not create that mad boisterous flow of spirits which greater excitement causes, it has yet a mirth of its own, pleasanter, truer, and more lasting than the intoxication of sparkling satire; above all, one rises the next morning without fever or headache, and without the dim and frightful consciousness of having broken somebody's undeserving bones in a frolic, while under the satirical frenzy. You are grown mild—we are all grown mild. I saw Morgan Rattler going home with a wooden horse for his little son. Men and fathers, we can assault men and fathers no more.

Besides, a truth dawns upon the mature mind, which may thus be put by interrogation. Because a critic, deeming A and B to be block-heads for whom utter destruction is requisite, forthwith sets to work to destroy them, is it clear that the public are interested in that work of demolition, and that they admire the critic hugely for his pains? At my present mature age, I am inclined to think that the nation does not much care for this sort of executiveness; and that it looks upon the press-Mohawks (this is not the least personal) as it did upon the gallant young noblemen who used a few years since to break the heads of policemen, and paint apothecaries' shops pea-green,—with amusement, perhaps, but with anything but respect and liking. And as those young noblemen, recognising the justice of public opinion, have retired to their estates, which they are now occupied peacefully in administering and improving, so have the young earls and marquesses of the court of REGINA of Regent Street calmly subsided into the tillage of the pleasant fields of literature, and the cultivation of the fresh green crops of good-humoured thought. *My* little work on the differential calculus, for instance, is in a most advanced state; and you will correct me if I break a confidence in saying, that your translation of the first hundred and ninety-six chapters of the Mahabharata will throw some extraordinary light upon a subject most intensely interesting to England, viz. the Sanscrit theosophy.

This introduction, then, will have prepared you for an exceedingly humane and laudatory notice of the packet of works which you were good enough to send me, and which, though they doubtless contain a great deal that the critic would not write (from the extreme delicacy of his taste and the vast range of his learning), also contain, between ourselves, a great deal that the critic *could* not write if he would ever so: and this is a truth which critics are sometimes apt to forget in their judgments of works of fiction. As a rustical boy, hired at two-pence per week, may fling stones at the blackbirds and drive them off and possibly hit one or two, yet if he get into the hedge and begin to sing, he will make a wretched business of the music, and Lubin and

Colin and the dullest swains of the village will laugh egregiously at his folly; so the critic employed to assault the poet—— But the rest of the simile is obvious, and will be apprehended at once by a person of your experience.

The fact is, that the blackbirds of letters—the harmless, kind singing creatures who line the hedgesides and chirp and twitter as nature bade them (they can no more help singing, these poets, than a flower can help smelling sweet), have been treated much too ruthlessly by the watch-boys of the press, who have a love for flinging stones at the little innocents, and pretend that it is their duty, and that every wren or sparrow is likely to destroy a whole field of wheat, or to turn out a monstrous bird of prey. Leave we these vain sports and savage pastimes of youth, and turn we to the benevolent philosophy of maturer age.

A characteristic of the Irish writers and people, which has not been at all appreciated by the English, is, I think, that of extreme melancholy. All Irish stories are sad, all humorous Irish songs are sad; there is never a burst of laughter excited by them but, as I fancy, tears are near at hand; and from "Castle Rackrent" downwards, every Hibernian tale that I have read is sure to leave a sort of woeful tender impression. Mr. Carleton's books—and he is by far the greatest *genius* who has written of Irish life--are pre-eminently melancholy. Griffin's best novel, "The Collegians," has the same painful character; and I have always been surprised, while the universal English critic has been laughing over the stirring stories of "Harry Lorrequer," that he has not recognised the fund of sadness beneath. The most jovial song that I know of in the Irish language is "The Night before Larry was stretched;" but, along with the joviality, you always carry the impression of the hanging the next morning. "The Groves of Blarney" is the richest nonsense that the world has known since the days of Rabelais; but is it not very pathetic nonsense? The folly is uttered with a sad look, and to the most lamentable wailing music: it affects you like the jokes of Lear's fool. An Irish landscape conveys the same impression. You may walk all Ireland through, and hardly see a cheerful one; and whereas at five miles from the spot where this is published or read in England, you may be sure to light upon some prospect of English nature smiling in plenty, rich in comfort, and delightfully cheerful, however simple and homely, the finest and richest landscape in Ireland always appeared to me to be sad, and the people corresponded with the place. But we in England have adopted our idea of the Irishman, and, like the pig-imitator's audience in the fable (which simile is not to be construed into an opinion on the writer's part that the Irish

resemble pigs, but simply that the Saxon is dull of comprehension), we *will* have the sham Irishman in preference to the real one, and will laugh at the poor wag, whatever his mood may be. The romance-writers and dramatists have wronged the Irish cruelly (and so has every Saxon among them, the O'Connellites will say) in misrepresenting them as they have done. What a number of false accounts, for instance, did poor Power give to English playgoers, about Ireland! He led Cockneys to suppose that all that Irish gaiety was natural and constant; that Paddy was in a perpetual whirl of high spirits and whisky; for ever screeching and whooping mad songs and wild jokes; a being entirely devoid of artifice and calculation: it is only after an Englishman has seen the country that he learns how false these jokes are; how sad these high spirits, and how cunning and fitful that exuberant joviality, which we have been made to fancy are the Irishman's every-day state of mind. There is, for example, the famous Sir Lucius O'Trigger of Sheridan, at whose humours we all laugh delightfully. He is the most real character, in all that strange company of profligates and swindlers who people Sheridan's plays, and I think the most profoundly dismal of all. The poor Irish knight's jokes are only on the surface. He is a hypocrite all through the comedy, and his fun no more real than his Irish estate. He makes others laugh, but he does not laugh himself, as Falstaff does, and Sydney Smith, and a few other hearty humorists of the British sort.

So when he reads in the "Opinions of the Press" how the provincial journalists are affected with Mr. Lever's books; how the *Doncaster Argus* declares, "We have literally roared with laughter over the last number of 'Our Mess';" or the *Manx Mercury* vows it has "absolutely burst with cachinnation" over the *facetiæ* of friend Harry Lorrequer; or the *Bungay Beacon* has been obliged to call in two printer's devils to hold the editorial sides while perusing "Charles O'Malley's" funny stories; let the reader be assured that he has fallen upon critical opinions not worth the having. It is impossible to yell with laughter through thirty-two pages. Laughter, to be worth having, can only come by fits and now and then. The main body of your laughter-inspiring book must be calm; and if we may be allowed to give an opinion about Lorrequer after all that has been said for and against him, after the characteristics of boundless merriment which the English critic has found in him, and the abuse which the Irish writers have hurled at him for presenting degrading pictures of the national character, it would be to enter a calm protest against both opinions, and say that the author's characteristic is *not* humour, but sentiment,—neither more nor less than sentiment, in spite of all the rollicking and bawling, and the songs of Micky Free, and the horse-racing, and punch-making,

and charging, and steeplechasing—the quality of the Lorrequer stories seems to me to be extreme delicacy, sweetness, and kindliness of heart. The *spirits* are for the most part artificial, the *fond* is sadness, as appears to me to be that of most Irish writing and people.

Certain Irish critics will rise up in arms against this dictum, and will fall foul of the author of the paradox and of the subject of these present remarks too. For while we have been almost universal in our praise of Lorrequer in England, no man has been more fiercely bufieted in his own country, Mr. O'Connell himself taking the lead to attack this kindly and gentle writer, and thundering out abuse at him from his *cathedra* in the Corn Exchange. A strange occupation this for a statesman! Fancy Sir Robert Peel taking occasion to bring "Martin Chuzzlewit" before the House of Commons; or the American President rapping "Sam Slick" over the knuckles in the thirty-fourth column of his speech; or Lord Brougham attacking Mr. Albert Smith in the Privy Council!

The great Corn Exchange critic says that Lorrequer has sent abroad an unjust opinion of the Irish character, which he (the Corn Exchange critic) is upholding by words and example. On this signal the Irish Liberal journals fall foul of poor Harry with a ferocity which few can appreciate in this country, where the labours of our Hibernian brethren of the press are little read. But you would fancy from the *Nation* that the man is a stark traitor and incendiary; that he has written a libel against Ireland such as merits cord and fire! O patriotic critic! what Brutus-like sacrifices will the literary man not commit! what a noble professional independence he has! how free from envy he is! how pleased with his neighbour's success! and yet how ready (on public grounds—of course, only on public grounds) to attack his nearest friend and closest acquaintance! Although he knows that the success of one man of letters is the success of all, that with every man who rises a score of others rise too, that to make what has hitherto been a struggling and uncertain calling an assured and respectable one, it is necessary that some should succeed greatly, and that every man who lives by his pen should, therefore, back the efforts and applaud the advancement of his brother; yet the virtues of professional literature are so obstinately republican, that it will acknowledge no honours, help no friend, have all on a level; and so the Irish press is at present martyrising the most successful member of its body. His books appeared; they were very pleasant; Tory and Liberal applauded alike the good-humoured and kind-hearted writer, who quarrelled with none, and amused all. But his publishers sold twenty thousand of his books. He was a monster from that moment, a doomed man; if a man can die of articles, Harry Lorrequer ought to have yielded up the ghost long ago.

Lorrequer's military propensities have been objected to strongly by his squeamish Hibernian brethren. I freely confess, for my part, that there is a great deal too much fighting in the Lorrequerian romances for my taste, an endless clashing of sabres, unbounded alarums, "chambers" let off (as in the old Shakspeare stage-directions), the warriors drive one another on and off the stage, until the quiet citizen is puzzled by their interminable evolutions, and gets a headache with the smell of the powder. But is Lorrequer the only man in Ireland who is fond of military spectacles? Why do ten thousand people go to the Phaynix Park twice a week? Why does the *Nation* newspaper publish those edifying and Christian war-songs? And who is it that prates about the Irish at Waterloo, and the Irish at Fontenoy, and the Irish at Seringapatam, and the Irish at Timbuctoo? If Mr. O'Connell, like a wise rhetorician, chooses, and very properly, to flatter the national military passion, why should not Harry Lorrequer? There is bad blood, bitter, brutal, unchristian hatred in every line of every single ballad of the *Nation*; there is none in the harmless war-pageants of honest Harry Lorrequer. And as for the Irish brigade, has not Mr. O'Connell bragged more about that than any other author of fiction in or out of his country?

The persons who take exception to numerous hunting and steeplechasing descriptions which abound in these volumes have, perhaps, some reason on their side. Those quiet people who have never leaped across anything wider than a gutter in Pall Mall, or have learned the chivalric art in Mr. Fozard's riding-school, are not apt to be extremely interested in hunting stories, and may find themselves morally thrown out in the midst of a long fox-chase, which gallops through ever so many pages of close type. But these descriptions are not written for such. Go and ask a "fast man" at college what he thinks of them. Go dine at Lord Cardigan's mess-table, and as the black bottle passes round ask the young cornets and captains whether they have read the last number of 'Tom Burke," and you will see what the answer will be. At this minute those pink-bound volumes are to be found in every garrison, in every one of the towns, colonies, islands, continents, isthmuses, and promontories, where her Majesty's flag floats; they are the pleasure of country folk, high and low; they are not scientific treatises, certainly, but are they intended as such? They are not, perhaps, taken in by Dissenting clergymen and doctors of divinity (though for my part I have seen, in the hall of a certain college of Dublin, a score of the latter, in gowns and bands, crowding round Harry Lorrequer and listening to his talk with all their might); but does the author aim especially at instructing their reverences? No. Though this is a favourite method with many critics—viz. to find fault with a book for

what it does not give, as thus :—"Lady Smigsmag's new novel is amusing, but lamentably deficient in geological information." "Dr Swishtail's 'Elucidations of the Digamma' show much sound scholarship, but infer a total absence of humour." And "Mr. Lever's tales are trashy and worthless, for his facts are not borne out by any authority, and he gives us no information upon the political state of Ireland. Oh! our country; our green and beloved, our beautiful and oppressed! accursed be the tongue that should now speak of aught but thy wrong; withered the dastard hand that should strike upon thy desolate harp another string!" &c. &c. &c.

And now, having taken exception to the pugnacious and horse-racious parts of the Lorrequer novels (whereof an admirable parody appeared some months since in *Tait's Magazine*), let us proceed to state further characteristics of Lorrequer. His stories show no art of construction; it is the good old plan of virtue triumphant at the end of the chapter, vice being woefully demolished some few pages previously. As Scott's heroes were, for the most part, canny, gallant, prudent, modest young North Britons, Lorrequer's are gallant young Irishmen, a little more dandified and dashing, perhaps, than such heroes as novelists create on this side of the water; wonderfully like each other in personal qualities and beauty; but, withal, modest and scrupulously pure-minded. And there is no reader of Mr. Lever's tales but must admire the extreme, almost womanlike delicacy of the author, who, amidst all the wild scenes through which he carries his characters and with all his outbreaks of spirits and fun, never writes a sentence that is not entirely pure. Nor is he singular in this excellent chastity of thought and expression; it is almost a national virtue with the Irish, as any person will acknowledge who has lived any time in their country or society.

The present hero of the Lorrequerian cyclus of romances resembles the other young gentlemen whose history they record in his great admiration for the military profession, in the which, after some adventurous half-dozen numbers of civil life, we find him launched. Drums, trumpets, blunderbusses, guns, and thunder form the subject of the whole set, and are emblazoned on the backs of every one of the volumes. The present volume is bound in a rich blood-coloured calico, and has a most truculent and ferocious look. The illustrations, from the hand of the famous Phiz, show to great advantage the merits of that dashing designer. He draws a horse admirably, a landscape beautifully, a female figure with extreme grace and tenderness; but as for his humour, it is stark naught; ay, worse! the humorous faces are bad caricatures, without, as I fancy, the slightest provocation to laughter. If one were to meet these monsters expanded from two inches

to six feet, people would be frightened by them, not amused, so cruel are their grimaces and unearthly their ugliness. And a study of the admirable sketches of Raffet and Charlet would have given the designer a better notion of the costume of the soldiery of the Consulate than that which he has adopted. Indeed, one could point out sundry errors in costume which the author himself has committed, were the critic inclined to be severely accurate, and not actuated by that overflowing benevolence which is so delightful to feel.

"Tom Burke of Ours" * is so called because he enters the French service at an early age; but his opening adventures occur at the close of the rebellion, before the union of Ireland and England, and before the empire of Napoleon. The opening chapters are the best because they are the most real. The author is more at home in Ireland than in the French camp or capital, the scenes and landscapes he describes there are much more naturally depicted, and the characters to whom he introduces us more striking and lifelike. The novel opens gloomily and picturesquely. Old Burke is dying, alone in his dismal old tumble-down house, somewhere near the famous town of Athlone (who can describe with sufficient desolation the ride from that city to Ballinasloe?). Old Burke is dying, and this is young Tom's description of the appearance of an old house at home.

[A long extract is omitted.]

How Tom Burke further fared—how he escaped the dragoon's sabre and the executioner's rope—how he became the *protégé* of the facetious Bubbleton (a most unnatural character certainly, but who is drawn exactly from a great living model)—how Captain de Meudon, the French cuirassier, took a liking to the lad, and died in a uniform sparkling with crosses (which crosses were not yet invented in France), leaving Tom a sum of money, and a recommendation to the Ecole Polytechnique (where, by the way, students are not admitted with any such recommendations)—how Tom escaped to France, and beheld the great First Consul, and was tried for the infernal machine affair, and was present at the glorious field of Austerlitz, and made war, and blunders, and love—are not all these things written in the blood-coloured volume embroidered with blunderbusses aforesaid, and can the reader do better than recreate himself therewith? Indeed, as the critic lays down the lively, sparkling, stirring volume, and thinks of its tens of thousands of readers; and that it is lying in the little huckster's window at Dunleary, and upon the artillery mess-table at Dam-

* *Our Mess.* Edited by Charles Lever (Harry Lorrequer). Vol. ii. *Tom Burke of Ours*, vol. i. Dublin: Curry, jun. & Co. London: Orr. Edinburgh: Fraser & Co. 1844.

chun; and that it is, beyond the shadow of a doubt, taken in at Hong-kong, where poor dear Commissioner Lin has gazed, delighted, at the picture of "Peeping Tom;" or that it is to be had at the Library, Cape Town, where the Dutch boors and the Hottentot princes are longing for the reading of it—the critic, I say, considering the matter merely in a geographical point of view, finds himself overcome by an amazing and blushing modesty, timidly apologises to the reader for discoursing to him about a book which the universal public peruses, and politely takes his leave of the writer by wishing him all health and prosperity.

By the way, one solemn protest ought to be made regarding the volume. The monster of the latter part is a certain truculent captain (who is very properly done for), and who goes by the name of *Amédée Pichot.* Why this name above all others? Why not Jules Janin, or Alexandre Dumas, or Eugène Sue? Amédée Pichot is a friend to England in a country where friends to England are rare and worth having. Amédée Pichot is the author of the excellent life of Charles Edward, the friend of Scott, and the editor of the *Revue Britannique,* in which he inserts more translations from *Fraser's Magazine* than from any other periodical produced in this empire. His translations of the works of a certain gentleman with a remarkably good memory have been quoted by scores of French newspapers; his version of other articles (which, perhaps, modesty forbids the present writer to name) has given the French people a most exalted idea of English lighter literature; he is such a friend to English literature, that he will not review a late work called "Paris and the Parisians," lest France should have a contemptible opinion of our tourists; it is a sin and a shame that Harry Lorrequer should have slaughtered Amédée Pichot in this wanton and cruel manner.

And now, having said our little say regarding "Tom Burke," we come to the work of an equally famous Irish novelist, the ingenious, the various author of "£. S. D.," * latterly called, though we know not for what very good reason, "Treasure Trove." † It is true that something concerning a treasure is to be discovered at the latter end of the novel, but "£. S. D.," or D.C.L., or what you will, is quite as

* *£. S. D.; or, Accounts of Irish Heirs furnished to the Public monthly.* By Samuel Lover. London: Lover, and Groombridge. 1843.

† If the respected critic had read the preface of Mr. Lover's work, he would have perceived that *£. S. D.* is the general name of a series of works, of which *Treasure Trove* is only the first. Those who know Ireland must be aware that the title *£. S. D.* is singularly applicable to that country, the quantity of specie there being immense—only a good deal of it is yet undiscovered.—O. Y.

good a title as another. It is the rose smells sweet, and not the name of it,—at least I take it is only a publisher who would assert the contrary. For instance, everybody quarrels with the title of "Martin Chuzzlewit," and all that incomprehensible manifesto about the silver spoons and the family plate which followed; but did we read it the less? No. The British public is of that order of gormandisers which would like a cabinet pudding, even though you called it hard-dumpling, and is not to be taken in by titles in the main. "£. S. D." is a good name; may all persons concerned have plenty of it!

The present tale of Mr. Lover's contains more action and incident than are to be found in his former works. It is an historical romance in due form,—a romance of war, and love, and fun, and sentiment, and intrigue, and escape, and rebellion. I have but the dozen first numbers, and the thirteenth of the series is to complete the tale; but the question is, how on earth is it to be finished? It is true the wicked rival has been done for—that circumstances look prosperously enough for the hero—that he has saved the heroine from a proper number of dangers, and made himself agreeable to her father; all this is very well. But the hero's name is *Corkery*. *Bon Dieu!* can the lovely Ellen Lynch of Galway, the admired of a Brady, a Bodkin, a Marshal Saxe, the affianced of a Kirwan (name equally illustrious, as Hardeman's "Galway" relates)—can Ellen Lynch marry a fellow by the name of Corkery? I won't believe it. It is against all the rules of romance. They must both die miserably in No. XIII., or young Ned Corkery must be found to be somebody else's son than his father's, the old grocer of Galway. But this matter has been settled long ere this; and if Ellen and Edward are married and happy (though, indeed, some people are married and unhappy, and some happy and unmarried, for the matter of that), if they have taken the matrimonial line, Ellen, I would lay a wager, is not Mrs. Corkery.*

The novel carries us back to the year 1745, when the respected Mr. Edward Waverley distinguished himself in the service of his late Royal Highness the Pretender, and when men, instead of bandying compliments and congees in Belgrave Square, flying thither in hack-cabs, with white kid gloves on, and comfortable passports in their pockets, turned out on the hillside sword in hand, and faced Cumberland's thundering dragoons, and saw the backs of Johnny Cope's grenadiers. The contrast between the times is not a bad one, in the warriors of Perth and Falkirk yonder, with tartan and claymore, and the young French dandies, with oiled beards, and huge gold-topped canes, grinning over a *fricandeau* at Véry's! We have seen them

* Private to the Editor.—Please to add here in a short note the catastrophe of the novel, which I don't know.

these warriors of the latter days—we have seen Belgrave Square—we have seen the chivalry of France (in cabs) collected round the Royal door, and battling about eightpenny fares at the sacred threshold—we have seen the cads shouting, "This way, my lord! this way, Mounseer!"—we have seen Gunter's cart driving up with *orgeat* and *limonade* for the faithful warriors of HENRI! He was there—there, in the one-pair front, smiling royally upon them as they came; and there was *eau sucrée* in the dining-room if the stalwart descendants of Du Guesclin were athirst. *O vanitas!* O woeful change of times! The play is played up. Who dies for kings now? If Henri was to say to one of those martyrs in white paletots and lacquered boots, "Seigneur comte, coupez-moi cette barbe, que vous paraissez tant chérir," would the count do it? Ah! do not ask! do not let us cut too deep into this dubious fidelity! let us have our opinions, but not speak them too loudly. At any rate, it was better for Mr. Lover to choose 1740 for a romance in place of 1840, which is the sole moral of the above sentence.

The book is written with ability, and inspires great interest. The incidents are almost too many. The scene varies too often. We go from Galway to Hamburg—from Hamburg to Bruges—from Bruges, *viâ* London, to Paris—from Paris to Scotland, and thence to Ireland, with war's alarms ringing in the ear the whole way, and are plunged into sea-fights, and land-fights, and shipwrecks, and chases, and conspiracies, without end. Our first battle is no less than the battle of Fontenoy, and it is described in a lively and a brilliant manner. Voltaire, out of that defeat, has managed to make such a compliment to the English nation, that a thrashing really becomes a pleasure, and Mr. Lover does not neglect a certain little opportunity:—

"'Dillon!' said Marshal Saxe, 'let the whole Irish brigade charge! to you I commend its conduct. Where Dillon's regiment leads the rest will follow. The cavalry has made no impression yet; let the Irish brigade show an example!'

"'It shall be done, Marshal!' said Dillon, touching his hat, and turning his horse.

"'To victory!' cried Saxe, emphatically.

"'Or death!' cried Dillon, solemnly, kissing the cross of his sword, and plunging the rowels in his horse's side, that swiftly he might do his bidding, and that the Irish brigade might first have the honour of changing the fortune of the day.

"Galloping along the front of their line, where the brigade stood impatient for the order to advance, Dillon gave a word that made every man clench his teeth, firmly plunge his foot deep in the stirrup, and grip his sword for vengeance; for the word that Dillon gave was talismanic as others that

have been memorable; he shouted, as he rode along, '*Remember Limerick!*' and then, wheeling round, and placing himself at the head of his own regiment, to whom the honour of leading was given, he gave the word to charge; and down swept the whole brigade, terrible as a thunderbolt, for the hitherto unbroken column of Cumberland was crushed under the fearful charge, the very earth trembled beneath that horrible rush of horse. Dillon was amongst the first to fall; he received a mortal wound from the steady and well-directed fire of the English column, and, as he was struck, he knew his presentiment was fulfilled; but he lived long enough to know also he completed his prophecy of a glorious charge; plunging his spurs into his fiery horse, he jumped into the forest of bayonets, and, laying about him gallantly, he saw the English column broken, and fell, fighting, amidst a heap of slain. The day was won; the column could no longer resist; but, with the indomitable spirit of Englishmen, they still turned their faces to the foe, and retired without confusion; *they lost the field with honour*, and, in the midst of defeat, it was some satisfaction to know it was the bold islanders of their own seas who carried the victory against them. It was no *foreigner* before whom they yielded. The thought *was* bitter that they themselves had disbanded a strength so mighty; but they took consolation in a strange land in the thought that it was only their *own right arm* could deal a blow so heavy. Thanks be to God, these unnatural days are past, and the unholy laws that made them so are expunged. In little more than sixty years after, and not fifty miles from that very spot, Irish valour helped to win victory on the side of England; for, at Waterloo, Erin gave to Albion, not only her fiery columns, but her unconquered chieftain."

That Irish brigade is the deuce, certainly. When once it appears, the consequences are obvious. No mortal can stand against it. Why does not some military Hibernian write the history of this redoubtable legion?

There is something touching in these legends of the prowess of the exile in his banishment, and no doubt it could be shown that where the French did not happen to have the uppermost in their contest with the Saxon, it was because their allies were engaged elsewhere, and not present in the field to Fag an Bealach, as Mr. Lover writes it, to "clear the way;" on which subject he writes a song, which, he says, "at least all Ireland will heartily digest."

"*Fāg an Bealach.*

"Fill the cup, my brothers,
To pledge a toast,
Which, beyond all others,
We prize the most:
As yet 'tis but a notion
We dare not name;

But soon o'er land or ocean
'Twill fly with fame!
Then give the game before us
One view holla,
Hip! hurra! in chorus,
Fāg an Bealach!

"We our hearts can fling, boys,
O'er this notion,
As the sea-bird's wing, boys,
Dips the ocean.
'Tis too deep for words, boys,
The thought we know—
So, like the ocean bird, boys,
We touch and go:
For dangers deep surrounding,
Our hopes might swallow;
So through the tempest bounding,
Fāg an Bealach!

"This thought with glory rife, boys,
Did brooding dwell,
Till time did give it life, boys,
To break the shell:
'Tis in our hearts yet lying,
An unfledged thing;
But soon, an eaglet flying,
'Twill take the wing!
For 'tis no timeling frail, boys—
No summer swallow—
'Twill live through winter's gale, boys.
Fāg an Bealach!

"Lawyers may indict us
By crooked laws,
Soldiers strive to fright us
From country's cause;
But we will sustain it
Living—dying—
Point of law or bay'net
Still defying!
Let their parchment rattle—
Drums are hollow,
So is lawyer's prattle—
Fāg an Bealach!

"Better early graves, boys,
Dark locks gory,
Than bow the head as slaves, boys,
When they're hoary.
Fight it out we must, boys,
Hit or miss it;
Better *bite* the dust, boys,
Than to *kiss* it!
For dust to dust at last, boys,
Death *will* swallow—
Hark! the trumpet's blast, boys,
Fāg an Bealach!"

Hurra! clear the course! Here comes Rory O'More thundering down with his big alpeen; his blood is up, and woe to the Saxon skull that comes in contact with the terrible fellow's oak-stick. He is in a mortal fury, that's a fact. He talks of dying as easy as of supping buttermilk; he rattles out rhymes for bayonet and cartouche-box as if they were his ordinary weapons; he is a sea-bird, and then an eagle breaking his shell, and previously a huntsman—anything for his country! "Your sowl!" how I see the Saxons flying before Rory and his wild huntsmen, as the other foul animals did before St. Patrick!

It is a good rattling lyric, to be sure. But is it well sung by *you*, O Samuel Lover? Are *you*, too, turning rebel, and shouting out songs of hatred against the Saxon? You, whose gentle and kindly muse never breathed anything but peace and goodwill as yet: you whose name did seem to indicate your nature; the happy discoverer of the four-leaved shamrock, and of that blessed island "where not a tear or aching heart should be found!" Leave the brawling to the politicians and the newspaper ballad-mongers. They live by it. *You* need not. The lies which they tell, and the foul hatred which they excite, and the fierce lust of blood which they preach,—leave to them. Don't let poets and men of genius join in the brutal chorus, and lead on starving savages to murder. Or do you, after maturely deliberating the matter, mean to say, you think a rebellion a just, feasible, and useful thing for your country—the *only* feasible thing, the inevitable slaughter which it would occasion, excusable on account of the good it would do? "A song," say you, ushering this incendiary lyric into print, "is the spawn of a poet, and, when healthy, a thing of life and feeling that should increase and multiply, and become food for the world." And so, with this conviction of the greatness of your calling, and this knowledge of the fact that every line you write is food for mankind to profit by, you sit down calmly and laboriously in your study in

London, and string together rhymes for Faug a Bolla, and reasons for treason! "All Ireland," forsooth, is "heartily to digest" the song! A pretty morsel, truly, for all Ireland—a comfortable dinner! Blood, arsenic, blue-vitriol, Prussic acid, to wash down pikes, cannon-balls, and red-hot shot!

Murder is the meaning of this song, or what is it? Let a Saxon beseech you to hold your hand before you begin this terrible sport. Can you say, on your honour and conscience, and after living in England, that you ever met an Englishman with a heart in his Saxony-cloth surtout that was not touched by the wrongs and miseries of your country? How are these frantic denunciations of defiance and hatred, these boasts of strength and hints of murder, received in England? Do the English answer you with a hundredth part of the ferocity with which you appeal to them? Do they fling back hatred for your hatred? Do they not forget your anger in regard for your misery, and receive your mad curses and outcries with an almost curious pitying forbearance? *Now*, at least, the wrong is not on our side, whatever in former days it may have been. And I think a poet shames his great calling, and has no more right to preach this wicked, foolish, worn-out, unchristian doctrine from *his* altar than a priest from his pulpit. No good ever came of it. *This* will never "be food for the world," be sure of that. Loving, honest men and women were never made to live upon such accursed meat. Poets least of all should recommend it; for are they not priests, too, in their way? do they not occupy a happy neutral ground, apart from the quarrels and hatred of the world,—a ground to which they should make all welcome, and where there should only be kindness and peace? . . . I see Rory O'More relents. He drops his terrific club of battle; he will spare the Sassenach this time, and leave him whole bones. Betty, take down the gentleman's stick, and make a fire with it in the kitchen, and we'll have a roaring pot of twankay.

While discussing the feast, in perfect good-humour and benevolence, let us say that the novel of "Treasure Trove" is exceedingly pleasant and lively. It has not been written without care, and a great deal of historical reading. Bating the abominable Faug a Bolla, it contains a number of pleasant, kindly, and sweet lyrics, such as the author has the secret of inventing, and of singing, and of setting to the most beautiful music; and is illustrated by a number of delicate and graceful etchings, far better than any before designed by the author.

Let us give another of his songs, which, albeit of the military sort, has the real, natural, *Lover*-like feeling about it :—

"*The Soldier.*

"'Twas glorious day, worth a warrior's telling,
Two kings had fought, and the fight was done,
When midst the shout of victory swelling,
A soldier fell on the field he won.
He thought of kings and of royal quarrels,
And thought of glory without a smile ;
For what had he to do with laurels ?
He was only one of the rank and file.
But he pulled out his little *cruiskeen*,
And drank to his pretty *colleen* :
'Oh ! darling !' says he, 'when I die
You won't be a widow—for why ?—
Ah ! you never would have me, *vourneen*.'

"A raven tress from his bosom taking,
That now was stained with his life-stream shed ;
A fervent prayer o'er that ringlet making,
He blessings sought on the loved one's head.
And visions fair of his native mountains
Arose, enchanting his fading sight ;
Their emerald valleys and crystal fountains
Were never shining more green and bright ;
And grasping his little *cruiskeen*,
He pledged the dear island of green ;—
'Though far from thy valleys I die,
Dearest isle, to my heart thou art nigh,
As though absent I never had been.'

"A tear now fell—for as life was sinking,
The pride that guarded his manly eye
Was weaker grown, and his last fond thinking
Brought heaven and home, and his true love nigh.
But, with the fire of his gallant nation,
He scorn'd surrender without a blow !
He made with death capitulation,
And with warlike honours he still would go ;
For, draining his little *cruiskeen*,
He drank to his cruel *colleen*,
To the emerald land of his birth—
And lifeless he sank to the earth,
Brave a soldier as ever was seen !"

Here is the commencement of another lyric :—

"O remember this life is but dark and brief;
There are sorrows, and tears, and despair for all,
And hope and joy are as leaves that fall.
Then pluck the beauteous and fragrant leaf
Before the autumn of pain and grief!

"There are hopes and smiles with their starry rays,—
O press them tenderly to thy heart!
They will not return when they once depart!
Rejoice in the radiant and joyous days
Though the light, though the glee but a moment stays!"

But these pretty, wild, fantastical lines are not from "Treasure Trove." They come from another volume bound in yellow; another monthly tale, from another bard who "lisps in numbers," and has produced a story called the "Miser's Son." *

The "Miser's Son" (no relation to the "Miser's Daughter") is evidently the work of a very young hand. It, too, is a stirring story of love and war; and the Pretender is once more in the field of fiction. The writer aims, too, at sentiment and thoughtfulness, and writes sometimes wisely, sometimes poetically, and often (must it be said?) bombastically and absurdly. But it is good to find a writer nowadays (whether it be profitable for himself is another question) who takes the trouble to think at all. Reflection is not the ordinary quality of novels, whereof it seems to be the writer's maxim to give the reader and himself no trouble of thinking at all, but rather to lull the mind into a genial doze and forgetfulness. For this wholesome and complete vacuity I would recommend——†

And now we come to the "Burgomaster of Berlin," ‡ from the German of Willebald Alexis, which has been admirably translated by W. A. G. It is a somewhat hard matter to peruse these three great volumes; above all, the commencement is difficult. The type is close; the German names very outlandish and hard to pronounce; the action of the novel rather confused and dilatory. But as soon as the reader grows accustomed to the names and the style, he will find much to interest him in the volumes, and a most curious and careful picture of German life in the fifteenth century exhibited to him. German burghers, with their quarrels and carouses; German princes, for whom

* *The Miser's Son: a Tale.* London: Thompson, James Street, Gray's Inn Lane.

† Here our correspondent's manuscript is quite illegible.

‡ *The Burgomaster of Berlin.* From the German of Willebald Alexis. 3 vols. London: Saunders & Otley.

the author has a very German respect; German junkers and knights gallantly robbing on the highway. The whole of that strange, wild, forgotten German life of the middle ages is here resuscitated for him with true German industry, and no small share of humour. There are proverbs enough in the book to stock a dozen High-Dutch Sanchos with wisdom; and you feel, after reading through the volumes, glad to have perused them, and not a little glad that the work is done. It is like a heavy book of travels; but it carries the reader into quite a new country, and familiarises him with new images, personages, ideas.

And now there is but one book left in the box, the smallest one, but oh! how much the best of all. It is the work of the master of all the English humorists now alive; the young man who came and took his place calmly at the head of the whole tribe, and who has kept it. Think of all we owe Mr. Dickens since those half-dozen years, the store of happy hours that he has made us pass, the kindly and pleasant companions whom he has introduced to us; the harmless laughter, the generous wit, the frank, manly, human love which he has taught us to feel! Every month of those years has brought us some kind token from this delightful genius. His books may have lost in art, perhaps, but could we afford to wait? Since the days when the *Spectator* was produced by a man of kindred mind and temper, what books have appeared that have taken so affectionate a hold of the English public as these? They have made millions of rich and poor happy; they might have been locked up for nine years, doubtless, and pruned here and there and improved (which I doubt), but where would have been the reader's benefit all this time, while the author was elaborating his performance? Would the communion between the writer and the public have been what it is now—something continual, confidential, something like personal affection? I do not know whether these stories are written for future ages: many sage critics doubt on this head. There are always such conjurers to tell literary fortunes; and, to my certain knowledge, Boz, according to them, has been sinking regularly these six years. I doubt about that mysterious writing for futurity which certain big-wigs prescribe. Snarl has a chance, certainly. His works, which have not been read in this age, *may* be read in future; but the receipt for that sort of writing has never as yet been clearly ascertained. Shakspeare did not write for futurity; he wrote his plays for the same purpose which inspires the pen of Alfred Bunn, Esquire viz. to fill his Theatre Royal. And yet we read Shakspeare now. Le Sage and Fielding wrote for their public; and though the great Doctor Johnson put his peevish protest against the fame of the latter, and voted him "a dull dog, sir,—a low fellow," yet somehow Harry Fielding has survived in spite of the critic, and Parson Adams is at this

minute as real a character, as much loved by us as the old Doctor himself. What a noble divine power this of genius is, which, passing from the poet into his reader's soul, mingles with it, and there engenders, as it were, real creatures, which is as strong as history, which creates beings that take their place by nature's own. All that we know of Don Quixote or Louis XIV. we got to know in the same way—out of a book. I declare I love Sir Roger de Coverley quite as much as Izaak Walton, and have just as clear a consciousness of the looks, voice, habit, and manner of being of the one as of the other.

And so with regard to this question of futurity; if any benevolent being of the present age is imbued with a yearning desire to know what his great-great-grandchild will think of this or that author—of Mr. Dickens especially, whose claims to fame have raised the question—the only way to settle it is by the ordinary historic method. Did not your great-great-grandfather love and delight in Don Quixote and Sancho Panza? Have they lost their vitality by their age? Don't they move laughter and awaken affection now as three hundred years ago? And so with Don Pickwick and Sancho Weller, if their gentle humours, and kindly wit, and hearty benevolent natures touch us and convince us, as it were, now, why should they not exist for our children as well as for us, and make the twenty-fifth century happy, as they have the nineteenth? Let Snarl console himself, then, as to the future.

As for the "Christmas Carol," * or any other book of a like nature which the public takes upon itself to criticise, the individual critic had quite best hold his peace. One remembers what Bonaparte replied to some Austrian critics, of much correctness and acumen, who doubted about acknowledging the French Republic. I do not mean that the "Christmas Carol" is quite as brilliant or self-evident as the sun at noonday; but it is so spread over England by this time, that no sceptic, no *Fraser's Magazine*,—no, not even the godlike and ancient *Quarterly* itself (venerable, Saturnian, big-wigged dynasty!) could review it down. "Unhappy people! deluded race!" one hears the cauliflowered god exclaim, mournfully shaking the powder out of his ambrosial curls, "What strange new folly is this? What new deity do ye worship? Know ye what ye do? Know ye that your new idol hath little Latin and less Greek? Know ye that he has never tasted the birch of Eton, nor trodden the flags of Carfax, nor paced the academic flats of Trumpington? Know ye that in mathematics, or logics, this wretched ignoramus is not fit to hold a candle to a wooden

* *A Christmas Carol in Prose; being a Ghost Story of Christmas.* By Charles Dickens. With Illustrations by John Leech. London: Chapman & Hall. 1843.

spoon? See ye not how, from describing low humours, he now, forsooth, will attempt the sublime? Discern ye not his faults of taste, his deplorable propensity to write blank verse? Come back to your ancient, venerable, and natural instructors. Leave this new, low, and intoxicating draught at which ye rush, and let us lead you back to the old wells of classic lore. Come and repose with us there. We are your gods; we are the ancient oracles, and no mistake. Come listen to us once more, and we will sing to you the mystic numbers of *As in præsenti* under the arches of the Pons Asinorum." But the children of the present generation hear not; for they reply, "Rush to the Strand! and purchase five thousand more copies of the 'Christmas Carol.'"

In fact, one might as well detail the plot of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," or "Robinson Crusoe," as recapitulate here the adventures of Scrooge the miser, and his Christmas conversion. I am not sure that the allegory is a very complete one, and protest, with the classics, against the use of blank verse in prose; but here all objections stop. Who can listen to objections regarding such a book as this? It seems to me a national benefit, and to every man or woman who reads it a personal kindness. The last two people I heard speak of it were women; neither knew the other, or the author, and both said, by way of criticism, "God bless him!" A Scotch philosopher, who nationally does not keep Christmas Day, on reading the book, sent out for a turkey, and asked two friends to dine—this is a fact! Many men were known to sit down after perusing it, and write off letters to their friends, not about business, but out of their fulness of heart, and to wish old acquaintances a happy Christmas. Had the book appeared a fortnight earlier, all the prize cattle would have been gobbled up in pure love and friendship, Epping denuded of sausages, and not a turkey left in Norfolk. His Royal Highness's fat stock would have fetched unheard-of prices, and Alderman Bannister would have been tired of slaying. But there is a Christmas for 1844, too; the book will be as early then as now, and so let speculators look out.

As for TINY TIM, there is a certain passage in the book regarding that young gentleman, about which a man should hardly venture to speak in print or in public, any more than he would of any other affections of his private heart. There is not a reader in England but that little creature will be a bond of union between the author and him; and he will say of Charles Dickens, as the woman just now, "GOD BLESS HIM!" What a feeling is this for a writer to be able to inspire, and what a reward to reap!

(*Fraser's Magazine*, February 1844.)

A NEW SPIRIT OF THE AGE.[*]

THERE is an easy candour about Mr. Horne which ought to encourage all persons to deal with him with similar sincerity. He appears to us to be generous, honest, in the main good-humoured (for in the only instance in which his spleen is shown in the two volumes of the "New Spirit of the Age," it is pardonable, on account of a sort of clumsy sincerity), and he admires rightly, and not mean persons nor qualities. But having awarded the "New Spirit of the Age" praise so far, the critic finds himself at a loss for further subjects of commendation, nay, may feel himself called upon to elevate his voice in tones akin to reproof. For it is not only necessary that a man should be a perfectly honest and well-meaning individual, but that he should have something novel, or striking, or witty, or profound, to make his works agreeable or useful to the world. Thus to say that "Shakspeare is a great poet," that "hot roast beef is an excellent food for man, and may be advantageously eaten cold the next day," that "two multiplied by three equals six," that "Her Majesty Queen Anne has ceased to exist," is to advance what is perfectly just and reasonable; but other thinkers have attained the same knowledge of facts and history, and, coinciding perfectly with every one of the propositions, may not care to have them discussed in print. A number of such undeniable verities are gravely discussed in the two portly volumes entitled the "New Spirit of the Age." Why the "New Spirit"? Is the work offered as a successor to Hazlitt's book, which bore (without the epithet) the same title? The author of the "Spirit of the Age" was one of the keenest and brightest critics that ever lived. With partialities and prejudices innumerable, he had a wit so keen, a sensibility so exquisite, an appreciation of humour, or pathos, or even of the greatest art, so lively, quick, and cultivated, that it was always good to know what were the impressions made by books, or men, or pictures on such a mind; and that, as there were not probably a dozen men in England with powers so varied, all the rest of the world might be rejoiced to listen to the opinions of this accomplished critic. He was of so different a caste to the people who gave authority in his day—the pompous big-wigs and schoolmen, who never could pardon him his familiarity of manner, so unlike their own—his popular, too popular, habits and sympathies, so much beneath their dignity—his loose disorderly education, gathered here and there at bookstalls or picture galleries, where

[*] *A New Spirit of the Age.* Edited by R. H. Horne. London: Smith & Elder.

he laboured a penniless student, in lonely journeys over Europe, tramped on foot (and not made according to the fashion of the regular critics of the day, by the side of a young nobleman in a postchaise), in every school of knowledge, from Saint Peter's at Rome to Saint Giles's in London. In all his modes of life and thought he was so different from the established authorities, with their degrees and white neckcloths, that they hooted the man down with all the power of their lungs, and disdained to hear truth that came from such a ragged philosopher.

We do not believe that Mr. Horne has inherited any portion of the stained travel-worn old mantle which Hazlitt left behind him. He is enveloped in a good stout suit of undeniable Bow-bell cut, rather more splendid in the way of decoration than is usual out of the district; but it is the wear of an honest, portly, good-humoured man. Under the fine waistcoat there beats a kindly heart, and in the pocket there is a hand that has a warm grasp for a friend, and a welcome twopence for the poor.

To drop this tailor's metaphor (which will not be quarrelled with by those who remember that Mr. Carlyle has written a volume upon it), we will briefly say, that beyond the qualifications of justice and good-humour, we cannot see that Mr. Horne has any right to assume the critical office. In the old "Spirit of the Age," you cannot read a page that does not contain something startling, brilliant—some strange paradox, or some bright dazzling truth. Be the opinion right or wrong, the reader's mind is always set a-thinking—amazed, if not by the novelty or justness of the thoughts, by their novelty and daring. There are no such rays started from the lantern of Horne. There are words—such a cornucopia of them as the world has few examples of; but the thoughts are scarce in the midst of this plentifulness, the opinions for the most part perfectly irreproachable, and the ennui caused by their utterance profound.

The "Spirit of the Age" gives us pictures of a considerable number of the foremost literary characters of the day. It is to be followed, should the design of the projectors be carried out, "by the political spirit of the age, the scientific spirit of the age, the artistical spirit of the age, and the historical, biographical, and critical spirit of the age," nay, an infantile spirit of the age is also hinted at as a dreadful possibility. The matter is serious, as will be seen. Only give Mr. Horne encouragement to the task, and he will go and do it. He never doubts about anything. He would write the dancing spirit of the age, or the haberdashing spirit of the age, with as little hesitation, and give you a dissertation upon bombazines, or a disquisition on the true principles of the fandango. In the interest of the nation, people ought to

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speak, and beg him to be quiet. Now is the time to entreat him to hold his hand, otherwise all ranks and classes in the empire, from Doctor Wiseman to Fanny Elssler, may find themselves caught, their bodies and souls turned inside out, so to speak, by this frightful observer, and consigned to posterity in red calico. For the sake of the public, we say, stop; we go down on our knees, like Lord Brougham, and say so.

Mr. Horne has received assistance in his task from "several eminent individuals," but their names are not; and as the editor says, with a becoming simplicity, that he deliberated with himself "a good half-hour" as to "whether he should try to please everybody," and determined, after the conclusion of that tremendous cogitation, to try and please only one, viz. himself, he stands the sponsor of the eminent individuals who remain in the shade, and we trust heartily that his satisfaction is complete.

From the tone of the volumes it would seem so. There is not the least pride about the author, who only delivers his opinions for what they will fetch, saying to the public, "Take your change out of that, I believe it to be pure gold;" nor will he be angry, he says, if any sceptic should doubt the authenticity of the bullion. This calm faith is a quality possessed only by the very highest souls.

The calm genius glances over the entire field of English literature; from Doctor Pusey to *Punch* nothing escapes the searching inevitable inquiry. He weighs all claims in the balance of his intelligence, and metes to each his due. Hazlitt used sometimes to be angry; Horne never is. Twice in the course of his lectures he lays "an iron hand," as he calls it (perhaps leaden would have been the better epithet; but Mr. Horne is, as we have said, a judge of his own metal), upon unlucky offenders; but it is in the discharge of his moral duties, and his pleasure, clearly, is to preach rather than to punish. Indeed, whatever may be thought with regard to the quality of the doctrine, all must agree that the preacher is a kindly soul, and would hurt no man alive.

We cannot invite the reader to discuss all the opinions contained in the "Spirit," but we may glance at a couple of the most elaborate (though not the best) notices to be found in the volume, the first of which thus opens with the author's opinion upon—what shall we say?—upon things in general:—

"If an extensive experience and knowledge of the world be certain in most cases to render a man suspicious, full of doubts and incredulities, equally certain is it that with other men such experience and such knowledge exercise this influence at rare intervals only, or in a far less degree; while in some respects the influence acts in a directly opposite way, and the extraordinary

things they have seen or suffered cause them to be very credulous and of open-armed faith to embrace strange novelties. They are not startled at the sound of fresh wonders in the moral or physical world—they laugh at no feasible theory, and can see truth through the refractions of paradox and contradictory extremes. They *know* that there are more things in heaven and on the earth than in 'your philosophy.' They observe the fables and the visions of one age become the facts and practices of a succeeding age—perhaps even of a few years after their first announcement, and before the world has done laughing: they are slow to declare any character of action to be unnatural, having so often witnessed some of the extreme lights and shadows which flit upon the outskirts of nature's capacious circle, and have perhaps themselves been made to feel the bitter reality of various classes of anomaly previously unaccountable, if not incredible. They have discovered that in matters of practical conduct a greater blunder cannot be made than to 'judge others by yourself,' or what you think, feel, and fancy of yourself. But having found out that the world is not 'all alike,' though like enough for the charities of real life, they identify themselves with other individualities, then search within for every actual and imaginary resemblance to the great majority of their fellow-creatures, which may give them a more intimate knowledge of aggregate nature, and thus enlarge the bounds of unexclusive sympathy.

"To men of this genial habit and maturity of mind, if also they have an observing eye for externals, there is usually a very tardy admission of the alleged madness of a picture of scenery, or the supposed grossness of a caricature of the human countenance. The traveller and the voyager, who has, moreover, an eye for art, has often seen enough to convince him that the genius of Turner and Martin has its foundation not only in elemental but in actual truth; nor could such an observer go into any large concourse of people (especially the poorer classes, where the unsuppressed character has been allowed to rise completely to the surface) without seeing several faces which, by the addition of the vices of social man, might cause many a dumb animal to feel indignant at the undoubtedly deteriorated resemblance. The curse of evil circumstances acting upon the 'third and fourth generation,' when added to the 'sins of the fathers,' can and does turn the lost face of humanity into something worse than brutish. As with the face, so it is with the character of mankind; nothing can be too lofty, too noble, too lovely to be natural; nor can anything be too vicious, too brutalised, too mean, or too ridiculous. It is observable, however, that there are many degrees and fine shades in these frequent degradations of man to the mere animal. Occasionally they are no degradation, but rather an advantage, as a falcon eye, or a lion brow, will strikingly attest. But more generally the effect is either gravely humorous or grotesquely comic; and in these cases the dumb original is not complimented. For you may see a man with a bull's forehead or neck and a mean grovelling countenance (while that of the bull is physically grand and high-purposed), and the dog, the sheep, the bird, and the ape, in all their varieties, are often seen with such admixtures as are really no advantage.

Several times in an individual's life he may meet in the actual world with most of the best and worst kind of faces and characters of the world of fiction. It is true that there are not to be found a whole tribe of Quilps and Quasimodos (you would not *wish* it); but once in the life of the student of character he may have a glimpse of just such a creature; and that, methinks, were quite familiar proof both for nature and art. Those who have exclusively portrayed the pure ideal in grandeur or beauty, and those who have exclusively or chiefly portrayed monstrosities and absurdities, have been recluse men, who drew with an inward eye, and copied from their imaginations; and the men who have given us the largest amount of truth under the greatest varieties of forms, have always been those who went abroad into the world in all its ways; and in the works of such men will always be found those touches of nature which can only be copied at first hand, and the extremes of which originalities are never unnaturally exceeded. There are no caricatures in the portraits of Hogarth, nor are there any in those of Dickens. The most striking thing in both is their apparently inexhaustible variety and truth of character."

The above sentence may be put down as thus:—Extensive knowledge of the world makes some men incredulous, some men less incredulous, some men exceedingly credulous. These latter, taking experience and history into account, end by being astonished at nothing. They have remarked "the lights and shadows flitting in the outskirts of nature's capacious circle" so as to make themselves aware of "the bitter reality of various classes of anomaly." They then find that they must not judge of others by themselves; they then identify themselves with other individualities, and they then plunge into a process entirely undescribable, in which they search within for an actual and imaginary resemblance to the majority of their fellow-creatures, a more intimate knowledge of aggregate nature by which "they enlarge the bounds of their sympathy."

If these people have an eye for externals, they will scarce allow that any picture is mad, or the grossness of any caricature; and, as regards the latter, they will see in the poorer classes such faces, resembling animals, as might make the animals themselves ashamed of the human types. In faces, or souls, there is nothing too hideous on the one side, or too pure on the other. (Then follow further illustrations of the fact by which apes, sheep, birds, and high-purposed bulls are made to be ashamed of their likenesses among men.) All these points are to be observed by the man of genius—Hogarth and Dickens are men of genius—therefore there is no distortion in the works of Hogarth and Dickens.

What does all this mean, letting alone the big words?—letting alone "the lights and shadows flitting on the outskirts of nature's circle," the process of searching within for the imaginary resemblances

with mankind, the distinction between "actual and elementary truth," the indignation of the dumb animals, the physical high-purpose of the bull's head? It means, as we take it, that there are amazing varieties in nature: that what seems monstrous and absurd is often natural; that Dickens and Hogarth have observed many of these extremes, and that there are no caricatures in their portraits. After a wind and war of words exploding incoherently over five pages you get an assertion that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy," an assertion that men are like animals in features, which is of similar novelty, and an assertion that Dickens and Hogarth do not caricature, which anybody may believe or disbelieve at pleasure.

Bating the confusion of metaphors, this is all very well meaning; but well meaning is not enough for the "Spirit of the Age." Men cannot go on in this way, unwrapping little stale truths from the midst of such enormous envelopes as these. We have no time for such labour: we have the debates to read, Lord Brougham up every night, the league and anti-league meetings, and private business to attend to. Ah, Mr. Horne, why did you take Hazlitt's name in vain?

Having brought Mr. Dickens and Hogarth together, the "Spirit of the Age" proceeds to say that both are moral comic artists, and that they are alike; then, to show that they are unlike, or, in other words, that Hogarth is Hogarth after all, and Dickens Dickens, he notices with just approval the kindly spirit which animates both—the peeps of love and sweetness which we have in their darkest scenes. He discovers Mr. Dickens's propensity to animate inanimate objects, and make nature bear witness to the ludicrous or the tragic moral in the author's mind. He shows also Mr. Dickens's manner of writing rhythmical prose, and takes the pains to set out some passages in blank verse, of different metres, for the reader's benefit. Has not everyone with a fair share of brains made the same discoveries long ago? and was there a necessity to propound them now, any more than to declare that apple-pie is good, and Queen Elizabeth no more?

The second volume of the series opens with a fine portrait of Mr. Tennyson, and much hearty and just approbation on the writer's part of the merits of that great poet. These just remarks are prefaced by such stuff as this:—

"The poetic fire is one simple and intense element in human nature; it has its source in the divine mysteries of our existence; it develops with the first abstract delight of childhood, the first youthful aspiration towards something beyond our mortal reach; and eventually becomes the master passion of

those who are possessed with it in the highest degree, and the most ennobling and refining influence that can be exercised upon the passions of others. At times, and in various degrees, all are open to the influence of the poetic element. Its objects are palpable to the external senses, in proportion as individual perception and sensibility have been habituated to contemplate them with interest and delight; and palpable to the imagination in proportion as an individual possesses this faculty, and has habituated it to ideal subjects and profoundly sympathetic reflections. If there be a third condition of its presence, it must be that of a certain consciousness of dreamy glories in the soul, with vague emotions, aimless impulses, and prophetic sensations, which may be said to tremble on the extreme verge of the fermenting source of that poetic fire, by which the life of humanity is purified and adorned. The first and second of these two conditions must be clear to all; the last will not receive so general an admission, and perhaps may not be so intelligible to everybody as could be wished. We thus arrive at the conclusion that the poetic element, though simple and entire, has yet various forms and modifications of development according to individual nature and circumstance, and, therefore, that its loftiest or subtlest manifestations are not equally apparent to the average mass of human intelligence. He, then, who can give a form and expression to these lofty or these subtle manifestations, in a way that shall be the most intelligible to the majority, is he who best accomplishes the mission of a poet."

It is the speech we, however, before quoted, spoken in different words; for our lecturer, before entering on his subject, seems to be partial to prefacing it by a general roar, to call the attention of the audience. But what have we here? "The poetic fire is one simple and intense element of our nature." What does this mean—this simple and intense element? Suppose he had begun by saying that the poetic genius was a subtle and complex essence distilled from the innumerable conduits which lead from the alembic of the brain. We should have been just as wise, should have had just as much notion of the fluid as of the fire, and the deductions might have been continued. Some men have more poetic fire, some less; in some it is strong, in some vague—which we take to be the meaning of the big words. The assertion which follows we gladly admit, that Mr. Tennyson is a poet of the highest class, and one "whose writings may be considered as peculiarly lucid to all competent understandings that have cultivated a love for poetry." In this pompous way our author will talk. We do not here quarrel with the sentiment—which is, that the best judges of poetry think Mr. Tennyson a good poet—but with the manner of expressing it, the persevering flatulence of words. Mr. Horne then turns away to speak of Keats. Like Tennyson, and yet unlike, and, with a true and honest admiration for the genius of both (for, as we have said before, Mr. Horne's admirations appear to us to be

well placed, and his sympathies generous and noble), he begins to characterise the poet, as if impelled by his usual afflatus. He is tumbling about among the "essences" and "elements" forthwith. "He has painted the inner and essential life of the gods;" "his imagination identified itself with the essence of things;" "his influence has been spiritual in its ideality;" and, profiting by his example, "kindred spirits will recognise the voice from other spheres, into their own hearts, and to work out the purpose of their souls." As for Tennyson, "the art *stands* up in his poems self-proclaimed, and not any mere modification of thought and language, but the operation of a separate and definite power in the human faculties." "He has the most wonderful command of language, without having recourse to exotic terminologies." Certain of "his heroines are transcendentalisms of the senses, examples of the Homeric εἴδωλα, or rather descendants of the εἴδωλα, lovely *underbodies*, which no German critic would hesitate to take to his visionary arms." But we, says the "Spirit of the Age," are such a people for "beef"!

Well, why not? Beef is better than this—beef is better than the wind—better, nay, more poetical, than exotic terminologies; the "underbody" of the sirloin is better than the descendants of the Greek εἴδωλον whom German philosophers are in the habit of hugging. Above all, the practisers of βοολατρεία call their god by his name of Beef. It would be just as easy as not, to call it an element or an eon; to call soup an essence, or a round of beef a circle of the gods, or cabbage a green horticultural emanation, which commingled with concoct particles of the animal which the Egyptians worship, what Brahmins adore, and whose form once Zeus assumed, is denominated in the Anglo-Saxon vocabulary, bubble-and-squeak; but it is best not to seek after exotic terminologies, and so the beef-eaters say bubble-and-squeak at once. This bull-baiting is ungrateful and unnatural. Let not the noble animal die gored to death, and by a Horne.

For a great deal of benefit has the author of the "Spirit of the Age" had from the despised quadruped. He is "morally high-purposed," as he says bullocks are physically. He is never ungenerous or unmanly; his sympathies are honourable and well placed; and he tells the truth as far as he knows it. So as he deals with others ought he to be done by; and as in these volumes he has not hesitated to lay hold of an amusing poet, and worry his harmless phantasies as if they were the gravest and deepest crimes; and as he has taken to himself the title formerly adopted by the most brilliant of critics, and as he has no business to be left in possession of that dignity of spirit of the age; and as he mistakes words for meanings, and can see no further into millstones than other folk, so let the critic,

imitating his words to the unlucky wag in question, lay a friendly hand on his shoulder, and say, yawning, "Friend, a great deal too much of this."

(*Morning Chronicle*, April 2, 1844.)

BARMECIDE BANQUETS, WITH JOSEPH BREGION AND ANNE MILLER.

GEORGE SAVAGE FITZ-BOODLE, ESQUIRE, TO THE REVEREND LIONEL GASTER, FELLOW AND TUTOR OF SAINT BONIFACE COLLEGE, OXON.

PALL MALL: *October* 25, 1845.

MY DEAR LIONEL,—There is a comfort to think, that however other works and masterpieces bearing my humble name have been received by the public, namely, with what I cannot but think (and future ages will, I have no doubt, pronounce) to be unmerited obloquy and inattention, the present article, at least, which I address to you through the public prints, will be read by every one of the numerous readers of this Magazine. What a quantity of writings by the same hand have you, my dear friend, pored over! How much delicate wit, profound philosophy (lurking hid under harlequin's black mask and spangled jacket, nay, under clown's white lead and grinning vermilion),—how many quiet wells of deep gushing pathos, have you failed to remark as you hurried through those modest pages, for which the author himself here makes an apology, not that I quarrel with my lot, or rebel against that meanest of all martyrdoms, indifference, with which a callous age has visited me—not that I complain because I am not appreciated by the present century—no, no!—he who lives at this time ought to know it better than to be vexed by its treatment of him—he who pines because Smith or Snooks doesn't appreciate him, has a poor puny vein of endurance, and pays those two personages too much honour.

Pardon, dear Lionel, the egotism of the above little disquisition. If (as undoubtedly is the case) Fitz-Boodle is a *grande âme inconnue*, a *génie incompris*, you cannot say that I complain—I don't push cries of distress like my friend Sir Lytton—if I am a martyr, who ever saw me out of temper? I lie smiling on my rack or gridiron, causing every now and then an emotion of pity in the bystanders at my angelic good-humour. I bear the kicks of the world with smiling meekness, as

Napoleon used to say Talleyrand could; no one could tell from the jolly and contented expression of my face what severe agonies were felt—what torturous indignities were inflicted elsewhere.

I think about my own exceedingly select class of readers with a rueful modesty, when I recollect how much more lucky other authors are. Here, for instance, I say to myself, looking upon the neat, trim, tight, little, handsome book, signed by Joseph Bregion and Anne Miller, "Here is a book whereof the public will infallibly purchase thousands. Maidens and matrons will read and understand it. Smith will buy it and present it to his lady; Snooks will fully enter into the merit of it, and recommend its perusal to his housekeeper. Nor will it be merely enjoyed by these worthy humdrum people, but men of learning and genius will find subject of interest and delectation in it. I dare say it will find a place in bishops' libraries, or on the book-shelves of men of science, or on the tables of poets and painters; for it is suited to the dullest and the highest intelligence." And where is the fool or the man of genius that is insensible to the charms of a good dinner? I myself have been so much amused and instructed by the reading of the "Practical Cook" that I have purchased, out of my own pocket, several copies for distribution among my friends. Everybody can understand it and get benefit by it. You, not the least among the number, my reverend and excellent friend; for though your mornings are passed in the study of the heathen classics, or over your favourite tomes of patristic lore—though of forenoons you astonish lecture-rooms with your learning, and choose to awe delighted undergraduates,—yet I know that an hour comes daily when the sage feels that he is a man, when the reverend expounder of Austin and Chrysostom forsakes his study table for another, which is spread in the common-room, whereon, by the cheerful glimmer of wax-tapers, your eye rests complacently upon crystal flasks mantling with the red juices of France and Portugal, and glittering silver dishes, smoking with viands prepared by your excellent college cook.

Do you remember the week I once passed at Saint Boniface College, honoured to be your guest and that of the society? I have dined in many countries of Europe and Asia since then—I have feasted with aldermen, and made one at Soyer's house-dinners—I have eaten the produce of Borel's larder, and drunk Clos-Vougeot at the "Trois Frères"—I have discussed the wine of Capri, and know the difference of the flavour of the oysters of Poldoodie and the Lucrine Lake—I have examined bouillabaisse at Marseilles and pilaff at Constantinople—I have consorted with epicures of all ages and nations,—but I never saw men who relished a dinner better than the learned fellows of Saint Boniface! How Gaster will relish this book! I thought to myself a

hundred times as I revelled over the pages of Anne Miller and Joseph Bregion.

I do not believe, however, that those personages, namely, Bregion, "formerly cook to Prince Rasumowski" (I knew his Highness intimately), "to Prince Nicholas Esterhazy, the Russian Ambassador at Paris, &c., and Anne Miller, cook in several English families of distinction," are the real authors of this excellent and truly "Practical Cook." A distinguished amateur of cookery and almost every other science, a man whose erudition is as varied and almost as profound as your own, a practical philosopher, who has visited every capital in Europe, their victuals noted and their wines surveyed, is, I have reason to think, the real genius under whose presiding influence Anne and Joseph have laboured. For instance, of the Portuguese and Spanish dishes here described, the invaluable collection of Turkish and Indian receipts, the Sicilian and Hungarian receipts, it is not probable that Joseph or Anne should have had much personal experience; whereas it is my firm opinion that the occult editor of the "Practical Cook" has tasted and tested every one of the two hundred and twenty-three thousand edible and potable formulæ contained in the volume. A great genius, he has a great appetite and digestion. Such are part of the gifts of genius. In my own small way, and at a single dinner at Brussels, I remember counting twenty-nine dishes of which I partook. By such a process alone, and even supposing that he did not work at breakfast or supper, a man would get through 10,480 dishes in a year, so that twenty years' perseverance (and oh how richly would that industry be repaid !) would carry you through the whole number above specified.

Such a gormandising encyclopædia was indeed wanted, and is a treasure now that we have it complete. You may feast with any nation in the world as you turn over the pages of this delightful volume. In default of substantial banquets even imaginary ones are pleasant. I have always relished Alnaschar's dinner, off lamb and pistachio-nuts, with the jolly Barmecide, and could, with an easy and thankful heart, say grace over that light repast. What a fine, manly, wholesome sense of roast and boiled, so to speak, there is in the "Iliad"! In my mind I have often and often cut off great collops of the smoking beeves under Achilles's tent, and sat down to a jovial scrambling dinner along with Penelope's suitors at Ithaca. What appetites Ariosto's heroes have, and the reader with them! (Tasso's Armida dinners are rather theatrical in my mind, gilt pasteboard cups with nothing in them, wooden pullets and pineapples, and so forth.) In Sir Walter Scott, again, there reigns a genuine and noble feeling for victuals. Witness King James's cockaleekie, those endless admirable repasts in

"Ivanhoe," especially that venison pasty in "Quentin Durward," of the flavour of which I have the most distinct notion, and to which I never sit down without appetite, nor quit unsatisfied. The very thought of these meals, as, recalling them one by one, I note them down, creates a delightful tickling and longing, and makes one quite hungry.

For these spiritual banquets of course all cookery-books are good; but this of the so-called Miller and Bregion is unrivalled. I have sent you a copy down to Oxford, and would beg you, my dear Lionel, to have it in your dressing-room. If you have been taking too many plovers' eggs, or *foie gras* patty, for breakfast, if you feel yourself a trifle heavy or incommoded after a hot luncheon, you naturally mount your cob, take a gentle breathing for a couple of hours on the Blenheim or Bagley Road, and return to dress for dinner at the last minute; still feeling that you have not got your appetite quite back, and, in spite of the exercise, that you are not altogether up to the good things of the fellows' table. In this case (which may often occur), take my advice. Instead of riding for two hours, curtail your exercise, and only trot for an hour and forty minutes. Spend these twenty minutes in your easy-chair over the "Practical Cook." Begin almost at any page. After the first few paragraphs the languor and heaviness begin to disappear. The idea of dining, which was quite disagreeable to you half-an-hour since, begins to be no longer repulsive—a new interest springs up in your breast for things edible—fancy awakens the dormant appetite, which the coarse remedy of a jolt on horseback had failed to rouse, and, as the second bell rings, you hasten down to Hall with eagerness, for you know and feel that you are hungry. For some time I had the book by my bedside, and used to read it of nights; but this is most dangerous. Twice I was obliged to get up and dress myself at two o'clock in the morning, and go out to hunt for some supper.

As you begin at the preface of the book it charms you with its philosophical tone.

"Far are we from saying that a dinner should not be a subject of morning or mid-day meditation or of luxurious desire; but in the present advanced state of civilisation, and of medical and chemical knowledge, something more than kneading, baking, stewing, and boiling are necessary in any nation pretending to civilisation. The metropolis of England exceeds Paris in extent and population: it commands a greater supply of all articles of consumption, and contains a greater number and variety of markets, which are better supplied. We greatly surpass the French in mutton, we produce better beef, lamb, and pork, and are immeasurably superior both in the quantity and quality of our fish, our venison, and our game, yet we cannot compare, as a nation, with the higher, the middle, or the lower classes in France, in the science of preparing our daily food. The only articles of food in the quality of which the French surpass us

are veal and fowl, but such is the skill and science of their cooks, that with worse mutton, worse beef, and worse lamb than ours, they produce better chops, cutlets, steaks, and better made-dishes of every nature and kind whatsoever. In *fricassées*, *ragoûts*, *salmis*, *quenelles*, *purées*, *filets*, and more especially in the dressing of vegetables, our neighbours surpass us, and we see no good reason why we should not imitate them in a matter in which they are so perfect, or why their more luxurious, more varied, more palatable, and more dainty cookery should not be introduced among the higher and middle classes to more general notice."

No Joseph Bregion, though Rasumowski's *chef*; no Anne Miller, though cook to ever so many English families of distinction, could write like this. No, no. This is not merely a practical cook, but a practical philosopher, whose pen we think we recognise, and who wishes to reconcile ourselves and our Gallic neighbours by the noble means of a good dinner. There is no blinking the matter here; no foolish vainglory and vapouring contempt of Frenchmen, such as some Britons are wont to indulge in, such as all Frenchmen endeavour to make pass for real. Scotland, they say, is the best cultivated country of Europe; and why?—because it is the most barren. Your Neapolitan peasant lolls in the sunshine all day, leaving his acres to produce spontaneous melons and volunteer grapes, with which the lazy farmer nourishes himself. Your canny Scot invents manures, rotatory crops, subsoil-ploughs, tile-drains, and other laborious wonders of agriculture, with which he forces reluctant Nature to be bountiful to him. And as with the fruits of the field, so it is with the beasts thereof; because we have fine mutton to our hand, we neglect cookery. *The French, who have worse mutton, worse beef, and worse lamb than ours, produce better chops, cutlets, and steaks.* This sentence should be painted up as a motto in all our kitchens. Let cooks blush when they read it. Let housekeepers meditate upon it. I am not writing in a burlesque or bantering strain. Let this truth be brought home to the bosoms of English kitchens, and the greatest good may be done.

The grand and broad principles of cookery or cookics thus settled, the authors begin to dissert upon the various branches of the noble science, regarding all of which they have to say something new, or pleasant, or noble. Just read the heads of the chapters,—what a pleasant smack and gusto they have!—

RULES NECESSARY TO BE OBSERVED BY COOKS IN THE REGULATION AND MANAGEMENT OF THEIR LARDER.

OBSERVATIONS AS TO UNDRESSED MEATS.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE KITCHEN AND ITS UTENSILS.

OBSERVATIONS ON AND DIRECTIONS FOR CARVING.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON ENGLISH SOUPS AND BROTHS, AND DIRECTIONS CONCERNING THEM.

OBSERVATIONS ON MEAT IN GENERAL.

The mere titles themselves are provocative of pleasant thoughts and savoury meditations. I seize on them. I sniff them spiritually. I eye them (with the eyes of the imagination) yearningly. I have seen little penniless boys eyeing meat and puddings in cookshops so—no pleasant occupation perhaps to the hungry—but good and wholesome for such as have dined to-day and can afford to do so to-morrow. Even after dinner, I say this book is pleasant to read and think over. I hate the graceless wretch who begins to be disgusted with eating so soon as his own appetite is satisfied. Your truly hospitable man loves to see others eating happily around him, though satiety has caused him to lay down his own knife and fork; the spectacle of a hungry fellow-creature's enjoyment gives a benevolent gormandiser pleasure. I am writing this very line after an excellent repast of three courses; and yet this mere account of an English dinner awakens in me an active interest and a manly and generous sympathy.

"*On laying out a table.*—The manner of laying out a table is nearly the same in all parts of the United Kingdom: yet there are trifling local peculiarities to which the mistress of a house must attend. A centre ornament, whether it be a *dormant*, a *plateau*, an *épergne*, or a *candelabra*, is found so convenient, and contributes so much to the good appearance of the table, that a fashionable dinner is now seldom or never set out without something of this kind.

"Utility should be the true principle of beauty, at least in affairs of the table, and, above all, in the substantial first course. A very false taste is, however, often shown in centre ornaments. Strange ill-assorted nosegays and bouquets of artificial flowers begin to droop or look faded among hot steams. Ornamental articles of family plate, carved, chased, or merely plain, can never be out of place, however old-fashioned. In desserts, richly-cut glass is ornamental. We are far, also, from proscribing the foliage and moss in which fruits are sometimes seen bedded. The sparkling imitation of frost-work, which is given to preserved fruits and other things, is also exceedingly beautiful; as are many of the trifles belonging to French and Italian confectionery.

"Beautifully white damask, and a green cloth underneath, are indispensable.

"In all ranks, and in every family, one important art in housekeeping is to make what remains from one day's entertainment contribute to the elegance or plenty of the next day's dinner. This is a principle understood by persons in the very highest ranks of society, who maintain the most splendid and expensive establishments. Vegetables, ragoûts, and soups may be re-warmed; and jellies and blancmange remoulded, with no deterioration of their qualities. Savoury or sweet patties, croquets, rissoles, *vol-au-vents*, fritters, tartlets,

&c., may be served with almost no cost, where cookery is going forward on a large scale. In the French kitchen, a numerous class of culinary preparations, called *entrées du dessert*, or made-dishes of left things, are served even at grand entertainments.

"At dinners of any pretension, the First Course consists of soups and fish, removed by boiled poultry, ham, or tongue, roasts, stews, &c. ; and of vegetables, with a few made-dishes, as ragoûts, curries, hashes, cutlets, patties, fricandeaux, &c., in as great variety as the number of dishes permits. For the Second Course, roasted poultry or game at the top and bottom, with dressed vegetables, omelets, macaroni, jellies, creams, salads, preserved fruit, and all sorts of sweet things and pastry, are employed—endeavouring to give an article of each sort, as a jelly and a cream, as will be exemplified in bills of fare which follow. This is a more common arrangement than three courses, which are attended with so much additional trouble both to the guests and servants.

"Whether the dinner be of two or three courses, it is managed nearly in the same way. Two dishes of fish dressed in different ways—if suitable—should occupy the top and bottom ; and two soups, a white and a brown, or a mild and a high-seasoned, are best disposed on each side of the centre-piece ; the fish-sauces are placed between the centre-piece and the dish of fish to which each is appropriate ; and this, with the decanted wines drunk during dinner, forms the first course. When there are rare French or Rhenish wines, they are placed in the original bottles, in ornamented wine-vases, between the centre-piece and the top and bottom dishes ; or if four kinds, they are ranged round the plateau. If one bottle, it is placed in a vase in the centre.

"The Second Course at a purely English dinner, when there are three, consists of roasts and stews for the top and bottom ; turkey or fowls, or fricandeau, or ham garnished, or tongue, for the sides ; with small made-dishes for the corners, served in covered dishes ; as *palates*, currie of any kind, *ragoût* or *fricassée* of rabbits, stewed mushrooms, &c. &c.

"The Third Course consists of game, confectionery, the more delicate vegetables dressed in the French way, puddings, creams, jellies, &c.

"Caraffes, with the tumblers belonging to and placed over them, are laid at proper intervals. Where hock, champagne, &c. &c. are served, they are handed round between the courses. When the third course is cleared away, cheese, butter, a fresh salad, or sliced cucumber, are usually served ; and the finger-glasses precede the dessert. At many tables, particularly in Indian houses, it is customary merely to hand quickly round a glass vessel or two filled with simple, or simply perfumed tepid water, made by the addition of a little rose or lavender water, or a home-made strained infusion of rose-leaves or lavender spikes. Into this water each guest may dip the corner of his napkin, and with this refresh his lips and the tips of his fingers.

"The Dessert, at an English table, may consist merely of two dishes of fine fruit for the top and bottom ; common or dried fruits, filberts, &c., for the corners or sides, and a cake for the middle, with ice-pails in hot weather.

Liqueurs are at this stage handed round; and the wines usually drunk after dinner are placed decanted on the table along with the dessert. The ice-pails and plates are removed as soon as the company finish their ice. This may be better understood by following the exact arrangement of what is considered a fashionable dinner of three courses and a dessert."

Now what can be finer than this description of a feed? How it recalls old days and old dinners, and makes one long for the return of friends to London and the opening of the dining campaign! It is not far removed, praised be luck. Already the lawyers are coming back (and, let me tell you, some of the judges give uncommonly good dinners), railroad speculations are bringing or keeping a good number of men of fortune about town; presently we shall have Parliament, the chief good of which institution is, as I take it, that it collects in London respectable wealthy dinner-giving families; and then the glorious operations will commence again; and I hope that you, dear Lionel (on your occasional visits to London), and your humble servant and every good epicure will, six times at least in every week, realise that delightful imaginary banquet here laid out in type.

But I wish to offer a few words of respectful remonstrance and approving observation regarding the opinions delivered above. The description of the dinner, as it actually exists, we will pass over; but it is of dinners as they should be that I would speak. Some statements in the Bregion-Miller account I would question; of others I deplore that they should be true.

In the first place—as to central ornaments—have them, as handsome, as massive as you like—but be hanged to flowers! I say; and, above all, no candelabra on the table—no cross-lights; faces are not seen in the midst of the abominable cross-lights, and you don't know who is across the table. Have your lights rich and brilliant overhead, blazing on the sideboard, and gleaming hospitably from as many sconces as you please along the walls, but no lights on the table. "Roses, bouquets, moss, and foliage," I have an utter contempt for as quite foolish ornaments, that have no right to appear in atmospheres composed of the fumes of ham, gravy, soup, game, lobster-sauce, &c. Away with all poetastering at dinner-parties. Though your friends Plato and Socrates crowned themselves with garlands at dinner, I have always fancied Socrates an ass for his pains. Fancy old Noddly, of your college, or your own venerable mug, or mine, set off with a wreath of tulips or a garland of roses, as we ladled down the turtle-soup in your hall! The thought is ridiculous and odious. Flowers were not made to eat—away with them! I doubt even whether young unmarried ladies should be allowed to come down to dinner. They are a sort of flowers—pretty little sentimental gewgaws—what can *they* know

about eating? They should only be brought down for balls, and should dine upon roast mutton in the nursery.

"Beautiful white damask and a green cloth are indispensable." Ah, my dear Lionel, on this head I exclaim, let me see the old mahogany back again, with the crystal and the wine quivering and gleaming in it. I am sorry for the day when the odious fashion of leaving the cloth down was brought from across the water. They leave the cloth on a French table because it is necessary to disguise it; it is often a mere set of planks on trestles, the meanness of which they disguise as they disguise the poverty of their meat. Let us see the naked mahogany; it means, I think, not only a good dinner, but *a good drink after dinner.* In houses where they leave the cloth down you know they are going to shirk their wine. And what is a dinner without a subsequent drink? A mockery—an incomplete enjoyment at least. Do you and I go out to dine that we may have the pleasure of drinking tea in the drawing-room, and hearing Miss Anne or Miss Jane sing? Fiddledeedee! I can get the best singing in the world for half-a-guinea! Do we expend money in cabs, kid-gloves, and awful waistcoats, in order to get muffins and tea? Bah! Nay, does any man of sense declare honestly that he likes ladies' conversation? I have read in novels that it was pleasant, the refinement of woman's society—the delightful influence of a female presence, and so forth; but say now, as a man of the world and an honest fellow, did you ever get any good out of women's talk? What a bore a clever woman is! —what a frightful bore a mediocre respectable woman is! And every woman who is worth anything will confess as much. There is no woman but *one* after all. But mum! I am getting away from the dinner-table; they it was who dragged me from it, and it was for parsimony's sake, and to pleasure them, that the practice of leaving on the cloth for dessert was invented.

This I honestly say as a diner-out in the world. If I accept an invitation to a house where the dessert-cloth practice is maintained (it must be, I fear, in large dinners of *apparat* now, but I mean in common *réunions* of ten or fourteen)—if I accept a dessert-cloth invitation, and a mahogany invitation subsequently comes, I fling over dessert-cloth. To ask you to a dinner without a drink is to ask you to half a dinner.

This I say is the interest of every diner-out. An unguarded passage in the above description, too, might give rise to a fatal error, and be taken advantage of by stingy curmudgeons who are anxious for any opportunity of saving their money and liquor,—I mean those culpably careless words, "*Where hock, champagne, &c. &c., are served, they are handed round between the courses.*" Of course they

are handed round between the courses; but they are handed round during the courses too. A man who sets you down to a driblet of champagne—who gives you a couple of beggarly glasses between the courses, and winks to John who froths up the liquor in your glass, and screws up the remainder of the bottle for his master's next day's drinking,—such a man is an impostor and despicable snob. This fellow must not be allowed an excuse for his practice—the wretch must not be permitted to point to Joseph Bregion and Anne Miller for an authority, and say they declare that champagne is to be served only between the courses. No!—no! you poor lily-livered wretch! If money is an object to you, drink water (as we have all done, perhaps, in an angust state of domestic circumstances, with a good heart); but if there is to be champagne, have no stint of it, in the name of Bacchus! Profusion is the charm of hospitality; have plenty, if it be only beer. A man who offers champagne by driblets is a fellow who would wear a pinchbeck breastpin, or screw on spurs to his boots to make believe that he kept a horse. I have no words of scorn sufficiently strong to characterise the puny coward, shivering on the brink of hospitality, without nerve to plunge into the generous stream!

Another word should be said to men of moderate means about that same champagne. It is actually one of the cheapest of wines, and there is no wine, out of which, to speak commercially, you get your returns so directly. The popping, and fizzing, and agreeable nervous hurry in pouring and drinking, give it a prestige and an extra importance—it makes twice the appearance, has twice the effect, and doesn't cost you more than a bottle of your steady old brown sherry, which has gathered on his head the interest of accumulated years in your cellar. When people have had plenty of champagne they fancy they have been treated liberally. If you wish to save, save upon your hocks, Sauternes, and Moselles, which count for nothing, but disappear down careless throats like so much toast-and-water.

I have made this remark about champagne. All men of the world say they don't care for it; all gourmands swear and vow that they prefer Sillery a thousand times to sparkling, but look round the table and behold! We all somehow drink it. All who say they like the Sillery will be found drinking the sparkling. Yes, beloved sparkler, you are an artificial, barley-sugared, brandied beverage, according to the dicta of connoisseurs. You are universally sneered at, and said to have no good in you. But console yourself, you are universally drunken--you are the wine of the world,—you are the liquor in whose bubbles lies the greatest amount of the sparkle of good spirits. May I die but I will not be ashamed to proclaim my love for you! You have given me much pleasure, and never any pain—you have

stood by me in many hard moments, and cheered me in many dull ones —you have whipped up many flagging thoughts, and dissipated many that were gloomy—you have made me hope, ay, and forget. Ought a man to disown such a friend?

Incomparably the best champagne I know is to be found in England. It is the most doctored, the most brandied, the most barley-sugared, the most *winy* wine in the world. As such let us hail, and honour, and love it.

Those precious words about *réchauffés* and the art of making the remains of one day's entertainment contribute to the elegance and plenty of the next day's dinner, cannot be too fondly pondered over by housekeepers, or too often brought into practice. What is it, ladies, that so often drives out men to clubs, and leaves the domestic hearth desolate—what but bad dinners? And whose fault is the bad dinners but yours—yours, forsooth, who are too intellectual to go into the kitchen, and too delicate to think about your husband's victuals? I know a case in which the misery of a whole life, nay, of a whole series of little and big lives, arose from a wife's high and mighty neglect of the good things of life, where *ennui*, estrangement, and subsequent ruin and suicide, arose out of an obstinate practice of serving a leg of mutton three days running in a small respectable family.

My friend, whom I shall call Mortimer Delamere (for why not give the unfortunate fellow as neat and as elegant a name as possible, as I am obliged to keep his own back out of regard to his family?)—Mortimer Delamere was an ornament of the Stock Exchange, and married at the age of twenty-five.

Before marriage he had a comfortable cottage at Sutton, whither he used to drive after business hours, and where you had roast ducks, toasted cheese, steaks and onions, wonderful bottled stout and old port, and other of those savoury but somewhat coarse luxuries with which home-keeping bachelors sometimes recreate their palates. He married and quitted his friends and his little hospitalities, his punch and his cigars, for a genteel wife and house in the Regent's Park, where I once had the misfortune to take pot-luck with him.

That dinner, which I never repeated, showed me at once that Delamere's happiness was a wreck. He had cold mutton and mouldy potatoes. His genteel wife, when he humbly said that he should have preferred the mutton hashed, answered superciliously that the kitchen was not her province, that as long as there was food sufficient she did not heed its quality. She talked about poetry and the Reverend Robert Montgomery all the evening, and about a quarter of an hour after she had left us to ourselves and the dessert, summoned us to exceedingly

weak and muddy coffee in the drawing-room, where she subsequently entertained us with bad music, sung with her own cracked, false, genteel voice. My usual politeness and powers of conversation did not of course desert me even under this affliction; and she was pleased to say at the close of the entertainment that she had enjoyed a highly intellectual evening, and hoped Mr. Fitz-Boodle would repeat his visit. Mr. Fitz-Boodle would have seen her at Jericho first!

But what was the consequence of a life of this sort? Where the mutton is habitually cold in a house, depend on it the affection grows cold too. Delamere could not bear that comfortless, flavourless, frigid existence. He took refuge in the warmth of a club. He frequented not only the library and coffee-room, but, alas! the smoking-room and card-room. He became a *viveur* and jolly dog about town, neglecting the wife who had neglected him, and who is now separated from him, and proclaimed to be a martyr by her genteel family, whereas, in fact, her own selfishness was the cause of his falling away. Had she but condescended to hash his mutton and give him a decent dinner, the poor fellow would have been at home to this day; would never have gone to the club or played with Mr. Denman, who won his money; would never have been fascinated by Senhora Dolora, who caused his duel with Captain Tufto; would never have been obliged to fly to America after issuing bills which he could not take up—bills, alas! with somebody else's name written on them.

I venture to say that if the "Practical Cook" had been published, and Mrs. Delamere had condescended to peruse it; if she had read pages 30–32, for instance, with such simple receipts as these:—

BILLS OF FARE FOR PLAIN FAMILY DINNERS.

Dinners of Five Dishes.

Peas or Mulligatawny Soup.

Potatoes browned below the Roast.	Apple Dumpling, or Plain Fritters.	Mashed Turnips or Pickles.

Roast Shoulder of Mutton.

Haddocks boiled, with Parsley and Butter Sauce.

Potatoes.	Newmarket Pudding.	Rice or
	Haricot, Currie, Hash, or Grill, *of the Mutton of the former day.*	Pickles.

Knuckle of Veal Ragoût, *or with Rice.*

Stewed Endive.	A Charlotte.	Potatoes.

Roast of Pork, or Pork Chops—*Sage Sauce, or Sauce Piquante.*

Boiled Cod, with Oyster, Egg, or Dutch Sauce.

Potatoes. Mutton Broth. Carrots or Turnips.

Scrag of Mutton, with Caper Sauce, or Parsley and Butter.

Cod Currie, or a Béchamel, of the Fish of former day.

Scolloped Oysters. Rice Pudding. Mashed Potatoes.

Roast Ribs of Beef.

Bouilli, *garnished with Onions.*

Marrow Bones. Soup *of the Bouilli.* Beef Cecils, of the Roast Ribs of the former day.

Lamb Chops, with Potatoes.

Vegetables on the side-table.

—she would have had her husband at home every day. As I read them over myself, dwelling upon each, I say, inwardly, "Could I find a wife who did not sing, and who would daily turn me out such dinners as these, Fitz-Boodle himself would be a family man." See there how the dishes are made to play into one another's hands; how the roast shoulder of mutton of Monday (though there is no mention made of the onion sauce) becomes the currie or grill of Tuesday; how the boiled cod of Thursday becomes the béchamel of Friday, a still better thing than boiled cod! Feed a man according to those receipts, and I engage to say he *never* would dine out, especially on Saturdays, with that delicious bouilli garnished with onions,—though, to be sure, there is a trifle too much beef in the *carte* of the day; and I for my part should prefer a dish of broiled fish in the place of the lamb-chops with potatoes, the dinner as it stands here being a trifle too *brown*.

One day in the week a man might have a few friends and give them any one of these:—

GOOD FAMILY DINNERS OF SEVEN DISHES.

Crimped Salmon.

Lobster Sauce, or Parsley and Butter.

Mashed Potatoes, *in small shapes.* Mince Pies, *or Rissoles.*

Irish Stew.

(*Remove*—Apple-pie.)

Oxford Dumplings. Mince Veal.

Pickles.

Roast of Beef.

Irish Stew, or Haricot of Mutton.

Chickens.		Mashed Potatoes.
	Fritters.	
Apple Sauce.		Tongue on Spinach,
	Stubble Goose.	or a Piece of Ham.

	Fried Soles	
Savoury Patties.	Onion Soup.	Salad.
	(*Remove*—A Charlotte.)	
Macaroni.	*Sliced Cucumber.*	Veal Sweetbreads.
	Saddle of Mutton roasted.	

Very moderate means might enable a man to give such a dinner as this; and how good they all are! I should like to see eight good fellows over No. 3, for instance,—six men, say, and two ladies. They would not take any onion soup, of course, though all the men would; but the veal sweetbreads and the remove, a *charlotte*, are manifestly meant for them. There would be no champagne, the dinner is too jolly and *bourgeois* for that; but after they had partaken of a glass of wine and had retired, just three bottles of excellent claret would be discussed by us six, and every man who went upstairs to coffee would make himself agreeable. In such a house the coffee would be good. The way to make good coffee is a secret known only to very few housekeepers,—it is to have plenty of coffee.

Thus do Joseph Bregion and Anne Miller care for high and low. They provide the domestic dinner to be calm in the bosoms of private families; they invent bills of fare for the jolly family party, that pleasantest of all meetings; and they expand upon occasion and give us the magnificent parade banquet of three courses, at which kings or fellows of colleges may dine. If you will ask your cook at Saint Boniface to try either of the dinners marked for January and February, and will send your obedient servant a line, he for one will be happy to come down and partake of it at Oxford.

I could go on prattling in this easy innocent way for hours, my dear Lionel, but the Editor of this Magazine (about whose capabilities I have my own opinion) has limited me to space, and that space is now pretty nearly occupied. I should like to have had a chat with you about the Indian dishes, the chapter on which is very scientific and savoury. The soup and broth chapter is rich, learned, and philosophical. French cookery is not, of course, *approfondi* or elaborately described, but nobly *raisonné*, like one of your lectures on a Greek play, where you point out in eloquent terms the salient beauties, sketch with masterly rapidity the principal characters, and gracefully unweave the complications of the metre. But I have

done. The "Practical Cook" will triumph of his own force without my puny aid to drag the wheels of his car. Let me fling a few unpretending flowers over it, and sing *Io* to the victor! Happy is the writer, happy the possessor, happy above all the publishers of such a book!

Farewell, dear Lionel; present my respectful remembrances to the Master of your college and our particular chums in the common-room. I am come to town for Christmas, so you may send the brawn to my lodgings as soon as you like.

Your faithful

G. S. F.-B.

(*Fraser's Magazine*, November 1845.)

A BROTHER OF THE PRESS ON THE HISTORY OF A LITERARY MAN, LAMAN BLANCHARD, AND THE CHANCES OF THE LITERARY PROFESSION.

IN A LETTER TO THE REVEREND FRANCIS SYLVESTER AT ROME, FROM MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH, ESQUIRE.

LONDON: *Feb.* 20, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR,—Our good friend and patron, the publisher of this Magazine, has brought me your message from Rome, and your demand to hear news from the *other* great city of the world. As the forty columns of the *Times* cannot satisfy your reverence's craving, and the details of the real great revolution of England which is actually going on do not sufficiently interest you, I send you a page or two of random speculations upon matters connected with the literary profession: they were suggested by reading the works and the biography of a literary friend of ours, lately deceased, and for whom every person who knew him had the warmest and sincerest regard. And no wonder. It was impossible to help trusting a man so thoroughly generous and honest, and loving one who was so perfectly gay, gentle, and amiable.

A man can't enjoy everything in the world; but what delightful gifts and qualities are these to have! Not having known Blanchard as intimately as some others did, yet, I take it, he had in his life as much pleasure as falls to most men; the kindest friends, the most affectionate family, a heart to enjoy both; and a career not

undistinguished, which I hold to be the smallest matter of all. But we have a cowardly dislike, or compassion for, the fact of a man dying poor. Such a one is rich, bilious, and a curmudgeon, without heart or stomach to enjoy his money, and we set him down as respectable: another is morose or passionate, his whole view of life seen blood-shot through passion, or jaundiced through moroseness: or he is a fool who can't see, or feel, or enjoy anything at all, with no ear for music, no eye for beauty, no heart for love, with nothing except money: we meet such people every day, and respect them somehow. That donkey browses over five thousand acres; that madman's bankers come bowing him out to his carriage. You feel secretly pleased at shooting over the acres, or driving in the carriage. At any rate, nobody thinks of compassionating their owners. We are a race of flunkeys, and keep our pity for the poor.

I don't mean to affix the plush personally upon the kind and distinguished gentleman and writer who has written Blanchard's Memoir; but it seems to me that it is couched in much too despondent a strain; that the lot of the hero of the little story was by no means deplorable; and that there is not the least call at present to be holding up literary men as martyrs. Even that prevailing sentiment which regrets that means should not be provided for giving them leisure, for enabling them to perfect great works in retirement, that they should waste away their strength with fugitive literature, &c., I hold to be often uncalled-for and dangerous. I believe, if most men of letters were to be pensioned—I am sorry to say I believe they wouldn't work at all; and of others, that the labour which is to answer the calls of the day is the one quite best suited to their genius. Suppose Sir Robert Peel were to write to you, and enclosing a cheque for 20,000*l.*, instruct you to pension any fifty deserving authors, so that they might have leisure to retire and write "great" works, on whom would you fix?

People in the big-book interest, too, cry out against the fashion of fugitive literature, and no wonder. For instance,—

The *Times* gave an extract the other day from a work by one Doctor Carus, physician to the King of Saxony, who attended his Royal master on his recent visit to England, and has written a book concerning the journey. Among other London lions, the illustrious traveller condescended to visit one of the largest and most remarkable, certainly, of metropolitan roarers—the *Times* printing-office; of which the Doctor, in his capacity of a man of science, gives an exceedingly bad, stupid, and blundering account.

Carus was struck with "disgust," he says, at the prodigious size of the paper, and at the thought which suggested itself to his mind from this

enormity. There was as much printed every day as would fill a thick volume. It required ten years of life to a philosopher to write a volume. The issuing of these daily tomes was unfair upon philosophers, who were put out of the market; and unfair on the public, who were made to receive (and, worse still, to get a relish for) crude daily speculations, and frivolous ephemeral news, when they ought to be fed and educated upon stronger and simpler diet.

We have heard this outcry a hundred times from the big-wig body. The world gives up a lamentable portion of its time to fleeting literature; authors who might be occupied upon great works fritter away their lives in producing endless hasty sketches. Kind, wise, and good Doctor Arnold deplored the fatal sympathy which the "Pickwick Papers" had created among the boys of his school; and it is a fact that *Punch* is as regularly read among the boys at Eton as the Latin Grammar.

Arguing for liberty of conscience against any authority, however great—against Doctor Arnold himself, who seems to me to be the greatest, wisest, and best of men, that has appeared for eighteen hundred years; let us take a stand at once, and ask, why should not the day have its literature? Why should not authors make light sketches? Why should not the public be amused daily or frequently by kindly fictions? It is well and just for Arnold to object. Light stories of Jingle and Tupman, and Sam Weller quips and cranks, must have come with but a bad grace before that pure and lofty soul. The trivial and familiar are out of place there; the harmless joker must walk away abashed from such a presence, as he would be silent and hushed in a cathedral. But all the world is not made of that angelic stuff. From his very height and sublimity of virtue he could but look down and deplore the ways of small men beneath him. I mean, seriously, that I think the man was of so august and sublime a nature, that he was not a fair judge of us, or of the ways of the generality of mankind. One has seen a delicate person sicken and faint at the smell of a flower; it does not follow that the flower was not sweet and wholesome in consequence; and I hold that laughing and honest story-books are good, against all the doctors.

Laughing is not the highest occupation of a man, very certainly; or the power of creating it the height of genius. I am not going to argue for that. No more is the blacking of boots the greatest occupation. But it is done, and well and honestly by persons ordained to that calling in life, who arrogate to themselves (if they are straightforward and worthy shoeblacks) no especial rank or privilege on account of their calling; and not considering boot-brushing the greatest effort of earthly genius, nevertheless select their Day and Martin, or

Warren, to the best of their judgment; polish their upper-leathers as well as they can; satisfy their patrons; and earn their fair wage.

I have chosen the unpolite shoeblack comparison, not out of disrespect to the trade of literature; but it is as good a craft as any other to select. In some way or other, for daily bread and hire, almost all men are labouring daily. Without necessity they would not work at all, or very little, probably. In some instances you reap Reputation along with Profit from your labour, but Bread, in the main, is the incentive. Do not let us try to blink this fact, or imagine that the men of the press are working for their honour and glory, or go onward impelled by an irresistible afflatus of genius. If only men of genius were to write, Lord help us, how many books would there be? How many people are there even capable of appreciating genius? Is Mr. Wakley's or Mr. Hume's opinion about poetry worth much? As much as that of millions of people in this honest stupid empire; and they have a right to have books supplied for them as well as the most polished and accomplished critics have. The literary man gets his bread by providing goods suited to the consumption of these. This man of letters contributes a police-report; that, an article, containing some downright information; this one, as an editor, abuses Sir Robert Peel, or lauds Lord John Russell, or *vice versâ*; writing to a certain class who coincide in his views, or are interested by the question which he moots. The literary character, let us hope or admit, writes quite honestly; but no man supposes he would work perpetually but for money. And as for immortality, it is quite beside the bargain. Is it reasonable to look for it, or to pretend that you are actuated by a desire to attain it? Of all the quill-drivers, how many have ever drawn that prodigious prize? Is it fair even to ask that many should? Out of a regard for poor dear posterity and men of letters to come, let us be glad that the great immortality number comes up so rarely. Mankind would have no time otherwise, and would be so gorged with old masterpieces, that they could not occupy themselves with new, and future literary men would have no chance of a livelihood.

To do your work honestly, to amuse and instruct your reader of to-day, to die when your time comes, and go hence with as clean a breast as may be; may these be all yours and ours, by God's will. Let us be content with our *status* as literary craftsmen, telling the truth as far as may be, [illegible]ing no foul blow, condescending to no servile puffery, filling not a very lofty, but a manly and honourable part. Nobody says that Doctor Locock is wasting his time because he rolls about daily in his carriage, and passes hours with the nobility and gentry, his patients, instead of being in his study wrapt up in transcendental medical meditation. Nobody accuses Sir Fitzroy Kelly of neglecting his genius

because he will take anybody's brief, and argue it in court for money, when he might sit in chambers with his oak sported, and give up his soul to investigations of the nature, history, and improvement of law. There is no question but that either of these eminent persons, by profound study, might increase their knowledge in certain branches of their profession; but in the meanwhile the practical part must go on—causes come on for hearing, and ladies lie in, and someone must be there. The commodities in which the lawyer and the doctor deal are absolutely required by the public, and liberally paid for; every day, too, the public requires more literary handicraft done; the practitioner in that trade gets a better pay and place. In another century, very likely, his work will be so necessary to the people, and his market so good, that his prices will double and treble; his social rank rise; he will be getting what they call "honours," and dying in the bosom of the genteel. Our calling is only sneered at because it is not well paid. The world has no other criterion for respectability. In Heaven's name, what made people talk of setting up a statue to Sir William Follett? What had he done? He had made 300,000*l.* What has George IV. done that he, too, is to have a brazen image? He was an exemplar of no greatness, no good quality, no duty in life; but a type of magnificence, of beautiful coats, carpets, and gigs, turtle-soup, chandeliers, cream-coloured horses, and delicious Maraschino,—all these good things he expressed and represented: and the world, respecting them beyond all others, raised statues to "the first gentleman in Europe." Directly the men of letters get rich, they will come in for their share of honour too; and a future writer in this miscellany may be getting ten guineas where we get one, and dancing at Buckingham Palace while you and your humble servant, dear Padre Francesco, are glad to smoke our pipes in quiet over the sanded floor of the little D——.

But the happy *homme de lettres*, whom I imagine in futurity kicking his heels *vis-à-vis* to a duchess in some fandango at the court of her Majesty's grandchildren, will be in reality no better or honester, or more really near fame, than the quill-driver of the present day, with his doubtful position and small gains. Fame, that guerdon of high genius, comes quite independent of Berkeley Square, and is a republican institution. Look around in our own day among the holders of the pen: begin (without naming names, for that is odious) and count on your fingers those whom you will back in the race for immortality. How many fingers have you that are left untold? It is an invidious question. Alas! dear ——, and dear * *, and dear † †, you who think you are safe, there is futurity, and limbo, and blackness for you, beloved friends! *Cras ingens iterabimus æquor:* there's no use denying it or shirking the fact; in we must go, and disappear for ever and ever.

And after all, what is this Reputation, the cant of our trade, the goal that every scribbling penny-a-liner demurely pretends that he is hunting after? Why should we get it? Why can't we do without it? We only fancy we want it. When people say of such and such a man who is dead, "He neglected his talents; he frittered away in fugitive publications time and genius, which might have led to the production of a great work;" this is the gist of Sir Bulwer Lytton's kind and affecting biographical notice of our dear friend and comrade Laman Blanchard, who passed away so melancholily last year.

I don't know anything more dissatisfactory and absurd than that insane test of friendship which has been set up by some literary men—viz. admiration of their works. Say that this picture is bad, or that poem poor, or that article stupid, and there are certain authors and artists among us who set you down as an enemy forthwith, or look upon you as a *faux-frère*. What is there in common with the friend and his work of art? The picture or article once done and handed over to the public, is the latter's property, not the author's, and to be estimated according to its honest value; and so, and without malice, I question Sir Bulwer Lytton's statement about Blanchard—viz. that he would have been likely to produce with leisure, and under favourable circumstances, a work of the highest class. I think his education and habits, his quick easy manner, his sparkling hidden fun, constant tenderness, and brilliant good-humour were best employed as they were. At any rate he had a duty, much more imperative upon him than the preparation of questionable great works,—to get his family their dinner. A man must be a very Great man, indeed, before he can neglect this precaution.

His three volumes of essays, pleasant and often brilliant as they are, give no idea of the powers of the author, or even of his natural manner, which, as I think, was a thousand times more agreeable. He was like the good little child in the fairy tale, his mouth dropped out all sorts of diamonds and rubies. His wit, which was always playing and frisking about the company, had the wonderful knack of never hurting anybody. He had the most singular art of discovering good qualities in people; in discoursing of which the kindly little fellow used to glow and kindle up, and emphasise with the most charming energy. Good-natured actions of others, good jokes, favourite verses of friends, would bring out fondly, whenever they met, or there was question of them; and he used to toss and dandle their sayings or doings about, and hand them round to the company, as the delightful Mrs. Slowboy does the baby in the last Christmas Book. What was better than wit in his talk was, that it was so genial. He *enjoyed* thoroughly, and chirped over his wine with a good-humour that could

not fail to be infectious. His own hospitality was delightful: there was something about it charmingly brisk, simple, and kindly. How he used to laugh! As I write this, what a number of pleasant hearty scenes come back! One can hear his jolly, clear laughter; and see his keen, kind, beaming Jew face,—a mixture of Mendelssohn and Voltaire.

Sir Bulwer Lytton's account of him will be read by all his friends with pleasure, and by the world as a not uncurious specimen of the biography of a literary man. The memoir savours a little too much of the funeral oration. It might have been a little more particular and familiar, so as to give the public a more intimate acquaintance with one of the honestest and kindest of men who ever lived by pen; and yet, after a long and friendly intercourse with Blanchard, I believe the praises Sir Lytton bestows on his character are by no means exaggerated: it is only the style in which they are given, which is a little too funereally encomiastic. The memoir begins in this way, a pretty and touching design of Mr. Kenny Meadows heading the biography:—

"To most of those who have mixed generally with the men who in our day, have chosen literature as their profession, the name of Laman Blanchard brings recollections of peculiar tenderness and regret. Amidst a career which the keenness of anxious rivalry renders a sharp probation to the temper and the affections, often yet more embittered by that strife of party, of which, in a Representative Constitution, few men of letters escape the eager passions and the angry prejudice—they recall the memory of a competitor, without envy; a partisan, without gall; firm as the firmest in the maintenance of his own opinions; but gentle as the gentlest in the judgment he passed on others.

"Who among our London brotherhood of letters does not miss that simple cheerfulness—that inborn and exquisite urbanity—that childlike readiness to be pleased with all—that happy tendency to panegyrise every merit, and to be lenient to every fault? Who does not recall that acute and delicate sensibility—so easily wounded, and therefore so careful not to wound—which seemed to infuse a certain intellectual fine breeding, of forbearance and sympathy, into every society where it insinuated its gentle way? Who, in convivial meetings, does not miss, and will not miss for ever, the sweetness of those unpretending talents—the earnestness of that honesty which seemed unconscious it was worn so lightly—the mild influence of that exuberant kindness which softened the acrimony of young disputants, and reconciled the secret animosities of jealous rivals? Yet few men had experienced more to sour them than Laman Blanchard, or had gone more resolutely through the author's hardening ordeal of narrow circumstance, of daily labour, and of that disappointment in the higher aims of ambition, which must almost inevitably befall those who retain ideal standards of excellence, to be reached but by time and leisure, and who are yet condemned to draw hourly upon unmatured resources for the practical wants of life. To have been engaged from boyhood in such struggles, and to

have preserved, undiminished, generous admiration for those more fortunate, and untiring love for his own noble yet thankless calling; and this with a constitution singularly finely strung, and with all the nervous irritability which usually accompanies the indulgence of the imagination; is a proof of the rarest kind of strength, depending less upon a power purely intellectual, than upon the higher and more beautiful heroism which woman, and such men alone as have the best feelings of a woman's nature, take from instinctive enthusiasm for what is great, and uncalculating faith in what is good.

"It is, regarded thus, that the character of Laman Blanchard assumes an interest of a very elevated order. He was a choice and worthy example of the professional English men of letters in our day. He is not to be considered in the light of the man of daring and turbulent genius, living on the false excitement of vehement calumny and uproarious praise. His was a career not indeed obscure, but sufficiently quiet and unnoticed to be solaced with little of the pleasure with which, in aspirants of a noisier fame, gratified and not ignoble vanity rewards the labour and stimulates the hope. For more than twenty years he toiled on through the most fatiguing paths of literary composition, mostly in periodicals, often anonymously; pleasing and lightly instructing thousands, but gaining none of the prizes, whether of weighty reputation or popular renown, which more fortunate chances, or more pretending modes of investing talent, have given in our day to men of half his merits."

Not a feature in this charming character is flattered, as far as I know. Did the subject of the memoir feel disappointment in the higher aims of ambition? Was his career not solaced with pleasure? Was his noble calling a thankless one? I have said before, his calling was not thankless; his career, in the main, pleasant; his disappointment, if he had one of the higher aims of ambition, one that might not uneasily be borne. If every man is disappointed because he cannot reach supreme excellence, what a mad misanthropical world ours would be! Why should men of letters aim higher than they can hit, or be "disappointed" with the share of brains God has given them? Nor can you say a man's career is unpleasant who was so heartily liked and appreciated as Blanchard was, by all persons of high intellect, or low, with whom he came in contact. He had to bear with some, but not unbearable poverty. At home he had everything to satisfy his affection: abroad, every sympathy and consideration met this universally esteemed, good man. Such a calling as his is *not* thankless, surely. Away with this discontent and morbid craving for renown! A man who writes (Tennyson's) "Ulysses," or "Comus," *may* put in his claim for fame if you will, and demand and deserve it: but it requires no vast power of intellect to write most sets of words, and have them printed in a book:—To write this article, for instance, or the last novel, pamphlet, book of travels. Most men

with a decent education and practice of the pen could go and do the like, were they so professionally urged. Let such fall into the rank and file, and shoulder their weapons, and load and fire cheerfully. An every-day writer has no more right to repine because he loses the great prizes, and can't write like Shakspeare, than he has to be envious of Sir Robert Peel, or Wellington, or King Hudson, or Taglioni. Because the sun shines above, is a man to warm himself and admire; or to despond because he can't in his person flare up like the sun? I don't believe that Blanchard was by any means an amateur martyr, but was, generally speaking, very decently satisfied with his condition.

Here is the account of his early history—a curious and interesting one:—

"Samuel Laman Blanchard was born of respectable parents in the middle class at Great Yarmouth, on the 15th of May, 1803. His mother's maiden name was Mary Laman. She married first Mr. Cowell, at Saint John's Church, Bermondsey, about the year 1796; he died in the following year. In 1799, she was married again, to Samuel Blanchard, by whom she had seven children, but only one son, the third child, christened Samuel Laman.

"In 1805, Mr. Blanchard (the father) appears to have removed to the metropolis, and to have settled in Southwark as a painter and glazier. He was enabled to give his boy a good education—an education, indeed, of that kind which could not but unfit young Laman for the calling of his father; for it developed the abilities and bestowed the learning which may be said to lift a youth morally out of trade, and to refine him at once into a gentleman. At six years old he was entered a scholar of Saint Olave's School, then under the direction of the Reverend Doctor Blenkorn. He became the head Latin scholar, and gained the chief prize in each of the last three years he remained at the academy. When he left, it was the wish of the master and trustees that he should be sent to College, one boy being annually selected from the pupils to be maintained at the University, for the freshman's year, free of expense; for the charges of the two remaining years the parents were to provide. So strong, however, were the hopes of the master for his promising pupil, that the trustees of the school consented to depart from their ordinary practice, and offered to defray the collegiate expenses for two years. Unfortunately, the offer was not accepted. No wonder that poor Laman regretted in after life the loss of this golden opportunity. The advantages of a University career to a young man in his position, with talents and application, but without interest, birth, and fortune, are incalculable. The pecuniary independence afforded by the scholarship and the fellowship is in itself no despicable prospect; but the benefits which distinction, fairly won at those noble and unrivalled institutions, confers, are the greatest where least obvious: they tend usually to bind the vagueness of youthful ambition to the secure reliance on some professional career, in which they smooth the difficulties and abridge the novitiate. Even in literature a College education not only tends to refine the taste, but to propitiate the public. And in all the many walks of practical

and public life, the honours gained at the University never fail to find well-wishers amongst powerful contemporaries, and to create generous interest in the fortunes of the aspirant.

"But my poor friend was not destined to have one obstacle smoothed away from his weary path.* With the natural refinement of his disposition, and the fatal cultivation of his intellectual susceptibilities, he was placed at once in a situation which it was impossible that he could fill with steadiness and zeal. Fresh from classical studies, and his emulation warmed by early praise and schoolboy triumph, he was transferred to the drudgery of a desk in the office of Mr. Charles Pearson, a proctor in Doctors' Commons. The result was inevitable; his mind, by a natural reaction, betook itself to the pursuits most hostile to such a career. Before this, even from the age of thirteen, he had trifled with the Muses; he now conceived in good earnest the more perilous passion for the stage.

"Barry Cornwall's 'Dramatic Scenes' were published about this time—they exercised considerable influence over the taste and aspirations of young Blanchard—and many dramatic sketches of brilliant promise, bearing his initials, S. L. B., appeared in a periodical work existing at that period called *The Drama*. In them, though the conception and general treatment are borrowed from Barry Cornwall, the style and rhythm are rather modelled on the peculiarities of Byron. Their promise is not the less for the imitation they betray. The very characteristic of genius is to be imitative—first of authors, then of nature. Books lead us to fancy feelings that are not yet genuine. Experience is necessary to record those which colour our own existence: and the style only becomes original in proportion as the sentiment it expresses is sincere. More touching, therefore, than these 'Dramatic Sketches,' was a lyrical effusion on the death of Sidney Ireland, a young friend to whom he was warmly attached, and over whose memory, for years afterwards, he often shed tears. He named his eldest son after that early friend. At this period, Mr. Douglas Jerrold had written three volumes of Moral Philosophy, and Mr. Buckstone, the celebrated comedian, volunteered to copy the work for the juvenile moralist. On arriving at any passage that struck his fancy, Mr. Buckstone communicated his delight to his friend Blanchard, and the emulation thus excited tended more and more to sharpen the poet's distaste to all avocations incompatible with literature. Anxious, in the first instance, to escape from dependence on his father (who was now urgent that he should leave the proctor's desk for the still more ungenial mechanism of the paternal trade), he meditated the best of all preparatives to dramatic excellence; viz.

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* "The elder Blanchard is not to be blamed for voluntarily depriving his son of the advantages proffered by the liberal trustees of Saint Olave's; it appears from a communication by Mr. Keymer (brother-in-law to Laman Blanchard)—that the circumstances of the family at that time were not such as to meet the necessary expenses of a student—even for the *last* year of his residence at the University."

a practical acquaintance with the stage itself: he resolved to become an actor. Few indeed are they in this country who have ever succeeded eminently in the literature of the stage who have not either trod its boards, or lived habitually in its atmosphere. Blanchard obtained an interview with Mr. Henry Johnston, the actor, and recited, in his presence, passages from Glover's 'Leonidas.' He read admirably—his elocution was faultless—his feeling exquisite; Mr. Johnston was delighted with his powers, but he had experience and wisdom to cool his professional enthusiasm, and he earnestly advised the aspirant not to think of the stage. He drew such a picture of the hazards of success—the obstacles to a position—the precariousness even of a subsistence, that the poor boy's heart sunk within him. He was about to resign himself to obscurity and trade, when he suddenly fell in with the manager of the Margate Theatre; this gentleman proposed to enrol him in his own troop, and the proposal was eagerly accepted, in spite of the warnings of Mr. Henry Johnston. 'A week,' says Mr. Buckstone (to whom I am indebted for these particulars, and whose words I now quote), 'was sufficient to disgust him with the beggary and drudgery of the country player's life; and as there were no "Harlequins" steaming it from Margate to London Bridge at that day, he performed his journey back on foot, having, on reaching Rochester, but his last shilling—the poet's veritable last shilling—in his pocket.

"'At that time a circumstance occurred, which my poor friend's fate has naturally brought to my recollection. He came to me late one evening, in a state of great excitement; informed me that his father had turned him out of doors; that he was utterly hopeless and wretched, and was resolved to destroy himself. I used my best endeavours to console him, to lead his thoughts to the future, and hope in what chance and perseverance might effect for him. Our discourse took a livelier turn; and after making up a bed on a sofa in my own room, I retired to rest. I soon slept soundly, but was awakened by hearing a footstep descending the stairs. I looked towards the sofa, and discovered he had left it; I heard the street door close; I instantly hurried on my clothes, and followed him; I called to him, but received no answer; I ran till I saw him in the distance also running; I again called his name; I implored him to stop, but he would not answer me. Still continuing his pace, I became alarmed, and doubled my speed. I came up with him near to Westminster Bridge; he was hurrying to the steps leading to the river; I seized him; he threatened to strike me if I did not release him; I called for the watch; I entreated him to return; he became more pacified, but still seemed anxious to escape from me. By entreaties; by every means of persuasion I could think of; by threats to call for help, I succeeded in taking him back. The next day he was more composed, but I believe rarely resided with his father after that time. Necessity compelled him to do something for a livelihood, and in time he became a reader in the office of the Messrs. Bayliss, in Fleet Street. By that employ, joined to frequent contributions to the *Monthly Magazine*, at that time published by them, he obtained a tolerable competence.

"'Blanchard and Jerrold had serious thoughts of joining Lord Byron in Greece; they were to become warriors, and assist the poet in the liberation

of the classic land. Many a nightly wandering found them discussing their project. In the midst of one of these discussions they were caught in a shower of rain, and sought shelter under a gateway. The rain continued; when their patience becoming exhausted, Blanchard, buttoning up his coat, exclaimed, "Come on, Jerrold! what use shall we be to the Greeks if we stand up for a shower of rain?" So they walked home and were heroically wet through.'"

It would have been worth while to tell this tale more fully; not to envelop the chief personage in fine words, as statuaries do their sitters in Roman togas, and, making them assume the heroic-conventional look, take away from them that infinitely more interesting one which Nature gave them. It would have been well if we could have had this stirring little story in detail. The young fellow, forced to the proctor's desk, quite angry with the drudgery, theatre-stricken, poetry-stricken, writing dramatic sketches in Barry Cornwall's manner, spouting "Leonidas" before a manager, driven away starving from home, and, penniless and full of romance, courting his beautiful young wife. "*Come on, Jerrold! what use shall we be to the Greeks if we stand up for a shower of rain?*" How the native humour breaks out of the man! Those who knew them can fancy the effect of such a pair of warriors steering the Greek fire-ships, or manning the breach at Missolonghi. Then there comes that pathetic little outbreak of despair, when the poor young fellow is nearly giving up; his father banishes him, no one will buy his poetry, he has no chance on his darling theatre, no chance of the wife that he is longing for. Why not finish with life at once? He has read "Werther," and can understand suicide. "None," he says, in a sonnet,—

> "None, not the hoariest sage, may tell of all
> The strong heart struggles with before it fall."

If Respectability wanted to point a moral, isn't there one here? Eschew poetry, avoid the theatre, stick to your business, do not read German novels, do not marry at twenty. All these injunctions seem to hang naturally on the story.

And yet the young poet marries at twenty, in the teeth of poverty and experience; labours away, not unsuccessfully, puts Pegasus into harness, rises in social rank and public estimation, brings up happily round him an affectionate family, gets for himself a circle of the warmest friends, and thus carries on for twenty years, when a providential calamity visits him and the poor wife almost together, and removes them both.

In the beginning of 1844, Mrs. Blanchard, his affectionate wife and the excellent mother of his children, was attacked with paralysis, which impaired her mind and terminated fatally at the end of the year. Her

husband was constantly with her, occupied by her side, whilst watching her distressing malady, in his daily task of literary business. Her illness had the severest effect upon him. He, too, was attacked with partial paralysis and congestion of the brain, during which first seizure his wife died. The rest of the story was told in all the newspapers of the beginning of last year. Rallying partially from his fever at times, a sudden catastrophe overwhelmed him. On the night of the 14th February, in a gust of delirium, having his little boy in bed by his side, and having said the Lord's Prayer but a short time before, he sprang out of bed in the absence of his nurse (whom he had besought not to leave him), and made away with himself with a razor. He was no more guilty in his death than a man who is murdered by a madman, or who dies of the rupture of a blood-vessel. In his last prayer he asked to be forgiven, as he in his whole heart forgave others; and not to be led into that irresistible temptation under which it pleased Heaven that the poor wandering spirit should succumb.

At the very moment of his death his friends were making the kindest and most generous exertions in his behalf. Such a noble, loving, and generous creature is never without such. The world, it is pleasant to think, is always a good and gentle world to the gentle and good, and reflects the benevolence with which they regard it. This memoir contains an affecting letter from the poor fellow himself, which indicates Sir Edward Bulwer's admirable and delicate generosity towards him. "I bless and thank you always," writes the kindly and affectionate soul, to another excellent friend, Mr. Forster. There were other friends, such as Mr. Fonblanque, Mr. Ainsworth, with whom he was connected in literary labour, who were not less eager to serve and befriend him.

As soon as he was dead, a number of other persons came forward to provide means for the maintenance of his orphan family. Messrs. Chapman & Hall took one son into their publishing-house, another was provided for in a merchant's house in the City, the other is of an age and has the talents to follow and succeed in his father's profession. Mr. Colburn and Mr. Ainsworth gave up their copyrights of his Essays, which are now printed in three handsome volumes, for the benefit of his children.

Out of Blanchard's life (except from the melancholy end, which is quite apart from it) there is surely no ground for drawing charges against the public of neglecting literature. His career, untimely concluded, is in the main a successful one. In truth, I don't see how the aid or interposition of Government could in any way have greatly benefited him, or how it was even called upon to do so. It does not follow that a man would produce a great work even if he had leisure. Squire

Shakspeare of Stratford, with his lands and rents, and his arms over his porch, was not the working Shakspeare; and indolence (or contemplation, if you like) is no unusual quality in the literary man. Of all the squires who have had acres and rents, all the holders of lucky easy Government places, how many have written books, and of what worth are they? There are some persons whom Government, having a want of, employs and pays—barristers, diplomatists, soldiers, and the like; but it doesn't want poetry, and can do without tragedies. Let men of letters stand for themselves. Every day enlarges their market, and multiplies their clients. The most skilful and successful among the cultivators of light literature have such a hold upon the public feelings, and awaken such a sympathy, as men of the class never enjoyed until now: men of science and learning, who aim at other distinction, get it; and in spite of Dr. Carus's disgust, I believe there was never a time when so much of the practically useful was written and read, and every branch of book-making pursued, with an interest so eager.

But I must conclude. My letter has swelled beyond the proper size of letters, and you are craving for news: have you not to-day's *Times'* battle of Ferozeshah? Farewell.

M. A. T.

(*Fraser's Magazine*, March 1846.)

STRICTURES ON PICTURES.

A LETTER FROM MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH, ESQUIRE, TO MONSIEUR ANATOLE VICTOR ISIDOR HYACINTHE ACHILLE HERCULE DE BRICABRAC, PEINTRE D'HISTOIRE, RUE MOUFFETARD, À PARIS.

LORD'S HOTEL, NEW STREET, COVENT GARDEN:
Tuesday, 15th May.

I PROPOSE to be both learned and pleasant in my remarks upon the exhibitions here; for I know, my dear Bricabrac, that it is your intention to translate this letter into French, for the benefit of some of your countrymen, who are anxious about the progress of the fine arts—when I say some, I mean all, for, thanks to your Government patronage, your magnificent public galleries, and, above all, your delicious sky and sunshine, there is not a scavenger in your nation who has not a feeling for the beauty of Nature, which is, my dear Anatole, neither more nor less than Art.

You know nothing about art in this country—almost as little as we know of French art. One Gustave Planche, who makes visits to London, and writes accounts of pictures in your reviews, is, believe me, an impostor. I do not mean a private impostor, for I know not whether Planche is a real or assumed name, but simply a quack on matters of art. Depend on it, my dear young friend, that there is nobody like Titmarsh : you will learn more about the arts in England from this letter than from anything in or out of print.

Well, then, every year, at the commencement of this blessed month of May, wide open the doors of three picture galleries, in which figure all the works of genius which our brother artists have produced during the whole year. I wish you could see my historical picture of "Heliogabalus in the Ruins of Carthage," or the full-length of Sir Samuel Hicks and his Lady,—sitting in a garden light, Lady H. reading the "Book of Beauty," Sir Samuel catching a butterfly which is settling on a flower-pot. This, however, is all egotism. I am not going to speak of *my* works, which are pretty well known in Paris already, as I flatter myself, but of other artists—some of them men of merit—as well as myself.

Let us commence, then, with the commencement—the Royal Academy. That is held in one wing of a little building like a gin-shop, which is near Saint Martin's Church. In the other wing is our National Gallery. As for the building, you must not take *that* as a specimen of our skill in the fine arts; come down the Seven Dials, and I will show you many modern structures of which the architect deserves far higher credit.

But, bad as the place is—a pigmy abortion, in lieu of a noble monument to the greatest school of painting in the greatest country of the modern world (you may be angry, but I'm right in *both* cases)—bad as the outside is, the interior, it must be confessed, is marvellously pretty and convenient for the reception and exhibition of the pictures it will hold. Since the old pictures have got their new gallery, and their new scouring, one hardly knows them. O Ferdinand, Ferdinand, that *is* a treat, that National Gallery, and no mistake! I shall write to you fourteen or fifteen long letters about it some day or other. The apartment devoted to the Academy exhibition is equally commodious : a small room for miniatures and aquarelles, another for architectural drawings, and three saloons for pictures—all very small, but well lighted and neat; no interminable passage, like your five hundred yards at the Louvre, with a slippery floor, and tiresome straggling cross-lights. Let us buy a catalogue, and walk straight into the gallery, however:—we have been a long time talking, *de omnibus rebus*, at the door.

Look, my dear Isidor, at the first names in the catalogue, and thank your stars for being in such good company. Bless us and save us, what a power of knights is here!

Sir William Beechey.
Sir Martin Shee.
Sir David Wilkie.
Sir Augustus Callcott.
Sir W. J. Newton.
Sir Geoffrey Wyattville.
Sir Francis Chantrey.
Sir Richard Westmacott.
Sir Michael Angelo Titmarsh—

not yet, that is; but I shall be, in course, when our little liege lady—Heaven bless her!—has seen my portrait of Sir Sam and Lady Hicks.

If all these gentlemen in the list of Academicians and Associates are to have titles of some sort or other, I should propose:—

1. Baron BRIGGS. (At the very least, he is out and out the best portrait-painter of the set.)
2. DANIEL, PRINCE MACLISE. (His Royal Highness's pictures place him very near to the throne indeed.)
3. Edwin, Earl of Landseer.
4. The Lord Charles Landseer.
5. The Duke of Etty.
6. Archbishop Eastlake.
7. His Majesty KING MULREADY.

King Mulready, I repeat, in double capitals; for, if this man has not the crowning picture of the exhibition, I am no better than a Dutchman. His picture represents the "Seven Ages," as described by a poet whom you have heard of—one Shakspeare, a Warwickshire man: and there they are, all together; the portly justice and the quarrelsome soldier; the lover leaning apart, and whispering sweet things in his pretty mistress's ear; the baby hanging on her gentle mother's bosom; the schoolboy, rosy and lazy; the old man crabbed and stingy; and the old old man of all, sans teeth, sans eyes, sans ears, sans everything—but why describe them? You will find the thing better done in Shakspeare, or possibly translated by some of your Frenchmen. I can't say much about the drawing of this picture, for here and there are some queer-looking limbs; but—oh, Anatole! —the intention is god-like. Not one of those figures but has a grace and a soul of his own; no conventional copies of the stony antique; no distorted caricatures, like those of your "classiques," David, Girodet and Co. (the impostors!)—but such expressions as a great poet

would draw, who thinks profoundly and truly, and never forgets (he could not if he would) grace and beauty withal. The colour and manner of this noble picture are neither of the Venetian school, nor the Florentine, nor the English, but of the Mulready school. Ah! my dear Floridor! I wish that you and I, ere we die, may have erected such a beautiful monument to hallow and perpetuate our names. Our children—my boy, Sebastian Piombo Titmarsh, will see this picture in his old age, hanging by the side of the Raffaelles in our National Gallery. I sometimes fancy, in the presence of such works of genius as this, that my picture of Sir Sam and Lady Hicks is but a magnificent error after all, and that it will die away, and be forgotten.

Near to "All the world's a stage" is a charming picture, by Archbishop Eastlake; so denominated by me, because the rank is very respectable, and because there is a certain purity and religious feeling in all Mr. Eastlake does, which eminently entitles him to the honours of the prelacy. In this picture, Gaston de Foix (he whom Titian painted, his mistress buckling on his armour) is parting from his mistress. A fair peaceful garden is round about them; and here his lady sits and clings to him, as though she would cling for ever. But, look! yonder stands the page and the horse pawing; and, beyond the wall which bounds the quiet garden and flowers, you see the spears and pennons of knights, the banners of King Louis and De Foix "the thunderbolt of Italy." Long shining rows of steel-clad men are marching stately by; and with them must ride Count Gaston—to conquer and die at Ravenna. You can read his history, my dear friend, in Lacretelle, or Brantôme; only, perhaps, not so well expressed as it has just been by me.

Yonder is Sir David Wilkie's grand picture, "Queen Victoria holding her First Council." A marvellous painting, in which one admires the exquisite richness of the colour, the breadth of light and shadow, the graceful dignity and beauty of the principal figure, and the extraordinary skill with which all the figures have been grouped, so as to produce a grand and simple effect. What can one say more but admire the artist who has made, out of such unpoetical materials as a table of red cloth, and fifty unoccupied middle-aged gentlemen, a beautiful and interesting picture? Sir David has a charming portrait, too, of Mrs. Maberly, in dark crimson velvet, and delicate white hat and feathers: a marvel of colour, though somewhat askew in the drawing.

The Earl of Landseer's best picture, to my thinking, is that which represents her Majesty's favourite dogs and parrot. He has, in painting, an absolute mastery over

Κύνεσσιν
Οἰωνοῖσί τε πᾶσι:

this is, he can paint all manner of birds and beasts as nobody else can. To tell you a secret, I do not think he understands how to paint the great beast, man, quite so well; or, at least, to do what is the highest quality of an artist, to place *a soul* under the ribs as he draws them. They are, if you like, the most dexterous pictures that ever were painted, but not *great* pictures. I would much rather look at yonder rough Leslie than at all the wonderful painting of parrots or greyhounds, though done to a hair or a feather.

Leslie is the only man in this country who translates Shakspeare into form and colour. Old Shallow and Sir Hugh, Slender and his man Simple, pretty Anne Page and the Merry Wives of Windsor, are here joking with the fat knight; who, with a monstrous gravity and profound brazen humour, is narrating some tale of his feats with the wild Prince and Poins. Master Brooke is offering a tankard to Master Slender, who will not drink, forsooth.

This picture is executed with the utmost simplicity, and almost rudeness; but is charming, from its great truth of effect and expression. Wilkie's pictures (in his latter style) seem to begin where Leslie's end; the former's men and women look as if *the bodies had been taken out of them*, and only the surface left. Lovely as the Queen's figure is, for instance, it looks like a spirit, and not a woman; one may almost see through her into the waistcoat of Lord Lansdowne, and so on through the rest of the transparent heroes and statesmen of the company.

Opposite the Queen is another charming performance of Sir David—a bride dressing, amidst a rout of bridesmaids and relations. Some are crying, some are smiling, some are pinning her gown; a back door is open, and a golden sun shines into a room which contains a venerable-looking bed and tester, probably that in which the dear girl is to—but *parlons d'autres choses.* The colour of this picture is delicious, and the effect faultless: Sir David does everything for a picture nowadays but the *drawing.* Who knows? Perhaps it is as well left out.

Look yonder, down to the ground, and admire a most beautiful fantastic Ariel.

> "On the bat's back do I fly,
> After sunset merrily."

Merry Ariel lies at his ease, and whips with gorgeous peacock's feather his courser, flapping lazy through the golden evening sky. This exquisite little picture is the work of Mr. Severn, an artist who has educated his taste and his hand in the early Roman school. He

has not the dash and dexterity of the latter which belong to some of our painters, but he possesses that solemn earnestness and simplicity of mind and purpose which make a religion of art, and seem to be accorded only to a few in our profession. I have heard a pious pupil of Mr. Ingres (the head of your academy at Rome) aver stoutly that, in matters of art, Titian was Antichrist, and Rubens, Martin Luther. They came with their brilliant colours, and dashing worldly notions, upsetting that beautiful system of faith in which art had lived hitherto. Portraits of saints and martyrs, with pure eyes turned heavenward; and (as all true sanctity will) making those pure who came within their reach, now gave way to wicked likenesses of men of blood, or dangerous, devilish, sensual portraits of tempting women. Before Titian, a picture was the labour of years. Why did this reformer ever come among us, and show how it might be done in a day? He drove the good angels away from painters' easels, and called down a host of voluptuous spirits instead, who ever since have held the mastery there.

Only a few artists of our country (none in yours, where the so-called Catholic school is a mere theatrical folly), and some among the Germans, have kept to the true faith, and eschewed the temptations of Titian and his like. Mr. Eastlake is one of these. Who does not recollect his portrait of Miss Bury? Not a simple woman—the lovely daughter of the authoress of "Love," "Flirtation," and other remarkable works—but a glorified saint. Who does not remember his Saint Sebastian; his body bare, his eyes cast melancholy down; his limbs, as yet untouched by the arrows of his persecutors, tied to the fatal tree? Those two pictures of Mr. Eastlake would merit to hang in a gallery where there were only Raffaelles besides. Mr. Severn is another of the school. I don't know what hidden and indefinable charm there is in his simple pictures; but I never can look at them without a certain emotion of awe—without that thrill of the heart with which one hears country children sing the Old Hundredth, for instance. The singers are rude, perhaps, and the voices shrill; but the melody is still pure and godlike. Some such majestic and pious harmony is there in these pictures of Mr. Severn, Mr. Mulready's mind has lately gained this same kind of inspiration. I know no one else who possesses it, except, perhaps, myself. Without flattery, I may say, that my picture of "Heliogabalus at Carthage" is *not* in the popular taste, and has about it some faint odour of celestial incense.

Do not, my dear Anatole, consider me too great an ass for persisting upon this point, and exemplifying Mr. Severn's picture of the "Crusaders catching a First View of Jerusalem" as an instance. Godfrey

and Tancred, Raymond and Ademar, Beamond and Rinaldo, with Peter and the Christian host, behold at length the day dawning.

"E quando il sol gli aridi campi fiede
Con raggi assai ferventi, e in alto sorge,
Ecco apparir Gerusalem si vede,
Ecco additar Gerusalem si scorge,
Ecco da mille voci unitamente
Gerusalemme salutar si sente!"

Well, Godfrey and Tancred, Peter, and the rest, look like little wooden dolls; and as for the horses belonging to the crusading cavalry, I have seen better in gingerbread. But, what then? There is a higher ingredient in beauty than mere form; a skilful hand is only the second artistical quality, worthless, my Anatole, without the first, which is *a great heart*. This picture is beautiful, in spite of its defects, as many women are. Mrs. Titmarsh is beautiful, though she weighs nineteen stone.

Being on the subject of religious pictures, what shall I say of Mr. Ward's? Anything so mysteriously hideous was never seen before now; they are worse than all the horrors in your Spanish Gallery at Paris. As Eastlake's are of the Catholic, these may be called of the Muggletonian, school of art; monstrous, livid, and dreadful, as the dreams of a man in the scarlet fever. I would much sooner buy a bottled baby with two heads as a pleasing ornament for my cabinet; and should be afraid to sit alone in a room with "ignorance, envy, and jealousy filling the throat, and widening the mouth of calumny endeavouring to bear down truth!"

Mr. Maclise's picture of "Christmas" you will find excellently described in the May number of a periodical of much celebrity among us, called *Fraser's Magazine*. Since the circulation of that miscellany is almost as extensive in Paris as in London, it is needless in this letter to go over beaten ground, and speak at length of the plot of this remarkable picture. There are five hundred merry figures painted on this canvas, gobbling, singing, kissing, carousing. A line of jolly serving men troop down the hall stairs, and bear the boar's head in procession up to the daïs, where sits the good old English gentleman, and his guests and family; a set of mummers and vassals are crowded round a table gorging beef and wassail; a bevy of blooming girls and young men are huddled in a circle, and play at hunt the slipper. Of course, there are plenty of stories told at the huge hall fire, and kissing under the glistening mistletoe-bough. But I wish you could see the wonderful accuracy with which all these figures are drawn, and the extraordinary skill with which the artist has managed to throw into a

hundred different faces a hundred different characters and individualities of joy. Every one of these little people is smiling, but each has his own particular smile. As for the colouring of the picture, it is, between ourselves, atrocious ; but a man cannot have all the merits at once. Mr. Maclise has for his share humour such as few painters ever possessed, and a power of drawing such as never was possessed by *any other* ; no, not by one, from Albert Dürer downwards. His scene from the "Vicar of Wakefield" is equally charming. Moses's shining grinning face ; the little man in red who stands on tiptoe, and painfully scrawls his copy ; and the youngest of the family of the Primroses, who learns his letters on his father's knee, are perfect in design and expression. What might not this man do, if he would read and meditate a little, and profit by the works of men whose taste and education were superior to his own.

Mr. Charles Landseer has two *tableaux de genre*, which possess very great merit. His characters are a little too timid, perhaps, as Mr. Maclise's are too bold ; but the figures are beautifully drawn, the colouring and effect excellent, and the accessories painted with great faithfulness and skill. "The Parting Benison" is, perhaps, the more interesting picture of the two.

And now we arrive at Mr. Etty, whose rich luscious pencil has covered a hundred glowing canvases, which every painter must love. I don't know whether the Duke has this year produced anything which one might have expected from a man of his rank and consequence He is, like great men, lazy, or indifferent, perhaps, about public appro bation ; and also, like great men, somewhat too luxurious and fond of pleasure. For instance, here is a picture of a sleepy nymph, most richly painted ; but tipsy-looking, coarse, and so naked as to be unfit for appearance among respectable people at an exhibition. You will understand what I mean. There are some figures without a rag to cover them, which look modest and decent for all that ; and others, which may be clothed to the chin, and yet are not fit for modest eyes to gaze on. *Verbum sat*—this naughty "Somnolency" ought to go to sleep in her night-gown.

But here is a far nobler painting,—the prodigal kneeling down lonely in the stormy evening, and praying to Heaven for pardon. It is a grand and touching picture ; and looks as large as if the three-foot canvas had been twenty. His wan wretched figure and clasped hands are lighted up by the sunset ; the clouds are livid and heavy ; and the wind is howling over the solitary common, and numbing the chill limbs of the poor wanderer. A goat and a boar are looking at him with horrid obscene eyes. They are the demons of Lust and Gluttony, which have brought him to this sad pass. And there seems

no hope, no succour, no ear for the prayer of this wretched, wayworn, miserable man who kneels there alone, shuddering. Only above, in the gusty blue sky, you see a glistening, peaceful, silver star, which points to home and hope, as clearly as if the little star were a signpost, and home at the very next turn of the road.

Away, then, O conscience-stricken prodigal! and you shall find a good father, who loves you; and an elder brother, who hates you—but never mind that; and a dear, kind, stout old mother, who liked you twice as well as the elder, for all his goodness and psalm-singing, and has a tear and a prayer for you night and morning; and a pair of gentle sisters, maybe; and a poor young thing down in the village, who has never forgotten your walks in the quiet nut-woods, and the birds' nests you brought her, and the big boy you thrashed, because he broke the eggs: he is squire now, the big boy, and would marry her, but she will not have him—not she!—her thoughts are with her dark-eyed, bold-browed, devil-may-care playmate, who swore she should be his little wife—and then went to college—and then came back sick and changed—and then got into debt—and then—— But never mind, man! down to her at once. She will pretend to be cold at first, and then shiver and turn red and deadly pale; and then she tumbles into your arms, with a gush of sweet tears, and a pair of rainbows in her soft eyes, welcoming the sunshine back to her bosom again! To her, man! —never fear, miss! Hug him, and kiss him, as though you would draw the heart from his lips.

When she has done, the poor thing falls stone-pale and sobbing on young Prodigal's shoulder; and he carries her, quite gently, to that old bench where he carved her name fourteen years ago, and steals his arm round her waist, and kisses her hand, and soothes her. Then comes but the poor widow, her mother, who is pale and tearful too, and tries to look cold and unconcerned. She kisses her daughter, and leads her trembling into the house. "You will come to us to-morrow, Tom?" says she, as she takes his hand at the gate.

To-morrow! To be sure he will; and this very night, too, after supper with the old people. (Young Squire Prodigal never sups; and has found out that he must ride into town, to arrange about a missionary meeting with the Reverend Doctor Slackjaw.) To be sure, Tom Prodigal will go: the moon will be up, and who knows but Lucy may be looking at it about twelve o'clock. At one, back trots the young squire, and he sees two people whispering at a window; and he gives something very like a curse, as he digs into the ribs of his mare, and canters, clattering, down the silent road.

Yes--but, in the meantime, there is the old housekeeper, with "Lord bless us!" and "Heaven save us!" and "Who'd have thought

ever again to see his dear face? And master to forget it all, who swore so dreadful that he would never see him!—as for missis, she always loved him." There, I say, is the old housekeeper, logging the fire, airing the sheets, and flapping the feather beds—for Master Tom's room has never been used this many a day; and the young ladies have got some flowers for his chimney-piece, and put back his mother's portrait, which they have had in their room ever since he went away and forgot it, woe is me! And old John, the butler, coachman, footman, valet, factotum, consults with master about supper.

"What can we have?" says master; "all the shops are shut, and there's nothing in the house."

John. "No, no more there isn't; only Guernsey's calf. Butcher kill'd'n yasterday, as your honour knowth."

Master. "Come, John, a calf's enough. Tell the cook to *send us up that.*"

And he gives a hoarse haw! haw! at his wit; and Mrs. Prodigal smiles too, and says, "Ah, Tom Prodigal, you were always a merry fellow!"

Well, John Footman carries down the message to cook, who is a country wench, and takes people at their word; and what do you think she sends up?

Top Dish.

Fillet of veal, and bacon on the side-table.

Bottom Dish.

Roast ribs of veal.

In the Middle.

Calves'-head soup (à la toitue).
Veal broth.

Between.

Boiled knuckle of veal, and parsley sauce.
Stewed veal, with brown sauce and forced-meat balls.

Entremets.

Veal olives (for sauce, see stewed veal).
Veal cutlets (panées, sauce piquante).
Ditto (en papillote).
Scotch collops
Fricandeau of veal (piqué au lard à la chicorée).
Minced veal.
Blanquet of veal.

Second Course.

Curry of calves'-head.
Sweetbreads.
Calves'-foot jelly.

See, my dear Anatole, what a world of thought can be conjured up out of a few inches of painted canvas.

And now we come to the great and crowning picture of the exhibition, my own historical piece, namely, "Heliogabalus in the Ruins of Carthage." In this grand and finished perform——

* * * * * * * *

*** Mr. Titmarsh's letter stops, unfortunately, here. We found it at midnight, the 15th–16th May, in a gutter of Saint Martin's Lane, whence a young gentleman had been just removed by the police. It is to be presumed that intoxication could be his only cause for choosing such a sleeping-place, at such an hour; and it had probably commenced as he was writing the above fragment. We made inquiries at Lord's Coffee House, of Mr. Moth (who, from being the active and experienced head-waiter, is now the obliging landlord of that establishment), and were told that a gentleman unknown had dined there at three, and had been ceaselessly occupied in writing and drinking until a quarter to twelve, when he abruptly left the house. Mr. Moth regretted to add, that the stranger had neglected to pay for thirteen glasses of gin-and-water, half-a-pint of porter, a bottle of soda-water, and a plate of ham-sandwiches, which he had consumed in the course of the day.

We have paid Mr. Moth (whose very moderate charges, and excellent stock of wines and spirits, cannot be too highly commended), and shall gladly hand over to Mr. Titmarsh the remaining sum which is his due. Has he any more of his rhapsody?—O. Y.

(*Fraser's Magazine*, June 1838.)

A SECOND LECTURE ON THE FINE ARTS, BY MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH, ESQUIRE.

THE EXHIBITIONS.

JACK STRAW'S CASTLE, HAMPSTEAD.

MY DEAR BRICABRAC,—You, of course, remember the letter on the subject of our exhibitions which I addressed to you this time last year. As you are now lying at the Hôtel Dieu, wounded during the late unsuccessful *émeute* (which I think, my dear friend, is the seventeenth you have been engaged in), and as the letter which I wrote last year was received with unbounded applause by the people here, and caused a sale of three or four editions of this Magazine, I cannot surely, my dear Bricabrac, do better than send you another sheet or two, which may console you under your present bereavement, and at the same time amuse the British public, who now know their friend Titmarsh as well as you in France know that little scamp Thiers.

Well, then, from "Jack Straw's Castle," an hotel on Hampstead's breezy heath, which Keats, Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, F. W. N. Bayly, and others of our choicest spirits, have often patronised, and a heath of which every pool, bramble, furze-bush-with-clothes-hanging-on-it-to-dry, steep, stock, stone, tree, lodging-house, and distant gloomy background of London city, or bright green stretch of sunshiny Hertfordshire meadows, has been depicted by our noble English landscape-painter, Constable, in his own Constabulary way—at "Jack Straw's Castle," I say, where I at this present moment am located (not that it matters in the least, but the world is always interested to know where men of genius are accustomed to disport themselves), I cannot do better than look over the heap of picture-gallery catalogues which I brought with me from London, and communicate to you, my friend in Paris, my remarks thereon.

A man, with five shillings to spare, may at this present moment half kill himself with pleasure in London town, and in the neighbourhood of Pall Mall, by going from one picture gallery to another, and examining the beauties and absurdities which are to be found in each. There is first the National Gallery (entrance, nothing), in one wing of the little gin-shop of a building so styled near Saint Martin's Church; in another wing is the exhibition of the Royal Academy (entrance, one shilling; catalogue, one ditto). After having seen this, you come

to the Water-Colour Exhibition in Pall Mall East; then to the gallery in Suffolk Street; and, finally, to the New Water-Colour Society in Pall Mall,—a pretty room, which formerly used to be a gambling-house, where many a bout of seven's-the-main, and iced champagne, has been had by the dissipated in former days. All these collections (all the modern ones, that is) deserve to be noticed, and contain a deal of good, bad, and indifferent wares, as is the way with all other institutions in this wicked world.

Commençons donc avec le commencement—with the exhibition of the Royal Academy, which consists, as everybody knows, of thirty-eight knight and esquire Academicians, and nineteen simple and ungenteel Associates, who have not so much as a shabby Mister before their names. I recollect last year facetiously ranging these gentlemen in rank according to what I conceived to be their merits,—King Mulready, Prince Maclise, Lord Landseer, Archbishop Eastlake (according to the best of my memory, for "Jack Straw," strange to say, does not take in *Fraser's Magazine*), and so on. At present, a great number of new-comers, not Associates even, ought to be elevated to these aristocratic dignities; and, perhaps, the order ought to be somewhat changed. There are many more good pictures (here and elsewhere) than there were last year. A great stride has been taken in matters of art, my dear friend. The young painters are stepping forward. Let the old fogies look to it; let the old Academic Olympians beware, for there are fellows among the rising race who bid fair to oust them from sovereignty. They have not yet arrived at the throne, to be sure, but they are near it. The lads are not so good as the best of the Academicians; but many of the Academicians are infinitely worse than the lads, and are old, stupid, and cannot improve, as the younger and more active painters will.

If you are particularly anxious to know what is the best picture in the room, not the biggest (Sir David Wilkie's is the biggest, and exactly contrary to the best), I must request you to turn your attention to a noble river-piece by J. W. M. Turner, Esquire, R.A., "The Fighting 'Téméraire'"—as grand a painting as ever figured on the walls of any Academy, or came from the easel of any painter. The old "Téméraire" is dragged to her last home by a little, spiteful, diabolical steamer. A mighty red sun, amidst a host of flaring clouds, sinks to rest on one side of the picture, and illumines a river that seems interminable, and a countless navy that fades away into such a wonderful distance as never was painted before. The little demon of a steamer is belching out a volume (why do I say a volume? not a hundred volumes could express it) of foul, lurid, red-hot, malignant smoke, paddling furiously, and lashing up the water round about it;

while behind it (a cold grey moon looking down on it), slow, sad, and majestic, follows the brave old ship, with death, as it were, written on her. I think, my dear Bricabrac (although, to be sure, your nation would be somewhat offended by such a collection of trophies), that we ought not, in common gratitude, to sacrifice entirely these noble old champions of ours, but that we should have somewhere a museum of their skeletons, which our children might visit, and think of the brave deeds which were done in them. The bones of the "Agamemnon" and the "Captain," the "Vanguard," the "Culloden," and the "Victory" ought to be sacred relics, for Englishmen to worship almost. Think of them when alive, and braving the battle and the breeze, they carried Nelson and his heroes victorious by the Cape of Saint Vincent, in the dark waters of Aboukir, and through the fatal conflict of Trafalgar. All these things, my dear Bricabrac, are, you will say, absurd, and not to the purpose. Be it so; but Bowbellites as we are, we Cockneys feel our hearts leap up when we recall them to memory; and every clerk in Threadneedle Street feels the strength of a Nelson when he thinks of the mighty actions performed by him.

It is absurd, you will say (and with a great deal of reason), for Titmarsh, or any other Briton, to grow so poetically enthusiastic about a four-foot canvas, representing a ship, a steamer, a river, and a sunset. But herein surely lies the power of the great artist. He makes you see and think of a great deal more than the objects before you; he knows how to soothe or intoxicate, to fire or to depress, by a few notes, or forms, or colours, of which we cannot trace the effect to the source, but only acknowledge the power. I recollect some years ago, at the theatre at Weimar, hearing Beethoven's "Battle of Vittoria," in which, amidst a storm of glorious music, the air of "God save the King" was introduced. The very instant it began, every Englishman in the house was bolt upright, and so stood reverently until the air was played out. Why so? From some such thrill of excitement as makes us glow and rejoice over Mr. Turner and his "Fighting 'Téméraire';" which I am sure, when the art of translating colours into music or poetry shall be discovered, will be found to be a magnificent national ode or piece of music.

I must tell you, however, that Mr. Turner's performances are for the most part quite incomprehensible to me; and that his other pictures, which he is pleased to call "Cicero at his Villa," "Agrippina with the Ashes of Germanicus," "Pluto carrying off Proserpina," or what you will, are not a whit more natural, or less mad, than they used to be in former years, since he has forsaken nature, or attempted (like your French barbers) to embellish it. *On n'embellit pas la nature,* my dear Bricabrac; one may make pert caricatures of

it, or mad exaggerations like Mr. Turner in his fancy pieces. O ye gods! why will he not stick to copying her majestical countenance, instead of daubing it with some absurd antics and fard of his own? Fancy pea-green skies, crimson-lake trees, and orange and purple grass—fancy cataracts, rainbows, suns, moons, and thunderbolts—shake them well up, with a quantity of gamboge, and you will have an idea of a fancy picture by Turner. It is worth a shilling alone to go and see "Pluto and Proserpina." Such a landscape! such figures! such a little red-hot coal-scuttle of a chariot! As Nat Lee sings—

> "Methought I saw a hieroglyphic bat
> Skim o'er the surface of a slipshod hat;
> While, to increase the tumult of the skies,
> A damned potato o'er the whirlwind flies."

If you can understand these lines, you can understand one of Turner's landscapes; and I recommend them to him, as a pretty subject for a piece for next year.

Etty has a picture on the same subject as Turner's, "Pluto carrying off Proserpina;" and if one may complain that in the latter the figures are not indicated, one cannot at least lay this fault to Mr. Etty's door. His figures *are* drawn, and a deuced deal *too much* drawn. A great large curtain of fig-leaves should be hung over every one of this artist's pictures, and the world should pass on, content to know that there are some glorious colours painted beneath. His colour indeed is sublime: I doubt if Titian ever knew how to paint flesh better—but his taste! Not David nor Girodet ever offended propriety so—scarcely ever Peter Paul himself, by whose side, as a colourist and a magnificent heroic painter, Mr. Etty is sometimes worthy to stand. I wish he would take Ariosto in hand, and give us a series of designs from him. His hand would be the very one for those deep luscious landscapes, and fiery scenes of love and battle. Besides "Proserpine," Mr. Etty has two more pictures, "Endymion," with a dirty, affected, beautiful, slatternly Diana, and a portrait of the "Lady Mayoress of York," which is a curiosity in its way. The line of her ladyship's eyes and mouth (it is a front face) are made to meet at a point in a marabou feather which she wears in her turban, and close to her cheekbone; while the expression of the whole countenance is so fierce, that you would imagine it a Lady Macbeth, and not a lady mayoress. The picture has, nevertheless, some very fine painting about it—as which of Mr. Etty's pieces has not?

The artists say there is very fine painting, too, in Sir David Wilkie's great "Sir David Baird;" for my part, I think very little. You see a great quantity of brown paint; in this is a great flashing of

torches, feathers, and bayonets. You see in the foreground, huddled up in a rich heap of corpses and drapery, Tippoo Sahib; and swaggering over him on a step, waving a sword for no earthly purpose, and wearing a red jacket and buckskins, the figure of Sir David Baird. The picture is poor, feeble, theatrical; and I would just as soon have Mr. Hart's great canvas of "Lady Jane Grey" (which is worth exactly twopence-halfpenny) as Sir David's poor picture of "Seringapatam." Some of Sir David's portraits are worse even than his historical compositions—they seem to be painted with snuff and tallow-grease: the faces are merely indicated, and without individuality; the forms only half-drawn, and almost always wrong. What has come to the hand that painted "The Blind Fiddler" and "The Chelsea Pensioners"? Who would have thought that such a portrait as that of "Master Robert Donne,' or the composition entitled "The Grandfather," could ever have come from the author of "The Rent Day" and "The Reading of the Will'? If it be but a contrast to this feeble, flimsy, transparent figure of Master Donne, the spectator cannot do better than cast his eyes upwards, and look at Mr. Linnell's excellent portrait of "Mr. Robert Peel." It is real substantial nature, carefully and honestly painted, and without any flashy tricks of art. It may seem ungracious in "us youth" thus to fall foul of our betters; but if Sir David has taught us to like good pictures, by painting them formerly, we cannot help criticising if he paints bad ones now: and bad they most surely are.

From the censure, however, must be excepted the picture of "Grace before Meat," which, a little misty and feeble, perhaps, in drawing and substance, in colour, feeling, composition, and expression is exquisite. The eye loves to repose upon this picture, and the heart to brood over it afterwards. When, as I said before, lines and colours come to be translated into sounds, this picture, I have no doubt, will turn out to be a sweet and touching hymn-tune, with rude notes of cheerful voices, and peal of soft melodious organ, such as one hears stealing over the meadows on sunshiny Sabbath-days, while waves under cloudless blue the peaceful golden corn. Some such feeling of exquisite pleasure and content is to be had, too, from Mr. Eastlake's picture of "Our Lord and the Little Children." You never saw such tender white faces, and solemn eyes, and sweet forms of mothers round their little ones bending gracefully. These pictures come straight to the heart, and then all criticism and calculation vanish at once,—for the artist has attained his great end, which is to strike far deeper than the sight; and we have no business to quarrel about defects in form and colour, which are but little parts of the great painter's skill.

Look, for instance, at another piece of Mr. Eastlake's, called, somewhat affectedly, "La Svegliarina." The defects of the painter, which one does not condescend to notice when he is filled with a great idea, become visible instantly when he is only occupied with a small one; and you see that the hand is too scrupulous and finikin, the drawing weak, the flesh chalky and unreal. The very same objections exist to the other picture, but the subject and the genius overcome them.

Passing from Mr. Eastlake's pictures to those of a greater genius, though in a different line,—look at Mr. Leslie's little pieces. Can anything be more simple—almost rude—than their manner, and more complete in their effect upon the spectator? The very soul of comedy is in them; there is no coarseness, no exaggeration; but they gladden the eye, and the merriment which they excite cannot possibly be more pure, gentlemanlike, or delightful. Mr. Maclise has humour, too, and vast powers of expressing it; but whisky is not more different from rich burgundy than his fun from Mr. Leslie's. To our thinking, Leslie's little head of "Sancho" is worth the whole picture from "Gil Blas," which hangs by it. In point of workmanship, this is, perhaps, the best picture that Mr. Maclise ever painted; the colour is far better than that usually employed by him, and the representation of objects carried to such an extent as we do believe was never reached before. There is a poached egg, which one could swallow; a trout, that beats all the trout that was ever seen; a copper pan, scoured so clean that you might see your face in it; a green blind, through which the sun comes; and a wall, with the sun shining on it, that De Hooghe could not surpass. This young man has the greatest power of hand that was ever had, perhaps, by any painter in any time or country. What does he want? Polish, I think; thought, and cultivation. His great picture of "King Richard and Robin Hood" is a wonder of dexterity of hand; but coarse, I think, and inefficient in humour. His models repeat themselves too continually. Allen-a-Dale, the harper, is the very counterpart of Gil Blas; and Robin Hood is only Apollo with whiskers; the same grin, the same display of grinders,—the same coarse luscious mouth, belongs to both. In the large picture, everybody grins, and shows his whole *râtelier*; and you look at them and say, "These people seem all very jolly." Leslie's characters do not laugh themselves, but they make *you* laugh; and this is where the experienced American artist beats the dashing young Irish one. We shall say nothing of the colour of Mr. Maclise's large picture; some part appears to us to be excellent, and the whole piece, as far as execution goes, is worthy of his amazing talents and high reputation. Mr. Maclise has but one portrait; it is, perhaps, the best in the ex-

hibition; sober in colour, wonderful for truth, effect, and power of drawing.

In speaking of portraits, there is never much to say; and they are fewer, and for the most part more indifferent, than usual. Mr. Pickersgill has a good one, a gentleman in a green chair; and one or two outrageously bad. Mr. Phillips's "Doctor Sheppard" is a finely painted head and picture; his Lady Dunraven and her son, as poor, ill drawn, and ill coloured a performance as can possibly be. Mr. Wood has a pretty head; Mr. Stone a good portrait of a very noble-looking lady, the Hon. Mrs. Blackwood; Mr. Bewick a good one; and there are, of course, many others whose names might be mentioned with praise or censure, but whom we will, if you please, pass over altogether.

The great advance of the year is in the small historical compositions, of which there are many that deserve honourable mention. Redgrave's "Return of Olivia to the Vicar" has some very pretty painting and feeling in it; "Quentin Matsys," by the same artist, is tolerably good. D. Cowper's "Othello relating his Adventures," really beautiful; as is Cope's "Belgian Family." All these are painted with grace, feeling, and delicacy; as is E. M. Ward's "Cimabue and Giotto" (there is in Tiepolo's etchings the self-same composition, by the way); and Herbert's elegant picture of the "Brides of Venice." Mr. Severn's composition from the "Ancient Mariner" is a noble performance; and the figure of the angel with raised arm awful and beautiful too. It does good to see such figures in pictures as those and the above, invented and drawn,—for they belong, as we take it, to the best school of art, of which one is glad to see the daily spread among our young painters.

Mr. Charles Landseer's "Pillage of a Jew's House" is a very well and carefully painted picture, containing a great many figures and good points; but we are not going to praise it; it wants vigour, to our taste, and what you call *actualité*. The people stretch their arms and turn their eyes the proper way, but as if they were in a tableau and paid for standing there; one longs to see them all in motion and naturally employed.

I feel, I confess, a kind of delight in finding out Mr. Edwin Landseer in a bad picture; for the man paints so wonderfully well, that one is angry that he does not paint better, which he might with half his talent, and without half his facility. "Van Amburgh and the Lions" *is* a bad picture, and no mistake; dexterous, of course, but flat and washy: the drawing even of the animals is careless; that of the man bad, though the head is very like, and very smartly painted. Then there are other dog-and-man portraits: "Miss Peel with Fido," for instance Fido is wonderful, and so are the sponges, and

hair-brushes, and looking-glass, prepared for the dog's bath ; and the drawing of the child's face, as far as the lines and expression go, is very good ; but the face is covered with flesh-coloured paint, and not flesh, and the child looks like a wonderful doll or imitation child, and not a real young lady, daughter of a gentleman who was prime minister last week (by-the-bye, my dear Bricabrac, did you ever read of such a pretty Whig game as that, and such a nice *coup d'état*?) There, again, is the beautiful little Princess of Cambridge, with a dog, and a piece of biscuit : the dog and the biscuit are just perfection ; but the princess is no such thing,—only a beautiful apology for a princess, like that which Princess Penelope *didn't* send the other day to the Lord Mayor of London.

We have to thank you (and not our Academy, which has hung the picture in a most scurvy way) for Mr. Scheffer's "Prêche Protestant." This fine composition has been thrust down on the ground, and trampled underfoot, as it were, by a great number of worthless Academics ; but it merits one of the very best places in the gallery ; and I mention it to hint an idea to your worship, which only could come from a great mind like that of Titmarsh,—to have, namely, some day a great European congress of paintings, which might be exhibited at one place,—Paris, say, as the most central ; or, better still, travel about, under the care of trusty superintendents, as they might, without fear of injury. I think such a circuit would do much to make the brethren known to one another, and we should hear quickly of much manly emulation, and stout training for the contest. If you will mention this to Louis Philippe the next time you see that *roi citoyen* (mention it soon—for, egad ! the next *émeute* may be successful ; and who knows when it will happen ?)—if you will mention this at the Tuileries, *we* will take care of Saint James's ; for I suppose that you know, in spite of the Whigs, her most sacred Majesty reads every word of *Fraser's Magazine*, and will be as sure to see this on the first of next month, as Lord Melbourne will be to dine with her on that day.

But let us return to our muttons. I think there are few more of the oil pictures about which it is necessary to speak ; and besides them there are a host of miniatures, difficult to expatiate upon, but pleasing to behold. There are Chalon's ogling beauties, half-a-dozen of them ; and the skill with which their silks and satins are dashed in by the painter is a marvel to the beholder. There are Ross's heads, that to be seen must be seen through a microscope. There is Saunders, who runs the best of the miniature men very hard ; and Thorburn, with Newton, Robertson, Rochard, and a host of others : and, finally, there is the sculpture-room, containing many pieces of clay and marble, and, to my notions, but two good things, a sleeping child (ridiculously

called the Lady Susan Somebody), by Westmacott; and the bust of Miss Stuart, by Macdonald: never was anything on earth more exquisitely lovely.

These things seen, take your stick from the porter at the hall door, cut it, and go to fresh picture galleries; but ere you go, just by way of contrast, and to soothe your mind, after the glare and bustle of the modern collection, take half-an-hour's repose in the National Gallery; where, before the "Bacchus and Ariadne," you may see what the magic of colour is; before "Christ and Lazarus" what is majestic solemn grace and awful beauty; and before the new "Saint Catherine" what is the real divinity of art. Oh, Eastlake and Turner!—Oh, Maclise and Mulready! you are all very nice men; but what are you to the men of old?

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Issuing then from the National Gallery—you may step over to Farrance's by the way, if you like, and sip an ice, or bolt a couple of dozen forced-meat balls in a basin of mock-turtle soup—issuing, I say, from the National Gallery, and after refreshing yourself or not, as your purse or appetite permits, you arrive speedily at the Water-Colour Exhibition, and cannot do better than enter. I know nothing more cheerful or sparkling than the first *coup d'œil* of this little gallery. In the first place, you never can enter it without finding four or five pretty women, that's a fact; pretty women with pretty pink bonnets peeping at pretty pictures, and with sweet whispers vowing that Mrs. Seyffarth is a dear delicious painter, and that her style is so "soft;" and that Miss Sharpe paints every bit as well as her sister; and that Mr. Jean Paul Frederick Richter draws the loveliest things, to be sure, that ever were seen. Well, very likely the ladies are right, and it would be unpolite to argue the matter; but I wish Mrs. Seyffarth's gentlemen and ladies were not so dreadfully handsome, with such white pillars of necks, such long eyes and lashes, and such dabs of carmine at the mouth and nostrils. I wish Miss Sharpe would not paint Scripture subjects, and Mr. Richter great goggle-eyed, red-cheeked, simpering wenches, whose ogling has become odious from its repetition. However, the ladies like it, and, of course, must have their way.

If you want to see *real* nature, now, real expression, real startling home poetry, look at every one of Hunt's heads. Hogarth never painted anything better than these figures, taken singly. That man rushing away frightened from the beer-barrel is a noble head of terror; that Miss Jemima Crow, whose whole body is a grin, regards you with an ogle that all the race of Richters could never hope to imitate. Look at yonder card-players; they have a penny pack of the devil's books

and one has just laid down the king of trumps! I defy you to look at him without laughing, or to examine the wondrous puzzled face of his adversary without longing to hug the greasy rogue. Come hither, Mr. Maclise, and see what genuine comedy is; you who can paint better than all the Hunts and Leslies, and yet not near so well. If I were the Duke of Devonshire, I would have a couple of Hunts in every room in all my houses; if I had the blue-devils (and even their graces are, I suppose, occasionally so troubled), I would but cast my eyes upon these grand good-humoured pictures, and defy care. Who does not recollect "Before and After the Mutton Pie," the two pictures of that wondrous boy? Where Mr. Hunt finds his models I cannot tell; they are the very flower of the British youth; each of them is as good as "Sancho;" blessed is he that has his portfolio full of them.

There is no need to mention to you the charming landscapes of Cox, Copley Fielding, De Wint, Gastineau, and the rest. A new painter, somewhat in the style of Harding, is Mr. Callow; and better, I think, than his master or original, whose colours are too gaudy to my taste, and effects too glaringly theatrical.

Mr. Cattermole has, among others, two very fine drawings; a large one, the most finished and the best coloured of any which have been exhibited by this fine artist; and a smaller one, "The Portrait," which is charming. The portrait is that of Jane Seymour or Anne Boleyn; and Henry VIII. is the person examining it, with the Cardinal at his side, the painter before him, and one or two attendants. The picture seems to me a perfect masterpiece, very simply coloured and composed, but delicious in effect and tone, and telling the story to a wonder. It is much more gratifying, I think, to let a painter tell his own story in this way, than to bind him down to a scene of "Ivanhoe" or "Uncle Toby;" or worse still, to an illustration of some wretched story in some wretched fribble Annual. Woe to the painter who falls into the hands of Mr. Charles Heath (I speak, of course, not of Mr. Heath personally, but in a Pickwickian sense—of Mr. Heath the Annual-monger); he ruins the young artist, sucks his brains out, emasculates his genius so as to make it fit company for the purchasers of Annuals. Take, for instance, that unfortunate young man, Mr. Corbould, who gave great promise two years since, painted a pretty picture last year, and now—he has been in the hands of the Annual-mongers, and has left well-nigh all his vigour behind him. Numerous Zuleikas and Lalla Rookhs, which are hanging about the walls of the Academy and the New Water-Colour Gallery, give lamentable proofs of this: such handsome Turks and leering sultanas; such Moors, with straight noses and pretty curled beards! Away, Mr. Corbould! away while it

is yet time, out of the hands of these sickly heartless Annual sirens! and ten years hence, when you have painted a good, vigorous, healthy picture, bestow the tear of gratitude upon Titmarsh, who tore you from the lap of your crimson-silk-and-gilt-edged Armida.

Mr. Cattermole has a couple, we will not say of imitators, but of friends, who admire his works very much; these are, Mr. Nash and Mr. Lake Price; the former paints furniture and old houses, the latter old houses and furniture, and both very pretty. No harm can be said of these miniature scene-painters; on the contrary, Mr. Price's "Gallery at Hardwicke" is really remarkably dexterous; and the chairs, tables, curtains, and pictures are nicked off with extraordinary neatness and sharpness—and then? why then, no more is to be said. Cobalt, sepia, and a sable pencil will do a deal of work, to be sure; and very pretty it is, too, when done: and as for finding fault with it, that nobody will and can; but an artist wants something more than sepia, cobalt, and sable pencils, and the knowledge how to use them. What do you think, my dear Bricabrac, of a little *genius*?—*that's* the picture-painter, depend on it.

Being on the subject of water-colours, we may as well step into the New Water-Colour Exhibition: not so good as the old, but very good. You will see here a large drawing by Mr. Corbould of a tournament, which will show at once how clever that young artist is, and how weak and *maniéré*. You will see some charming unaffected English landscapes by Mr. Sims; and a capital Spanish Girl by Hicks, of which the flesh-painting cannot be too much approved. It is done without the heavy white, with which water-colour artists are now wont to belabour their pictures; and is, therefore, frankly and clearly painted, as all transparent water-colour drawing must be. The same praise of clearness, boldness, and depth of tone must be given to Mr. Absolon, who uses no white, and only just so much stippling as is necessary; his picture has the force of oil, and we should be glad to see his manner more followed.

Mr. Haghe's "Town Hall of Courtray" has attracted, and deservedly, a great deal of notice. It is a very fine and masterly architectural drawing, rich and sombre in effect, the figures introduced being very nearly as good as the rest of the picture. Mr. Haghe, we suppose, will be called to the upper house of water-colour painters, who might well be anxious to receive into their ranks many persons belonging to the new society. We hope, however, the latter will be faithful to themselves; there is plenty of room for two galleries, and the public must, ere long, learn to appreciate the merits of the new one. Having spoken a word in favour of Mr. Johnston's pleasing and quaintly-

coloured South American sketches, we have but to bend our steps to Suffolk Street, and draw this discourse to a close.

Here is a very fine picture, indeed, by Mr. Hurlstone, "Olympia attacked by Bourbon's Soldiers in Saint Peter's and flying to the Cross." Seen from the further room, this picture is grand in effect and colour, and the rush of the armed men towards the girl finely and vigorously expressed. The head of Olympia has been called too calm by the critics; it seems to me most beautiful, and the action of the figure springing forward and flinging its arms round the cross nobly conceived and executed. There is a good deal of fine Titianic painting in the soldiers' figures (oh that Mr. Hurlstone would throw away his lampblack!), and the background of the church is fine, vast, and gloomy. This is the best historical picture to be seen anywhere this year; perhaps the worst is the one which stands at the other end of the room, and which strikes upon the eye as if it were an immense water-colour sketch of a feeble picture by President West. Speaking of historical paintings, I forgot to mention a large and fine picture by Mr. Dyce, the "Separation of Edwy and Elgiva;" somewhat crude and odd in colour, with a good deal of exaggeration in the countenances of the figures, but having grandeur in it, and unmistakable genius; there is a figure of an old woman seated, which would pass muster very well in a group of Sebastian Piombo.

A capitally painted head by Mr. Stone, called the "Sword-bearer," almost as fresh, bright, and vigorous as a Vandyke, is the portrait, we believe, of a brother artist, the clever actor Mr. M'Ian. The latter's picture of "Sir Tristram in the Cave" deserves especial remark and praise; and is really as fine a dramatic composition as one will often see. The figures of the knight and the lady asleep in the foreground are novel, striking, and beautifully easy. The advance of the old King, who comes upon the lovers; the look of the hideous dwarf, who finds them out; and behind, the line of spears that are seen glancing over the rocks, and indicating the march of the unseen troops, are all very well conceived and arranged. The piece deserves engraving; it is wild, poetic, and original. To how many pictures, nowadays, can one apply the two last terms?

There are some more new pictures, in the midst of a great quantity of trash, that deserve notice. Mr. D. Cowper is always good; Mr. Stewart's "Grandfather" contains two excellent likenesses, and is a pleasing little picture. Mr. Hurlstone's "Italian Boy," and "Girl with a Dog," are excellent; and, in this pleasant mood, for fear of falling into an angry fit on coming to look further into the gallery, it will be as well to conclude. Wishing many remembrances to Mrs. Bricabrac, and better luck to you in the next *émeute*, I beg here to bid you fare-

well and entreat you to accept the assurances of my distinguished consideration.

M. A. T.

Au CITOYEN BRUTUS NAPOLÉON BRICABRAC, *Réfugié d'Avril, Blessé de Mai, Condamné de Juin, Décoré de Juillet, &c. &c. Hôtel Dieu, à Paris.*

(*Fraser's Magazine*, June 1839.)

A PICTORIAL RHAPSODY BY MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY LETTER TO MR. YORKE.

MY DEAR YORKE,—Do you remember the orders which you gave me at the close of our dinner last week at the Clarendon?—that dinner which you always provide upon my arrival in town from my country-seat; knowing full well that Titmarsh before he works must dine, and when he dines, must dine well? Do you, I say, remember the remarks which you addressed to me? Probably not; for that third bottle of Clos-Vougeot had evidently done your business, and you were too tipsy, even to pay the bill.

Well, let bills be bills, and what care we? There is Mr. James Fraser, our employer, master, publisher, purse-bearer, and friend, who has such a pleasure in paying that it is a pity to baulk him; and I never saw a man look more happy than he when he lugged out four five-pound notes to pay for that dinner of ours. What a scene it was! You asleep with your head in a dish of melted raspberry-ice; Mr. Fraser calm, beneficent, majestic, counting out the thirteens to the waiters; the Doctor and Mr. John Abraham Heraud singing "Suoni la tromba intrepida," each clutching the other's hand, and waving a punch-ladle or a dessert-knife in the unemployed paw, and the rest of us joining in chorus when they came to "gridando libertà."—But I am wandering from the point: the address which you delivered to me on drinking my health was in substance this:—

"Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, the splendid feast of which you have partaken, and the celebrated company of individuals whom you see around you, will show you in what estimation myself and Mr. Fraser hold your talents,—not that the latter point is of any consequence, as I am the sole editor of the Magazine. Sir, you have been

called to the metropolis from a very distant part of the country, your coach-hire and personal expenses have been defrayed, you have been provided with a suit of clothes that *ought* to become you, for they have been for at least six months the wonder of the town while exhibited on my own person; and you may well fancy that all these charges have not been incurred on our parts, without an expectation of some corresponding return from you. You are a devilish bad painter, sir; but never mind, Hazlitt was another, and old Peter Pindar was a miserable dauber; Mr. Alexander Pope, who wrote several pretty poems, was always busy with brush and palette, and made sad work of them. You, then, in common with these before-named illustrations, as my friend, Lady Morgan, calls them [Sir Charles returned thanks], are a wretched artist; but a tolerable critic—nay, a good critic—nay, let me say to your face, the best critic, the clearest, the soundest, the gayest, the most eloquent, the most pathetic, and, above all, the most honest critic in matters of art that is to be found in her Majesty's dominions. And, therefore, Mr. Titmarsh, for we must give the deuce his due, you have been brought from your cottage near John O'Groat's or Land's End,—I forget which,—therefore you have been summoned to London at the present season.

"Sir, there are at this moment no less than five public exhibitions of pictures in the metropolis; and it will be your duty carefully to examine every one of them during your residence here, and bring us a full and accurate report upon all the pieces exhibited which are remarkable for goodness, badness, or mediocrity."

I here got up; and, laying my hand on my satin waistcoat, looked up to heaven, and said "Sir, I——"

"Sit down, sir, and keep your eternal wagging jaws quiet! Waiter! whenever that person attempts to speak, have the goodness to fill his mouth with olives or a damson cheese.—To proceed. Sir, and you, gentlemen, and you, O intelligent public of Great Britain! (for I know that every word I say is in some way carried to you) you must all be aware, I say, how wickedly,—how foully, basely, meanly—how, in a word, with-every-deteriorating-adverb that ends in *ly*—in *ly*, gentlemen [here Mr. Yorke looked round, and myself and Mr. Fraser, rather alarmed lest we should have let slip a pun, began to raise a low faint laugh]—you have all of you seen how the world has been imposed upon by persons calling themselves critics, who, in daily, weekly, monthly prints, protrude their nonsense upon the town. What are these men? Are they educated to be painters?—No! Have they a taste for painting?—No! I know of newspapers in this town, gentlemen, which send their reporters indifferently to a police-office or a picture gallery, and

expect them to describe Correggio or a fire in Fleet Street with equal fidelity. And, alas! it must be confessed that our matter-of-fact public of England is itself but a dull appreciator of the arts, and is too easily persuaded by the dull critics who lay down their stupid laws.

"But we cannot expect, Mr. Titmarsh, to do any good to our beloved public by telling them merely that their instructors are impostors. Abuse is no argument, foul words admit of no pretence (you may have remarked that I never use them myself, but always employ the arts of gentlemanly persuasion), and we must endeavour to create a reform amongst the nations by simply preaching a purer and higher doctrine. Go you among the picture galleries, as you have done in former years, and prattle on at your best rate; don't philosophise, or define, or talk big, for I will cut out every line of such stuff, but speak in a simple natural way,—without fear, and without favour.

"Mark that latter word 'favour' well; for you are a great deal too tender in your nature, and too profuse of compliments. Favour, sir, is the curse of the critical trade; and you will observe how a spirit of *camaraderie* and partisanship prevails in matters of art especially. The picture-critics, as I have remarked, are eminently dull—dull and loud; perfectly ignorant upon all subjects connected with art, never able to guess at the name of an artist without a catalogue and a number, quite unknowing whether a picture be well or ill drawn, well or ill painted: they must prate, nevertheless, about light and shade, warm and cool colour, keeping, chiaroscuro, and such other terms, from the Painters' Cant Dictionary, as they hear bandied about among the brethren of the brush.

"You will observe that such a critic has ordinarily his one or two idols that he worships; the one or two painters, namely, into whose studios he has free access, and from whose opinions he forms his own. There is Dash, for instance, of the *Star* newspaper; now and anon you hear him discourse of the fine arts, and you may take your affidavit that he has just issued from Blank's *atelier*: all Blank's opinions he utters—utters and garbles, of course; all his likings are founded on Blank's dicta, and all his dislikings: 'tis probable that Blank has a rival, one Asterisk, living over the way. In Dash's eye Asterisk is the lowest of creatures. At every fresh exhibition you read how 'Mr. Blank has transcended his already transcendent reputation;' 'Myriads are thronging round his glorious canvases;' 'Billions have been trampled to death while rushing to examine his grand portrait of Lady Smigsmag;' 'His picture of Sir Claude Calipash is a gorgeous representation of aldermanic dignity and high chivalric grace!' As for Asterisk, you are told, 'Mr. Asterisk has two or three pictures—pretty, but weak, repetitions of his old faces and subjects

in his old namby-pamby style. The Committee, we hear, rejected most of his pictures : the Committee are very compassionate. How *dared* they reject Mr. Blank's stupendous historical picture of So-and-so ?' "

[Here, my dear sir, I am sorry to say that there was a general snore heard from the guests round the table, which rather disturbed the flow of your rhetoric. You swallowed down two or three pints of burgundy, however, and continued.]

" But I must conclude. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, you know your duty. You are an honest man [loud cheers, the people had awakened during the pause]. You must go forth determined to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; as far as you, a fallible creature [cries of 'No, no !'], know it. If you see a good picture, were it the work of your bitterest enemy—and you have hundreds—praise it."

" I will," gasped I.

" Hold your tongue, sir, and don't be interrupting me with your perpetual orations ! If you see a bad picture, were it the work of your dearest associate, your brother, the friend of your bosom, your benefactor—cut, slash, slaughter him without mercy. Strip off humbug, sir, though it cover your best boon-companion. Praise merit, though it belong to your fiercest foe, your rival in the affections of your mistress, the man from whom you have borrowed money, or taken a beating in private ! "

" Mr. Yorke," said I, clenching my fists and starting up, " this passes endurance, were you not intox—— ;" but two waiters here seized and held me down, luckily for you.

" Peace, Titmarsh " (said you) ; " 'twas but raillery. Be honest, my friend, is all that I would say ; and if you write a decent article on the exhibitions, Mr. Fraser will pay you handsomely for your trouble ; and, in order that you may have every facility for visiting the picture galleries, I myself will give you a small sum in hand. Here are ten shillings. Five exhibitions, five shillings ; catalogues, four. You will have twelvepence for yourself, to take refreshments in the intervals."

I held out my hand, for my anger had quite disappeared.

" Mr. Fraser," said you, " give the fellow half-a-sovereign ; and, for Heaven's sake, teach him to be silent when a gentleman is speaking ! "

What passed subsequently need not be stated here, but the above account of your speech is a pretty correct one ; and, in pursuance of your orders, I busied myself with the exhibitions on the following day. The result of my labours will be found in the accompanying report.

I have the honour, sir, of laying it at your feet, and of subscribing myself,

With the profoundest respect and devotion,
Sir,
Your very faithful and obedient Servant,
MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH.

Moreland's Coffee House, Dean Street, Soho.

ΡΑΨΩΙΔΙΑ ἢ ΓΡΑΜΜΑ Α'.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

HAD the author of the following paragraphs the pen of a Sir Walter Scott or a Lady Morgan, he would write something excessively brilliant and witty about the first day of the exhibition, and of the company which crowd the rooms upon that occasion. On Friday the Queen comes (Heaven bless her Majesty !) attended by her courtiers and train ; and deigns, with royal eyes, to examine the works of her Royal Academicians. Her, as we are given to understand, the President receives, bowing profoundly, awe-stricken ; his gold chain dangles from his presidential bosom, and sweet smiles of respectful courtesy light up his venerable face. Walking by her Majesty's side, he explains to her the wonders of the show. "That, may it please your Majesty, is a picture representing yourself, painted by the good knight, Sir David Wilkie : deign to remark how the robes seem as if they were cut out of British oak, and the figure is as wooden as the figure-head of one of your Majesty's men-of-war. Opposite is your Majesty's royal consort, by Mr. Patten. We have the honour to possess two more pairs of Pattens in this Academy—ha, ha ! Round about you will see some of my own poor works of art. Yonder is Mr. Landseer's portrait of your Majesty's own cockatoo, with a brace of havadavats. Please your Royal Highness to look at the bit of biscuit ; no baker could have done it more natural. Fair Maid of Honour, look at that lump of sugar ; couldn't one take an affidavit, now, that it cost elevenpence a pound ? Isn't it sweet ? I know only one thing sweeter, and that's your ladyship s lovely face !"

In such lively conversation might we fancy a bland president discoursing. The Queen should make august replies ; the lovely smiling Maids of Honour should utter remarks becoming their innocence and station (turning away very red from that corner of the apartment where hang certain Venuses and Andromedas, painted by William Etty, Esquire) ; the gallant prince, a lordly, handsome gentleman, with a slight foreign accent, should curl the dark moustache

that adorns his comely lip, and say, "Potztausend! but dat bigture of First Loaf by Herr von Mulready ist wunderschön!" and courtly chamberlains, prim goldsticks, and sly polonaises of the Court should take their due share in the gay scene, and deliver their portions of the dialogue of the little drama.

All this, I say, might be done in a very sprightly neat way, were poor Titmarsh an Ainsworth or a Lady Morgan; and the scene might be ended smartly with the knighting of one of the Academicians by her Majesty on the spot. As thus:—"The royal party had stood for three-and-twenty minutes in mute admiration before that tremendous picture by Mr. Maclise, representing the banquet in the hall of Dunsinane. 'Gory shadow of Banquo,' said Lady Almeria to Lady Wilhelmina, 'how hideous thou art!' 'Hideous! hideous yourself, marry!' replied the arch and lovely Wilhelmina. 'By my halidome! whispered the seneschal to the venerable prime minister, Lord Melborough—'by cock and pie, Sir Count, but it seems me that yon Scottish kerne, Macbeth, hath a shrewd look of terror!' 'And a marvellous unkempt beard,' answered the Earl; 'and a huge mouth gaping wide for very terror, and a hand palsied with fear.' 'Hoot awa, mon!' cried an old Scots general, 'but the chield Macbeth (I'm descanded from him leeneally in the saxty-ninth generation) knew hoo to wield a guid claymore!' 'His hand looks as if it had dropped a hot potato!' whispered a roguish page, and the little knave's remark caused a titter to run through the courtly circle, and brought a smile upon the cheek of the President of the Academy; who, sooth to say, had been twiddling his chain of office between his finger and thumb, somewhat jealous of the praise bestowed upon his young rival.

"'My Lord of Wellington,' said her Majesty, 'lend me your sword.' The veteran, smiling, drew forth that trenchant sabre,—that spotless blade of battle that had flashed victorious on the plains of far Assaye, in the breach of storm-girt Badajoz, in the mighty and supreme combat of Waterloo! A tear stood in the hero's eye as he fell on his gartered knee; and holding the blade between his finger and thumb, he presented the hilt to his liege lady. 'Take it, madam,' said he; 'sheathe it in this old breast, if you will, for my heart and sword are my sovereign's. Take it, madam, and be not angry if there is blood upon the steel—'tis the blood of the enemies of my country!' The Queen took it; and, as the young and delicate creature waved that tremendous war-sword, a gentleman near her remarked, that surely never lighted on the earth a more delightful vision. 'Where is Mr. Maclise?' said her Majesty. The blushing painter stepped forward. 'Kneel! kneel!' whispered fifty voices; and frightened, he did as

they ordered him. 'Sure she's not going to cut my head off?' he cried to the good knights, Sir Augustus Callcott and Sir Isaac Newton, who were standing. 'Your name, sir?' said the Ladye of England. 'Sure you know it's Maclise!' cried the son of Erin. 'Your Christian name?' shrieked Sir Martin Shee, in agony. 'Christian name, is it? Oh, then it's Daniel Malcolm, your Majesty, and much at your service!' She waved the sword majestically over his head, and said, 'Rise up, Sir Malcolm Maclise!'

* * * * * * * *

"The ceremony was concluded, the brilliant *cortège* moved away, the royal barouches received the illustrious party, the heralds cried, 'Largesse, Largesse!' and flung silver pennies among the shouting crowds in Trafalgar Square; and when the last man-at-arms that accompanied the royal train had disappeared, the loud *vivas* of the crowd were heard no more, the shrill song of the silver clarions had died away, his brother painters congratulated the newly-dubbed chevalier, and retired to partake of a slight collation of bread and cheese and porter in the keeper's apartments."

Were we, I say, inclined to be romantic, did we dare to be imaginative, such a scene might be depicted with considerable effect; but as it is, we must not allow poor fancy to get the better of reason, and declare that to write anything of the sort would be perfectly uncalled for and absurd. Let it simply be stated that, on the Friday, her Majesty comes and goes. On the Saturday the Academicians have a private view for the great personages: the lords of the empire and their ladies, the editors of the newspapers and their friends; and, after they have seen as much as possible, about seven o'clock the Academicians give a grand feed to their friends and patrons.

In the arrangement of this banquet, let us say roundly that Messieurs de l'Académie are vastly too aristocratic. Why were *we* not asked? The dinner is said to be done by Gunter; and, though the soup and fish are notoriously cold and uncomfortable, we are by no means squeamish, and would pass over this gross piece of neglect. We long, too, to hear a bishop say grace, and to sit cheek by jowl with a duke or two. Besides, we could make some return; a good joke is worth a plateful of turtle; a smart brisk pun is quite as valuable as a bottle of champagne; a neat anecdote deserves a slice of venison, with plenty of fat and currant jelly, and so on. On such principles of barter we might be disposed to treat. But a plague on this ribaldry and beating about the bush! let us leave the plates, and come at once to the pictures.

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Once or twice before, in the columns of this Magazine, we have

imparted to the public our notions about Greek art, and its manifold deadly errors. The contemplation of such specimens of it as we possess hath always, to tell the truth, left us in a state of unpleasant wonderment and perplexity. It carries corporeal beauty to a pitch of painful perfection, and deifies the body and bones truly: but, by dint of sheer beauty, it leaves humanity altogether inhuman—quite heartless and passionless. Look at Apollo the divine: there is no blood in his marble veins, no warmth in his bosom, no fire or speculation in his dull awful eyes. Laocoon writhes and twists in an anguish that never can, in the breast of any spectator, create the smallest degree of pity. Diana,

"La chasseresse
Blanche, au sein virginal,
Qui presse
Quelque cerf matinal," *

may run from this till Doomsday; and we feel no desire to join the cold passionless huntress in her ghostly chase. Such monsters of beauty are quite out of the reach of human sympathy: they were purposely (by the poor benighted heathens who followed this error, and strove to make their error as grand as possible) placed beyond it. They seemed to think that human joy and sorrow, passion and love, were mean and contemptible in themselves. Their gods were to be calm, and share in no such feelings. How much grander is the character of the Christian school, which teaches that love is the most beautiful of all things, and the first and highest element of beauty in art!

I don't know, madam, whether I make myself clearly understood in saying so much; but if you will have the kindness to look at a certain little picture by Mr. Eastlake in this gallery, you will see to what the observation applies, and that out of a homely subject, and a few simple figures not at all wonderful for excessive beauty or grandeur, the artist can make something infinitely more beautiful than Medicean Venuses, and sublimer than Pythian Apollos. Happy are you, Charles Lock Eastlake, Esquire, R.A.! I think you have in your breast some of that sacred fire that lighted the bosom of Raphael Sanctius, Esquire, of Urbino, he being a young man,—a holy kind of Sabbath repose—a calm that comes not of feeling, but of the overflowing of it—a tender yearning sympathy and love for God's beautiful world and creatures. Impelled by such a delightful sentiment, the gentle spirit of him in whom it dwells (like the angels of old, who first taught us to receive the doctrine that love was the key to the world) breathes always peace

* Alfred de Musset.

on earth and good will towards men. And though the privilege of enjoying this happy frame of mind is accorded to the humblest as well as the most gifted genius, yet the latter must remember that the intellect can exercise itself in no higher way than in the practice of this kind of adoration and gratitude. The great artist who is the priest of nature is consecrated especially to this service of praise; and though it may have no direct relation to religious subjects, the view of a picture of the highest order does always, like the view of stars in a calm night, or a fair quiet landscape in sunshine, fill the mind with an inexpressible content and gratitude towards the Maker who has created such beautiful things for our use.

And as the poet has told us how, not out of a wide landscape merely, or a sublime expanse of glittering stars, but of any very humble thing, we may gather the same delightful reflections (as out of a small flower, that bring us "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears")—in like manner we do not want grand pictures and elaborate yards of canvas so to affect us, as the lover of drawing must have felt in looking at the Raphael designs lately exhibited in London. These were little faint scraps, mostly from the artist's pencil—small groups, unfinished single figures, just indicated; but the divine elements of beauty were as strong in them as in the grandest pieces: and there were many little sketches, not half-an-inch high, which charmed and affected one like the violet did Wordsworth; and left one in that unspeakable, complacent, grateful condition, which, as I have been endeavouring to state, is the highest aim of the art.

And if I might be allowed to give a hint to amateurs concerning pictures and their merit, I would say, look to have your *heart* touched by them. The best paintings address themselves to the best feelings of it; and a great many very clever pictures do not touch it at all. Skill and handling are great parts of a painter's trade, but heart is the first; this is God's direct gift to him, and cannot be got in any academy, or under any master. Look about, therefore, for pictures, be they large or small, finished well or ill, landscapes, portraits, figure-pieces, pen-and-ink sketches, or what not, that contain sentiment and great ideas. He who possesses these will be sure to express them, more or less well. Never mind about the manner. He who possesses them not may draw and colour to perfection, and yet be no artist. As for telling you what sentiment is, and what it is not, wherein lies the secret of the sublime, there, madam, we must stop altogether; only, after reading Burke "On the Sublime," you will find yourself exactly as wise as you were before. I cannot tell why a landscape by Claude or Constable should be more beautiful—it is certainly not more dexterous—than a landscape by Mr. —— or Mr. ——. I

cannot tell why Raphael should be superior to Mr. Benjamin Haydon (a fact which one person in the world may be perhaps inclined to doubt); or why "Vedrai, carino," in "Don Juan," should be more charming to me than "Suoni la tromba," before mentioned. The latter has twice as much drumming, trumpeting, and thundering in it. All these points are quite undefinable and inexplicable (I never read a metaphysical account of them that did not seem sheer dulness and nonsense); but we can have no doubt about them. And thus we come to Charles Lock Eastlake, Esquire, from whom we started about a page since; during which we have laid down, first, that sentiment is the first quality of a picture; second, that to say whether this sentiment exists or no rests with the individual entirely, the sentiment not being capable of any sort of definition. Charles Lock Eastlake, Esquire, possesses, to my thinking, this undefinable arch-quality of sentiment to a very high degree. And, besides him, let us mention William Mulready, Esquire, Cope, Boxall, Redgrave, Herbert (the two latter don't show so much of it this year as formerly), and Richmond.

Mr. Eastlake's picture is as pure as a Sabbath-hymn sung by the voices of children. He has taken a very simple subject—hardly any subject at all; but such suggestive points are the best, perhaps, that a painter can take; for with the illustration of a given subject out of a history or romance, when one has seen it, one has commonly seen all, whereas such a piece as this, which Mr. Eastlake calls "The Salutation of the Aged Friar," brings the spectator to a delightful peaceful state of mind, and gives him matter to ponder upon long after. The story of this piece is simply this:—A group of innocent happy-looking Italian peasants are approaching a couple of friars; a boy has stepped forward with a little flower, which he presents to the elder of these, and the old monk is giving him his blessing.

Now, it would be very easy to find fault with this picture, and complain of excessive redness in the shadows, excessive whiteness in the linen, of repetition in the faces,—the smallest child is the very counterpart of one in the "Christ and the Little Children" by the same artist last year—the women are not only copies of women before painted by Mr. Eastlake, but absolutely copies of one another; the drawing lacks vigour, the flesh tints variety (they seem to be produced, by the most careful stippling, with a brilliant composition of lake and burnt sienna, cooled off as they come to the edges with a little blue). But though, in the writer's judgment, there are in the picture every one of these faults, the merits of the performance incomparably exceed them, and these are of the purely sentimental and intellectual kind. What a tender grace and purity in the female heads! If Mr. Eastlake repeats his model often, at least he has been very lucky in finding or

making her : indeed, I don't know in any painter, ancient or modern, such a charming character of female beauty. The countenances of the monks are full of unction ; the children, with their mild-beaming eyes, are fresh with recollections of heaven. There is no affectation of middle-age mannerism, such as silly Germans and silly Frenchmen are wont to call Catholic art ; and the picture is truly Catholic in consequence, having about it what the hymn calls "solemn mirth," and giving the spectator the utmost possible pleasure in viewing it. Now, if we might suggest to Mr. Lane, the lithographer, how he might confer a vast benefit upon the public, we would entreat him to make several large copies of pictures of this class, executing them with that admirable grace and fidelity which are the characteristics of all his copies. Let these be coloured accurately, as they might be, at a small charge, and poor people for a few guineas might speedily make for themselves delightful picture galleries. The colour adds amazingly to the charm of these pictures, and attracts the eye to them. And they are such placid pious companions for a man's study, that the continual presence of them could not fail to purify his taste and his heart.

I am not here arguing, let it be remembered, that Mr. Eastlake is absolute perfection ; and will concede to those who find fault with him that his works are deficient in power, however remarkable for grace. Be it so. But, then, let us admire his skill in choosing such subjects as are best suited to his style of thinking, and least likely to show his faults. In the pieces ordinarily painted by him, grace and tender feeling are the chief requisites ; and I don't recollect a work of his in which he has aimed at other qualities. One more picture besides the old Friar has Mr. Eastlake, a portrait of that beautiful Miss Bury, whom our readers must recollect in the old house, in a black mantle, a red gown, with long golden hair waving over her shoulders, and a lily in her hand. The picture was engraved afterwards in one of the Annuals ; and was one of the most delightful works that ever came from Mr. Eastlake's pencil. I can't say as much for the present portrait ; the picture wants relief, and is very odd and heavy in colour. The handsome lady looks as if she wanted her stays. O beautiful lily-bearer of six years since ! you should not have appeared like a mortal after having once shone upon us as an angel.

And now we are come to the man whom we delight to honour, Mr. Mulready, who has three pictures in the exhibition that are all charming in their way. The first ("Fair Time," 116) was painted, it is said, more than a score of years since ; and the observer may look into it with some payment for his curiosity, for it contains specimens of the artist's old and new manner. The picture in its first state is somewhat in the Wilkie style of that day (oh for the Wilkie style of that day !),

having many greys, and imitating closely the Dutchmen. Since then the painter has been touching up the figures in the foreground with his new and favourite lurid orange-colour; and you may see how this is stippled in upon the faces and hands, and borrow, perhaps, a hint or two regarding the Mulreadian secret.

What is the meaning of this strange colour—these glowing burning crimsons, and intense blues, and greens more green than the first budding leaves of spring, or the mignonette-pots in a Cockney's window at Brixton? But don't fancy that we are joking or about to joke at Mr. Mulready. These gaudy prismatic colours are wonderfully captivating to the eye: and, amidst a host of pictures, it cannot fail to settle on a Mulready in preference to all. But for consistency's sake, a protest must be put in against the colour; it is pleasant, but wrong; we never saw it in nature—not even when looking through an orange-coloured glass. This point being settled, then, and our minds eased, let us look at the design and conception of "First Love;" and pray, sir, where in the whole works of modern artists will you find anything more exquisitely beautiful? I don't know what that young fellow, so solemn, so tender, is whispering into the ear of that dear girl (she is only fifteen now, but, *sapristi*, how beautiful she will be about three years hence!), who is folding a pair of slim arms round a little baby, and making believe to nurse it, as they three are standing one glowing summer day under some trees by a stile. I don't know, I say, what they are saying; nor, if I could hear, would I tell—'tis a secret, madam. Recollect the words that the Captain whispered in your ear that afternoon in the shrubbery. Your heart throbs, your cheek flushes; the sweet sound of those words tells clear upon your ear, and you say, "Oh, Mr. Titmarsh, how *can* you?" Be not afraid, madam—never, never will I peach; but sing, in the words of a poet who is occasionally quoted in the House of Commons—

"Est et fideli tuta silentio
Merces. Vetabo qui Cereris sacrum
Vulgarit arcanæ, sub ſsdem
Sit trabibus, fragilemve mecum
Solvat phaselum."

Which may be interpreted (with a slight alteration of the name of Ceres for that of a much more agreeable goddess)—

Be happy, and thy counsel keep,
'Tis thus the bard adviseth thee;
Remember that the silent lip
In silence shall rewarded be.
And fly the wretch who dares to strip
Love of its sacred mystery.

My loyal legs I would not stretch
  Beneath the same mahogany;
Nor trust myself in Chelsea Reach,
  In punt or skiff, with such as he.
The villain who would kiss and peach,
  I hold him for mine enemy!

But, to return to our muttons, I would not give a fig for the taste of the individual who does not see the exquisite beauty of this little group. Our artist has more passion than the before-lauded Mr. Eastlake, but quite as much delicacy and tenderness; and they seem to me to possess the poetry of picture-making more than any other of their brethren.

By the way, what is this insane yell that has been raised throughout the public press about Mr. Mulready's other performance, the postage cover, and why are the sages so bitter against it? The *Times* says it is disgraceful and ludicrous; the elegant writers of the *Weekly Dispatch* vow it is ludicrous and disgraceful; the same sweet song is echoed by papers, Radical and Conservative, in London and the provinces, all the literary gentlemen being alive, and smarting under this insult to the arts of the country. Honest gentlemen of the press, be not so thin-skinned! Take my word for it, there is no cause for such vehement anger—no good opportunity here for you to show off that exquisite knowledge of the fine arts for which you are so celebrated throughout the world. Gentlemen, the drawing of which you complain is *not* bad. The commonest engravers, who would be ashamed to produce such a design, will tell you, if they know anything of their business, that they could not make a better in a hurry. Every man who knows what drawing is will acknowledge that some of these little groups are charmingly drawn; and I will trouble your commonest engravers to design the Chinese group, the American, or the West Indian, in a manner more graceful and more characteristic than that of the much-bespattered post envelope.

I am not holding up the whole affair as a masterpiece—*pas si bête.* The "triumphant hallegory of Britannia ruling the waves," as Mathews used to call it, is a little stale, certainly, nowadays; but what would you have? How is the sublime to be elicited from such a subject? Let some of the common engravers, in their leisure moments, since the thing is so easy, make a better design, or the literary men who are so indignant invent one. The Government, no doubt, is not bound heart and soul to Mr. Mulready, and is willing to hear reason. *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum:* though all the world shall turn on thee, O Government, in this instance Titmarsh shall stand by thee—ay, and without any hope of reward. To be sure, if my Lord Normanby

absolutely insists—but that is neither here nor there. I repeat, the Post Office envelope is not bad, *quoad* design. That very lion, which some of the men of the press (the Daniels !) have been crying out about, is finely, carefully, and characteristically sketched ; those elephants I am sure were closely studied, before the artist in a few lines laid them down on his wood-block ; and as for the persons who are to imitate the engraving so exactly, let them try. It has been done by the best wood-engraver in Europe. Ask any man in the profession if Mr. Thompson is not at the head of it ? He has bestowed on it a vast deal of time, and skill, and labour ; and all who know the difficulties of wood-engraving—of outline wood-engraving—and of rendering faithfully a design so very minute as this, will smile at the sages who declare that all the world could forge it. There was one provincial paper which declared, in a style peculiarly elegant, that a man "with a block of wood and a *bread-and-cheese* knife could easily imitate the envelope ;" which remark, for its protound truth and sagacity, the London journals copied. For shame, gentlemen ! Do you think you show your knowledge by adopting such opinions as these, or prove your taste by clothing yourselves in the second-hand garments of the rustic who talks about bread and cheese ? Try, Tyrotomos, upon whatever block thou choosest to practise ; or, be wise, and with appropriate bread-and-cheese knife cut only bread and cheese. Of bread, white and brown, of cheese, old, new, mouldy, toasted, the writer of the *Double-Gloster Journal*, the *Stilton Examiner*, the *Cheddar Champion*, and *North Wiltshire Intelligencer*, may possibly be a competent critic, and (with mouth replete with the delicious condiment) may no doubt eloquently speak. But let us be cautious before we agree to and admiringly adopt his opinions upon matters of art. Mr. Thompson is the first wood-engraver in our country—Mr. Mulready one of the best painters in our or any school : it is hard that such men are to be assailed in such language, and by such a critic !

This artist's picture of an interior is remarkable for the same exaggerated colour, and for the same excellences. The landscape seen from the window is beautifully solemn, and very finely painted, in the clear bright manner of Van Dyck and Cranach, and the early German school.

Mr. Richmond's picture of "Our Lord after the Resurrection" deserves a much better place than it has in the little, dingy, newly-discovered octagon closet ; and leaves us to regret that he should occupy himself so much with water-colour portraits, and so little with compositions in oil. This picture is beautifully conceived, and very finely and carefully drawn and painted. One of the apostles is copied from Raphael, and the more is the pity : a man who could execute two

such grand figures as the other two in the picture need surely borrow from no one. A water-colour group by the same artist (547, "The Children of Colonel Lindsay") contains two charming figures of a young lady and a little boy, painted with great care and precision of design and colour, with great purity of sentiment, and without the least affectation. Let our aristocracy send their wives and children (the handsomest wives and children in the world) to be painted by this gentleman, and those who are like him. Miss Lindsay, with her plain red dress and modest looks, is surely a thousand times more captivating than those dangerous smiling Delilahs in her neighbourhood, whom Mr. Chalon has painted. We must not be understood to undervalue this latter gentleman however; his drawings are miracles of dexterity; every year they seem to be more skilful and more brilliant. Such satins and lace, such diamond rings and charming little lapdogs, were never painted before,—not by Watteau, the first master of the *genre*,—nor by Lancret, who was scarcely his inferior. A miniature on ivory by Mr. Chalon, among the thousand prim, pretty little pictures of the same class which all the ladies crowd about, is remarkable for its brilliancy of colour and charming freedom of handling; as is an oil sketch of masquerading figures, by the same painter, for the curious coarseness of the painting.

Before we leave the high-class pictures, we must mention Mr. Boxall's beautiful "Hope," which is exquisitely refined and delicate in sentiment, colour, and execution. Placed close beneath one of Turner's magnificent tornadoes of colour, it loses none of its own beauty. As Uhland writes of a certain king and queen who are seated in state side by side,—

> "Der *Turner* furchtbar prächtig wie blut'ger Nordlichtschein,
> Der *Boxall* süss und milde, als blickte Vollmond drein."

Which signifies in English, that

> "As beams the moon so gentle near the sun, that blood-red burner,
> So shineth William Boxall by Joseph Mallord Turner."

In another part of the room, and contrasting their quiet grace in the same way with Mr. Turner's glaring colours, are a couple of delightful pictures by Mr. Cope, with mottoes that will explain their subjects. "Help thy father in his age, and despise him not when thou art in thy full strength;" and "Reject not the affliction of the afflicted, neither turn away thy face from a poor man." The latter of these pictures is especially beautiful, and the figure of the female charity as graceful and delicate as may be. I wish I could say a great deal in praise of Mr. Cope's large altar-piece: it is a very meritorious performance; but here praise stops, and such praise is worth exactly

nothing. A large picture must either be splendid, or else naught. This "Crucifixion" has a great deal of vigour, feeling, grace; BUT—the but is fatal; all minor praises are drowned in it. Recollect, however, Mr. Cope, that Titmarsh, who writes this, is only giving his private opinion; that he is mortal; that it is barely possible that he should be in the wrong; and with this confession, which I am compelled (for fear you might overlook the circumstance) to make, you will, I dare say, console yourself, and do well. But men must gird themselves, and go through long trainings, before they can execute such gigantic works as altar-pieces. Handel, doubtless, wrote many little pleasing melodies before he pealed out the "Hallelujah" chorus; and so painters will do well to try their powers, and, if possible, measure and understand them, before they use them. There is Mr. Hart, for instance, who took in an evil hour to the making of great pictures; in the present exhibition is a decently small one; but the artist has overstretched himself in the former attempts; as one hears of gentlemen on the rack, the limbs are stretched one or two inches by the process, and the patient comes away by so much the taller: but he can't *walk* near so well as before, and all his strength is stretched out of him.

Let this be a solemn hint to a clever young painter, Mr. Elmore, who has painted a clever picture of "The Murder of Saint Thomas à Becket," for Mr. Daniel O'Connell. Come off your rack, Mr. Elmore, or you will hurt yourself. Much better is it to paint small subjects, for some time at least. "Non cuivis contingit adire Corinthum," as the proverb says; but there is a number of pleasant villages in this world beside, where we may snugly take up our quarters. By the way, what is the meaning of Tom à Becket's black cassock under his canonicals? Would John Tuam celebrate mass in such a dress? A painter should be as careful about his costumes as an historian about his dates, or he plays the deuce with his composition.

Now, in this matter of costume, nobody can be more scrupulous than Mr. Charles Landseer, whose picture of Nell Gwynne is painted with admirable effect, and honest scrupulousness. It is very good in colour, very gay in spirits (perhaps too refined,—for Nelly never was such a hypocrite as to look as modest as that); but the gentlemen and ladies do not look as if they were accustomed to their dresses, for all their correctness, but had put them on for the first time. Indeed, this is a very small fault, and the merits of the picture are very great: every one of the accessories is curiously well painted,—some of the figures very spirited (the drawer is excellent); and the picture one of the most agreeable in the whole gallery. Mr. Redgrave has another costume picture, of a rather old subject, from "The Rambler." A poor

girl comes to be companion to Mr. and Mrs. Courtly, who are at piquet; their servants are bringing in tea, and the master and mistress are looking at the new-comer with a great deal of easy scorn. The poor girl is charming; Mrs. Courtly not quite genteel, but with a wonderful quilted petticoat; Courtly looks as if he were not accustomed to his clothes; the servants are very good; and as for the properties, as they would be called on the stage, these are almost too good, painted with a daguerréotypical minuteness that gives this and Mr. Redgrave's other picture of "Paracelsus" a finikin air, if we may use such a disrespectful term. Both performances, however, contain very high merit of expression and sentiment; and are of such a character as we seldom saw in our schools twenty years ago.

There is a large picture by a Scotch artist, Mr. Duncan, representing "The Entry of Charles Edward into Edinburgh," which runs a little into caricature but contains a vast deal of character and merit; and which, above all, in the article of costume, shows much study and taste. Mr. Duncan seems to have formed his style upon Mr. Allan and Mr. Wilkie—I beg his pardon—Sir David. The former has a pleasing brown picture likewise on the subject of the Pretender. The latter's Maid of Saragossa and Spaniard at the gun, anyone may see habited as Irish peasants superintending "A Whisky Still," in the middle room, No. 252.

This picture, I say, anyone may see and admire who pleases: to me it seems all rags, and duds, and a strange, straggling, misty composition. There are fine things, of course; for how can Sir David help painting fine things? In the "Benvenuto" there is superb colour, with a rich management of lakes especially, which has been borrowed from no master that we know of. The Queen is as bad a likeness and picture as we have seen for many a day. "Mrs. Ferguson, of Raith," a magnificent picture indeed, as grand in effect as a Rubens or Titian, and having a style of its own. The little sketch from Allan Ramsay is delightful; and the nobleman and hounds (with the exception of his own clumsy vermilion robe) as fine as the fellow-sized portrait mentioned before. Allan Ramsay has given a pretty subject, and brought us a pretty picture from another painter, Mr. A. Johnston, who has illustrated those pleasant quaint lines,—

> "Last morning I was gay, and early out;
> Upon a dike I leaned, glow'ring about.
> I saw my Meg come linkan o'er the lea;
> I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw na me."

And here let us mention with praise two small pictures in a style somewhat similar—"The Recruit," and "Hermann and Dorothea," by Mr. Poole. The former of these little pieces is very touching and

beautiful. There is among the present exhibitioners no lack of this kind of talent; and we could point out many pictures that are equally remarkable for grace and agreeable feeling. Mr. Stone's "Annot Lyle" should not be passed over,—a pretty picture, very well painted, the female head of great beauty and expression.

Now, if we want to praise performances showing a great deal of power and vigour, rather than grace and delicacy, there are Mr. Etty's "Andromeda" and "Venus." In the former, the dim figure of advancing Perseus galloping on his airy charger is very fine and ghostly; in the latter, the body of the Venus, and indeed the whole picture, is a perfect miracle of colour. Titian may have painted Italian flesh equally well; but he never, I think, could surpass the skill of Mr. Etty. The trunk of this voluptuous Venus is the most astonishing representation of beautiful English flesh and blood, painted in the grandest and broadest style. It is said that the Academy at Edinburgh has a room full of Etty's pictures; they could not do better in England than follow the example; but perhaps the paintings had better be kept *for the Academy only*—for the *profanum vulgus* are scarcely fitted to comprehend their peculiar beauties. A prettily drawn, graceful, nude figure is "Bathsheba," by Mr. Fisher, of the street and city of Cork.

The other great man of Cork is Daniel Maclise by name; and if in the riot of fancy he hath by playful Titmarsh been raised to the honour of knighthood, it is certain that here Titmarsh is a true prophet, and that the sovereign will so elevate him, one day or other, to sit with other cavaliers at the Academic round table. As for his pictures,—why, as for his pictures, madam, these are to be carefully reviewed in the next number of this Magazine; for the present notice has noticed scarcely anybody, and yet stretched to an inordinate length. "Macbeth" is not to be hurried off under six pages; and, for this June number, Mr. Fraser vows that he has no such room to spare.

We have said how Mr. Turner's pictures blaze about the rooms; it is not a little curious to hear how artists and the public differ in their judgments concerning them; the enthusiastic wonder of the first-named, the blank surprise and incredulity of the latter. "The new moon; or, I've lost my boat: you shan't have your hoop," is the ingenious title of one,—a very beautiful picture, too, of a long shining sea-sand, lighted from the upper part of the canvas by the above-named luminary of night, and from the left-hand corner by a wonderful wary boy in a red jacket—the best painted figure that we ever knew painted by Joseph Mallord Turner, Esquire.

He and Mr. Ward vie with each other in mottoes for their pictures. Ward's epigraph to the S——'s nest is wondrous poetic.

277. The S——'s Nest. S. Ward, R.A.

"Say they that happiness lives with the great,
On gorgeous trappings mixt with pomp and state?
More frequent found upon the simple plain,
In poorest garb, with Julia, Jess, or Jane;
In sport or slumber, as it likes her best,
Where'er she *lays* she finds it a S——'s nest."

Ay, and a S——'s eggs, too, as one would fancy, were great geniuses not above grammar. Mark the line, too.

"On gorgeous trappings *mixt* with pomp and state,"

and construe the whole of this sensible passage.

Not less sublime is Mr. Ward's fellow-Academician:—

230. "Slavers throwing overboard the Dead and Dying: Typhon coming on." J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

"Aloft all hands, strike the topmasts and belay!
Yon angry setting sun and fierce-edged clouds
Declare the Typhon's coming.
Before it sweeps your decks, throw overboard
The dead and dying—ne'er heed their chains.
Hope, Hope, fallacious Hope!
Where is thy market now?"

MS. Fallacies of Hope.

Fallacies of Hope, indeed: to a pretty mart has she brought her pigs! How should Hope be hooked on to the slaver? By the anchor, to be sure, which accounts for it. As for the picture, the R.A.'s rays are indeed terrific; and the slaver throwing its cargo overboard is the most tremendous piece of colour that ever was seen; it sets the corner of the room in which it hangs into a flame. Is the picture sublime or ridiculous? Indeed I don't know which. Rocks of gamboge are marked down upon the canvas; flakes of white laid on with a trowel; bladders of vermilion madly spirted here and there. Yonder is the slaver rocking in the midst of a flashing foam of white-lead. The sun glares down upon a horrible sea of emerald and purple, into which chocolate-coloured slaves are plunged, and chains that will not sink; and round these are floundering such a race of fishes as never was seen since the *sæculum Pyrrhæ*; gasping dolphins redder than the reddest herrings; horrid spreading polypi, like huge, slimy, poached eggs, in which hapless niggers plunge and disappear. Ye gods, what a "middle passage"! How Mr. Fowell Buxton must shudder! What would they say to this in Exeter Hall? If Wilberforce's statue downstairs were to be confronted with this picture, the

stony old gentleman would spring off his chair, and fly away in terror !

And here, as we are speaking of the slave-trade, let us say a word in welcome to a French artist, Monsieur Biard, and his admirable picture. Let the friends of the negro forthwith buy this canvas, and cause a plate to be taken from it. It is the best, most striking, most pathetic lecture against the trade that ever was delivered. The picture is as fine as Hogarth ; and the artist, who, as we have heard, right or wrong, has only of late years adopted the profession of painting, and was formerly in the French navy, has evidently drawn a great deal of his materials from life and personal observation. The scene is laid upon the African coast. King Tom or King Boy has come with troops of slaves down the Quorra, and sits in the midst of his chiefs and mistresses (one a fair creature, not much darker than a copper tea-kettle), bargaining with a French dealer. What a horrible callous brutality there is in the scoundrel's face, as he lolls over his greasy ledger, and makes his calculations. A number of his crew are about him ; their boats close at hand, in which they are stowing their cargo. See the poor wretches, men and women, collared together, drooping down. There is one poor thing, just parted from her child. On the ground in front lies a stalwart negro ; one connoisseur is handling his chest, to try his wind ; another has opened his mouth, and examines his teeth, to know his age and soundness. Yonder is a poor woman kneeling before one of the Frenchmen ; her shoulder is fizzing under the hot iron with which he brands her ; she is looking up, shuddering and wild, yet quite mild and patient : it breaks your heart to look at her. I never saw anything so exquisitely pathetic as that face. God bless you, Monsieur Biard, for painting it ! It stirs the heart more than a hundred thousand tracts, reports, or sermons : it must convert every man who has seen it. You British Government, who have given twenty millions towards the good end of freeing this hapless people, give yet a couple of thousand more to the French painter, and don't let his work go out of the country, now that it is here. Let it hang along with the Hogarths in the National Gallery ; it is as good as the best of them. Or, there is Mr. Thomas Babington Macaulay, who has a family interest in the matter, and does not know how to spend all the money he brought home from India ; let the right honourable gentleman look to it. Down with your dust, right honourable sir ; give Monsieur Biard a couple of thousand for his picture of the negroes, and it will be the best black act you ever did in your life ; and don't go for to be angry at the suggestion, or fancy we are taking liberties. What is said is said from one public man to another, in a Pickwickian sense, *de puissance en puissance*,—from

Titmarsh, in his critical *cathedra*, to your father's eminent son, rich with the spoils of Ind, and wielding the bolts of war.

What a marvellous power is this of the painter's! how each great man can excite us at his will! what a weapon he has, if he knows how to wield it! Look for a while at Mr. Etty's pictures, and away you rush, your "eyes on fire," drunken with the luscious colours that are poured out for you on the liberal canvas, and warm with the sight of the beautiful sirens that appear on it. You fly from this (and full time too), and plunge into a green shady landscape of Lee or Creswick, and follow a quiet stream babbling beneath whispering trees, and chequered with cool shade and golden sunshine; or you set the world—nay, the Thames and the ocean—on fire with that incendiary Turner; or you laugh with honest kind-hearted Webster, and his troops of merry children; or you fall a-weeping with Monsieur Biard for his poor blacks; or you go and consult the priests of the place, Eastlake, Mulready, Boxall, Cope, and the like, and straightway your mind is carried off in an ecstasy,—happy thrilling hymns sound in your ears melodious,—sweet thankfulness fills your bosom. How much instruction and happiness have we gained from these men, and how grateful should we be to them!

[It is well that Mr. Titmarsh stopped here, and I shall take special care to examine any further remarks which he may think fit to send. Four-fifths of this would have been cancelled, had the printed sheets fallen sooner into our hands. The story about the "Clarendon" is an absurd fiction; no dinner ever took place there. I never fell asleep in a plate of raspberry ice; and though I certainly did recommend this person to do justice by the painters, making him a speech to that effect, my opinions were infinitely better expressed, and I would repeat them were it not so late in the month.—O. Y.]

A PICTORIAL RHAPSODY: CONCLUDED.

AND FOLLOWED BY A REMARKABLE STATEMENT OF FACTS BY MRS. BARBARA.

AND now, in pursuance of the promise recorded in the last number of this Magazine, and for the performance of which the public has ever since been in breathless expectation, it hath become Titmarsh's duty to note down his opinions of the remaining pictures in the Academy exhibition; and to criticise such other pieces as the other galleries may show.

In the first place, then, with regard to Mr. Maclise, it becomes us to say our say: and as the *Observer* newspaper, which, though under the express patronage of the royal family, devotes by far the noblest part of its eloquence to the consideration of dramatic subjects, and to the discussion of the gains, losses, and theatrical conduct of managers, —as, I say, the *Observer* newspaper, whenever Madame Vestris or Mr. Yates adopts any plan that concurs with the notions of the paper in question, does not fail to say that Madame Vestris or Mr. Yates has been induced so to reform in consequence of the *Observer's* particular suggestion: in like manner, Titmarsh is fully convinced, that all the painters in this town have their eyes incessantly fixed upon his criticisms, and that all the wise ones regulate their opinions by his.

In the language of the *Observer*, then, Mr. Maclise has done wisely to adopt our suggestions with regard to the moral treatment of his pictures, and has made a great advance in his art. Of his four pictures, let us dismiss the scene from "Gil Blas" at once. Coming from a second-rate man, it would be well enough; it is well drawn, grouped, lighted, shadowed, and the people all grin very comically, as people do in pictures called comic; but the soul of fun is wanting, as I take it,—the merry, brisk, good-humoured spirit which in Le Sage's text so charms the reader.

"Olivia and Malvolio" is, on the contrary, one of the best and most spiritual performances of the artist. Nothing can be more elegant than the tender languid melancholy of Olivia, nor more poetical than the general treatment of the picture. The long clipped alleys and quaint gardens, the peacocks trailing through the walks, and vases basking in the sun, are finely painted and conceived. Examine the picture at a little distance, and the *ensemble* of the composition and colour is extraordinarily pleasing. The details, too, are, as usual, wonderful for their accuracy. Here are flower-beds, and a tree above Olivia's head, of which every leaf is painted, and painted with such skill, as not in the least to injure the general effect of the picture. Mr. Maclise has a daguerréotypic eye, and a feeling of form stronger, I do believe, than has ever been possessed by any painter before him.

Look at the portrait of Mr. Dickens,—well arranged as a picture, good in colour, and light, and shadow, and as a likeness perfectly amazing; a looking-glass could not render a better facsimile. Here we have the real identical man Dickens: the artist must have understood the inward Boz as well as the outward before he made this admirable representation of him. What cheerful intelligence there is about the man's eyes and large forehead! The mouth is too large and full, too eager and active, perhaps; the smile is very sweet and generous. If Monsieur de Balzac, that voluminous physiognomist, could

examine this head, he would, no doubt, interpret every tone and wrinkle in it: the nose firm and well placed; the nostrils wide and full, as are the nostrils of all men of genius (this is Monsieur Balzac's maxim). The past and the future, says Jean Paul, are written in every countenance. I think we may promise ourselves a brilliant future from this one. There seems no flagging as yet in it, no sense of fatigue, or consciousness of decaying power. Long mayest thou, O Boz! reign over thy comic kingdom; long may we pay tribute, whether of threepence weekly or of a shilling monthly, it matters not. Mighty prince! at thy imperial feet, Titmarsh, humblest of thy servants, offers his vows of loyalty, and his humble tribute of praise.

And now (as soon as we are off our knees, and have done paying court to sovereign Boz) it behoves us to say a word or two concerning the picture of "Macbeth," which occupies such a conspicuous place in the Academy gallery. Well, then, this picture of "Macbeth" has been, to our notion, a great deal too much praised and abused; only Titmarsh understands the golden mean, as is acknowledged by all who read his criticisms. Here is a very fine masterly picture, no doubt, full of beauties, and showing extraordinary power; but not a masterpiece, as I humbly take it,—not a picture to move the beholder as much as many performances that do not display half the power that is here exhibited. I don't pretend to lay down any absolute laws on the sublime (the reader will remember how the ancient satirist hath accused John Dennis of madness, for his vehement preaching of such rules). No, no; Michael Angelo T. is not quite so impertinent as that; but the public and the artist will not mind being told, without any previous definitions, that this picture is not of the highest order: the "Malvolio" is far more spiritual and suggestive, if we may so speak; it tells not only its own tale very charmingly, but creates for the beholder a very pleasant melancholy train of thought, as every good picture does in its kind, from a six-inch canvas by Hobbema or Ruysdael up to a thousand-foot wall of Michael Angelo. If you read over the banquet-scene in words, it leaves an impression far more dreadful and lively. On the stage, it has always seemed to us to fail; and though out of a trapdoor in the middle of it Mr. Cooper is seen to rise very solemnly, —his face covered with white, and a dreadful gash of vermilion across his neck; though he nods and waggles his head about in a very quiet ghostlike manner; yet, strange to say, neither this scene, nor this great actor, has ever frightened us, as they both should, as the former does when we read it at home. The fact is, that it is quite out of Mr. Cooper's power to look ghostly enough, or, perhaps, to soar along with us to that sublime height to which our imagination is continually carrying us.

A large part of this vast picture Mr. Maclise has painted very finely. The lords are all there in gloomy state, fierce stalwart men in steel; the variety of attitude and light in which the different groups are placed, the wonderful knowledge and firmness with which each individual figure and feature are placed down upon the canvas will be understood and admired by the public, but by the artist still more, who knows the difficulty of these things, which seem so easy, which are so easy, no doubt, to a man with Mr. Maclise's extraordinary gifts. How fine is yonder group at the farthest table, lighted up by the reflected light from the armour of one of them! The effect, as far as we know, is entirely new; the figures drawn with exquisite minuteness and clearness, not in the least interrupting the general harmony of the picture. Look at the two women standing near Lady Macbeth's throne, and those beautiful little hands of one of them placed over the state-chair: the science, workmanship, feeling in these figures are alike wonderful. The face, bust, and attitude of Lady Macbeth are grandly designed; the figures to her right, with looks of stern doubt and wonder, are nobly designed and arranged. The main figure of Macbeth, I confess, does not please; nor the object which has occasioned the frightful convulsive attitude in which he stands. He sees not the ghost of Banquo, but a huge, indistinct, gory shadow, which seems to shake its bloody locks, and frown upon him. Through this shade, intercepted only by its lurid transparency, you see the figures of the guests; they are looking towards it, and *through* it. The skill with which this point is made is unquestionable; there is something there, and nothing. The spectators feel this as well as the painted actors of the scene; there are times when, in looking at the picture, one loses sight of the shade altogether, and begins to wonder with Rosse, Lenox, and the rest.

The idea, then, so far as it goes, is as excellently worked out as it is daringly conceived. But is it a just one? I think not. I should say it was a grim piece of comedy rather than tragedy. One is puzzled by this piece of *diablerie*,—not deeply affected and awe-stricken, as in the midst of such heroical characters and circumstances one should be.

> "Avaunt, and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
> Thy bones are marrowless—thy blood is cold;
> Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
> Which thou dost glare with."

Before the poet's eyes, at least, the figure of the ghost stood complete—an actual visible body, with the life gone out of it; an image far more grand and dreadful than the painter's fantastical shadow, because more simple. The shadow is an awful object,—granted; but the most sublime, beautiful, fearful sight in all nature is, surely, the face of a

man; wonderful in all its expressions of grief or joy, daring or endurance, thought, hope, love, or pain. How Shakspeare painted all these; with what careful thought and brooding were all his imaginary creatures made!

I believe we have mentioned the best figure-pieces in the exhibition; for, alas! the "Milton and his Daughters" of Sir Augustus Callcott, although one of the biggest canvases in the gallery, is by no means one of the best; and one may regret that this most *spirituel* of landscape-painters should have forsaken his old style to follow figure-drawing. Mr. Hollins has a picture of "Benvenuto Cellini showing a Trinket to a Lady." A subject of absorbing interest and passionate excitement, painted in a corresponding manner. A prim lady sits smiling in a chair, by a table, on which is a very neat regular table-cloth, drawn at right angles with the picture-frame; parallel with the table is a chest of drawers, secrétaire, cabinet, or *bahut*. Near this stands a waiting-maid, smiling archly; and in front you behold young Benvenuto, spick and span in his very best clothes and silk stockings, looking—as Benvenuto never did in his life. Of some parts of this picture, the colour and workmanship are very pretty; but was there ever such a niminypiminy subject treated in such a niminypiminy way? We can remember this gentleman's picture of "Margaret at the Spinning-wheel" last year, and should be glad to see and laud others that were equally pretty. Mr. Lauder has, in the same room, a pleasing picture from Walter Scott, "The Glee-Maiden;" and a large sketch, likewise from Scott, by a French artist (who has been celebrated in this Magazine as the author of the picture "The Sinking of the 'Vengeur'"), is fine in effect and composition.

If Mr. Herbert's picture of "Travellers taking Refreshment at a Convent Gate" has not produced much sensation, it is because it is feeble in tone, not very striking in subject, and placed somewhat too high. There is a great deal of beauty and delicacy in all the figures; and though lost here, amidst the glare and bustle of the Academy, it will be an excellent picture for the cabinet, where its quiet graces and merits will be better seen.

Mr. Webster's "Punch," before alluded to, deserves a great deal of praise. The landscape is beautiful, the group of little figures assembled to view the show are delightfully gay and pretty. Mr. Webster has the bump of philoprogenitiveness (as some ninny says of George Cruikshank in the *Westminster Review*); and all mothers of large families, young ladies who hope to be so one day or the other, and honest papas, are observed to examine this picture with much smiling interest. It is full of sunshine and innocent playful good-humour; all

Punch's audience are on the grin. John, the squire's footman, is looking on with a protecting air; the old village folk are looking on, grinning with the very youngest; boys are scampering over the common, in order to be in time for the show; Punchman is tootooing on the pipes, and banging away on the drum; potboy has consigned to the earth his precious cargo, and the head of every tankard of liquor is wasting its frothy fragrance in the air; in like manner, the pieman permits his wares to get cold; nurserymaids, schoolboys, happy children in go-carts, are employed in a similar way: indeed, a delightful little rustic comedy.

In respect of portraits, the prettiest, as I fancy, after Wilkie's splendid picture of Mrs. Ferguson, is one by Mr. Grant of a lady with a scarf of a greenish colour. The whole picture is of the same tone, and beautifully harmonious; nor are the lady's face and air the least elegant and charming part of it. The Duke has been painted a vast number of times, such are the penalties of glory; nor is it possible to conceive anything much worse than that portrait of him in which Colonel Gurwood is represented by his side, in a red velvet waistcoat, offering to his Grace certain despatches. It is in the style of the famous picture in the Regent Circus, representing Mr. Coleby the cigarist, an orange, a pineapple, a champagne-cork, a little dog, some decanters, and a yellow bandanna,—all which personages appear to be so excessively important, that the puzzled eyes scarcely know upon which to settle. In like manner, in the Wellington-Gurwood testimonial, the accessories are so numerous, and so brilliantly coloured, that it is long before one can look up to the countenances of the Colonel and his Grace; which, it is to be presumed, are the main objects of interest in the piece. And this plan has been not unartfully contrived,—for the heads are by no means painted up to the point of brilliancy which is visible in boots, clocks, bell-pulls, Turkey carpets, arm-chairs, and other properties here painted.

Now, if the artist of the above picture wishes to know how properties may be painted with all due minuteness, and yet conduce to the general effect of the picture, let him examine the noble little portrait of Lord Cottenham, by Leslie,—the only contribution of this great man to the exhibition. Here are a number of accessories introduced, but with that forethought and sense of propriety, which, as I fancy, distinguish all the works of Mr. Leslie. They are not here for mere picturesque effect or ornamental huddle; but are made to tell the story of the piece, and indicate the character of the dignified personage who fills the centre of it. The black brocade drapery of the Chancellor's gown is accurately painted, and falls in that majestic grave way in which a chancellor's robe *should* fall. Are not the

learned lord's arms somewhat short and fin-like? This is a query which we put humbly, having never had occasion to remark that part of his person.

Mr. Briggs has his usual pleasant well-painted portraits; and Mr. Patten a long full-length of Prince Albert that is not admired by artists, it is said, but a good downright honest *bourgeois* picture as we fancy; or, as a facetious friend remarked, good plain *roast-and-boiled* painting. As for the portrait opposite—that of her Majesty, it is a sheer libel upon that pretty gracious countenance, an act of rebellion for which Sir David should be put into York gaol. Parts of the picture are, however, splendidly painted. And here, being upon the subject, let us say a word in praise of those two delightful lithographic heads, after Ross, which appear in the printshop windows. Our gracious Queen's head is here most charming; and that of the Prince full of such manly frankness and benevolence as must make all men cry "God bless him." I would much sooner possess a copy of the Ross miniature of the Queen, than a cast from her Majesty's bust by Sir Francis Chantrey, which has the place of honour in the sculpture vault.

All Macdonald's busts deserve honourable notice. This lucky sculptor has some beautiful subjects to model, and beautiful and graceful all his marbles are. As much may be said of Mr. M'Dowell's girl,—the only piece of imaginative sculpture in the Academy that has struck us as pleasing. Mr. Behnes, too, should receive many commendations; an old man's head particularly, that is full of character and goodness; and "The Bust of a Lady," which may be called "A Lady with a Bust,"—a beautiful bust, indeed, of which the original and the artist have both good right to be proud. Mr. Bell's virgin is not so pleasing in the full size as in the miniature copy of it.

For the matter of landscapes, we confess ourselves to be no very ardent admirers of these performances, clever and dexterous as most of them are. The works of Mr. Stanfield and Mr. Roberts cannot fail to be skilful; and both of these famous artists show their wonderful power of drawing, as usual. But these skilful pictures have always appeared to us more pleasing in little on the sketching-board than when expanded upon the canvas. A couple of Martins must be mentioned,—huge, queer, and tawdry to our eyes, but very much admired by the public, who is no bad connoisseur, after all; and also a fine Castle of Chillon, or Chalon, rudely painted, but very poetical and impressive.

(Here Titmarsh exchanges his check at the door for a valuable gingham umbrella, with a yellow horn-head, representing Lord Brougham or Dr.

Syntax, and is soon seen, with his hat very much on one side, swaggering down Pall Mall East, to the Water-Colour Gallery. He flings down eighteenpence in the easiest way, and goes upstairs.]

Accident, or, what is worse, ill health, has deprived us of the two most skilful professors of the noble art of water-colour painting; and, without the works of Messrs. Lewis and Cattermole, the gallery looks empty indeed. Those gentlemen are accustomed to supply the picture-lover with the *pièces de résistance* of the feast, with which, being decently satisfied, we can trifle with an old market-place by Prout, or six cows and four pigs by Hill, or a misty Downs by Copley Fielding, with some degree of pleasure. Discontented, then, with the absence of the substantials, it must be confessed that we have been examining the rest of the pictures in no very good humour. And so, to tell you a secret, I do not care a fig for all the old town-halls in the world, though they be drawn never so skilfully. How long are we to go on with Venice, Verona, Lago di Soandso, and Ponte di What-d'ye-call-'em? I am weary of gondolas, striped awnings, sailors with red night (or rather day) caps, cobalt distances, and posts in the water. I have seen so many white palaces standing before dark purple skies, so many black towers with gamboge atmospheres behind them, so many masses of rifle-green trees plunged into the deepest shadow, in the midst of sunshiny plains, for no other reason but because dark and light contrast together, that a slight expression of satiety may be permitted to me, and a longing for more simple nature. On a great staring theatre such pictures may do very well—you are obliged there to seek for these startling contrasts; and by the aid of blue lights, red lights, transparencies, and plenty of drums and appropriate music, the scene thus presented to one captivates the eye, and calls down thunder from the galleries.

But in little quiet rooms, on sheets of paper of a yard square, such monstrous theatrical effects are sadly painful. You don't mistake patches of brickdust for maiden's blushes, or fancy that tinfoil is diamonds, or require to be spoken to with the utmost roar of the lungs. Why, in painting, are we to have monstrous, flaring, Drury Lane tricks and claptraps put in practice, when a quieter style is, as I fancy, so infinitely more charming?

There is no use in mentioning the names of persons who are guilty of the above crimes; but let us say who is *not* guilty, and that is D. Cox, upon whose quiet landscapes, moist grass, cool trees, the refreshed eye rests with the utmost pleasure, after it has been perplexed and dazzled elsewhere. May we add an humble wish that this excellent painter will remain out of doors, amidst such quiet scenes as he loves,

and not busy himself with Gothicism, middleageism, and the painting of quaint interiors? There are a dozen artists, of not a tithe of his genius, who can excel him at the architectural work. There is, for instance, Mr. Nash, who is improving yearly, and whose pictures are not only most dexterously sketched, but contain numberless little episodes, in the shape of groups of figures, that are full of grace and feeling. There is Mr. Haghe, too, of the lower house; but of him anon.

To show how ill and how well a man may paint at the same time, the public may look at a couple of drawings by J. Nash,—one, the interior of a church; the other, a plain landscape: both of which are executed with excessive, almost childish rudeness, and are yet excellent, as being close copies of the best of all drawing-masters, Nature: and Mr. Barrett, who has lately written a book for students, tells them very sagaciously *not* to copy the manner of any master, however much he may be in the mode. Some there are, fashionable instructors in the art of water-colouring, of whom, indeed, a man had better not learn at any price; nay, were they to offer a guinea per lesson, instead of modestly demanding the same, the reader should be counselled not to accept of their instructions.

See in what a different school Mr. Hunt works, and what marvellous effects he produces! There is a small picture of an interior by him (to which the blue ticket having the pretty word SOLD written on it is not fixed) that, as a copy of nature, is a perfect miracle. No De Hooghe was ever better, more airy and sunshiny. And the most extraordinary part of this extraordinary picture is, that the artist has not produced his effect of excessive brilliancy by any violent contrasting darkness; but the whole picture is light; the sunshine is in every corner of the room; and this drawing remains unsold, while Dash, and Blank, and Asterisk have got off all theirs. The large head of the black girl is painted with wonderful power; in water-colours, we have scarcely seen anything so vigorous. The boys and virgins are, as usual, admirable; the lad with the bottle, he reading ballads in the barn, and the red, ragged, brickdust-coloured, brigand-looking fellow, especially good. In a corner is a most astonishing young gentleman with a pan of milk: he is stepping forward full into your face; and has seen something in it which has caused him to spill his milk and look dreadfully frightened. Every man who is worth a fig, as he comes up to this picture bursts out a-laughing—he can't help himself; you hear a dozen such laughs in the course of your visit. Why does this little drawing so seize hold of the beholder, and cause him to roar? There is the secret: the painter has got the soul of comedy in him—the undefinable humorous genius. Happy is the

man who possesses that drawing: a man must laugh if he were taking his last look at it before being hanged.

Mr. Taylor's flowing pencil has produced several pieces of delightful colour; but we are led bitterly to deplore the use of that fatal white-lead pot, that is clogging and blackening the pictures of so many of the water-colour painters nowadays. His large picture contains a great deal of this white mud, and has lost, as we fancy, in consequence, much of that liquid mellow tone for which his works are remarkable. The retreating figures in this picture are beautiful; the horses are excellently painted, with as much dexterous brilliancy of colour as one sees in the oil pictures of Landseer. If the amateur wants to see how far transparent colour will go, what rich effect may be produced by it, how little necessary it is to plaster drawings with flakes of white, let him examine the background of the design representing a page asleep on a chair, than which nothing can be more melodious in colour, or more skilfully and naturally painted.

In the beauty gallery which this exhibition usually furnishes, there is Mr. Richter, who contributes his usual specimens; the fair Miss Sharpe, with those languishing-eyed charmers whom the world admires so much; and still more to our taste, a sweet pretty lady, by Mr. Stone, in a hideous dress, with upper-Benjamin buttons; a couple of very graceful and delicate heads by Wright; and one beautiful head, a portrait evidently, by Cristall, that is placed very modestly in a corner near the ground—where such a drawing should be placed, of course, being vigorous, honest, natural, and beautiful. This artist's other drawing—a mysterious subject, representing primæval Scotchmen, rocks, waterfalls, a cataract of bulls, and other strange things, looks like a picture painted in a dream. Near it hangs Mr. Mackenzie's view of Saint Denis's Cathedral, that is painted with great carefulness, and is very true to nature. And having examined this, and Mr. Varley's fine gloomy sketches, you shall be no longer detained at this place, but walk on to see what more remains to be seen.

Of the New Water-Colour Society, I think it may be asserted that their gallery contains neither such good nor such bad drawings as may be seen in the senior exhibition; unless, indeed, we except Mr. Haghe, a gentleman who in architectural subjects has a marvellous skill, and whose work deserves to be studied by all persons who follow the trade of water-colouring. This gentleman appears to have a profound knowledge (or an extraordinary instinct) of his profession as an architectural draughtsman. There are no tricks, no clumsy plastering of white, no painful niggling, nor swaggering affectation of

boldness. He seems to understand every single tone and line which he lays down; and his picture, in my humble judgment, contains some of the very best qualities of which this branch of painting is capable. You cannot produce by any combination of water-colours such effects as may be had from oil, such richness and depth of tone, such pleasing variety of texture, as gums and varnishes will give; but, on the other hand, there are many beauties peculiar to the art, which the oil-painter cannot arrive at,—such as air, brightness, coolness, and flatness of surface; points which painters understand and can speak of a great deal better than amateur writers and readers. Why will the practitioners, then, be so ambitious? Why strive after effects that are only to be got imperfectly at best, and at the expense of qualities far more valuable and pleasing? There are some aspiring individuals who will strive to play a whole band of music off a guitar, or to perform the broadsword exercise with a rapier,—monstrous attempts, that the moral critic must lift up his voice to reprehend. Valuable instruments are guitars and small-swords in themselves, the one for making pleasant small music, the other for drilling small holes in the human person; but let the professor of each art do his agreeable duty in his own line, nor strive with his unequal weapons to compete with persons who have greater advantages. Indeed, I have seldom seen the works of a skilful water-colour painter of figures without regretting that he had not taken to oil, which would allow him to put forth all the vigour of which he was capable. For works, however, like that of Mr. Haghe, which are not finished pictures, but admirable finished sketches, water is best; and we wish that his brethren followed his manner of using it. Take warning by these remarks, O Mr. Absolon! Your interiors have been regarded by Titmarsh with much pleasure, and deserve at his hands a great deal of commendation. Mr. Absolon, we take it, has been brought up in a French school—there are many traces of foreign manner in him; his figures, for instance, are better costumed than those of our common English artists. Look at the little sketch which goes by the laconic title of "Jump." Let Mrs. Seyffarth come and look at it before she paints Sir Roger de Coverley's figure again, and she will see what an air of life and authenticity the designer has thrown into his work. Several larger pieces by Mr. Absolon, in which are a face—is it the artist's own, by any chance?—(We fancy that we have a knack at guessing a portrait of an artist by himself, having designed about five thousand such in our own experience,—"Portrait of a Painter," "A Gentleman in a Vandyke Dress," "A Brigand," "A Turkish Costume," and so on: they are somehow always rejected by those cursed Academicians) —but to return to Absolon, whom we have left hanging up all this

time on the branch of a sentence, he has taken hugely to the body-colour system within the last twelve months, and small good has it done him. The accessories of his pictures are painted with much vigour and feeling of colour, are a great deal stronger than heretofore —a great deal too strong for the figures themselves; and the figures being painted chiefly in transparent colour, will not bear the atmosphere of distemper by which they are surrounded. The picture of "The Bachelor" is excellent in point of effect and justness of colour.

Mr. Corbould is a gentleman who must be mentioned with a great deal of praise. His large drawing of the "Canterbury Pilgrims at the Tabard" is very gay and sparkling; and the artist shows that he possesses a genuine antiquarian or Walter-Scottish spirit. It is a pity that his people are all so uncommon handsome. It is a pity that his ladies wear such uncommonly low dresses—they did not wear such (according to the best authorities) in Chaucer's time; and even if they did, Mr. Corbould had much better give them a little more cloth, which costs nothing, and would spare much painful blushing to modest men like—never mind whom. But this is a moral truth: nothing is so easy to see in a painter as a certain inclination towards naughtiness, which we press-Josephs are bound to cry fie at. Cover them up, Mr. Corbould—muslin is the word; but of this no more. Where the painter departs from his line of beauty, his faces have considerable humour and character. The whole of the pilgrim group, as he has depicted it, is exceedingly picturesque. It might be painted with a little more strength, and a good deal less finical trifling with the pencil; but of these manual errors the painter will no doubt get the better as his practice and experience increase.

Here is a large and interesting picture by Mr. Warren, of the Pasha of Egypt in the middle of the Nubian desert, surrounded by pipe-bearers and camels, and taking his cup of coffee. There is much character both in the figures and scenery. A slight sketch by the same artist, "The King in Thule," is very pretty, and would make a very good picture.

Mr. Bright is an artist of whom we do not before remember to have heard. His pictures are chiefly effects of sunset and moonlight; of too *criarde* a colour as regards sun and moon, but pretty and skilful in other points, and of a style that strikes us as almost new. The manner of a French artist, Monsieur Collignon, somewhat resembles that of Mr. Bright. The cool parts of his pictures are excellent; but he has dangerous dealings with gamboge and orange, pigments with the use of which a painter is bound to be uncommonly cautious. Look at Mr. Turner, who has taken to them until they have driven him quite wild. If there be any Emperor of the Painters, he should issue

"a special edict" against the gamboge-dealers:—'tis a deleterious drug. "Hasten, hasten," Mr. Bright; "obey with trembling," and have a care of gamboge henceforth.

For the rest of the artists at this place, it may be said that Mr. Hicks has not been quite so active this year as formerly; Mr. Boys has some delightful drawings in his style of art; and for the curious there is, moreover, a second-hand Cattermole, a sham Prout, a pseudo-Bentley, and a small double of Cox, whose works are to be seen in various parts of the room. Miss Corbould has a pretty picture. Mr. Duncan's drawings exhibit considerable skill and fidelity to nature. And here we must close our list of the juniors, whose exhibition is very well worth the shilling which all must pay who would enter their pretty gallery.

We have been through a number of picture galleries, and cannot do better than go and visit a gentleman who has a gallery of his own, containing only one picture. We mean Mr. Danby, with his "Deluge," now visible in Piccadilly. Every person in London will no doubt go and see this; artists, because the treatment and effect of the picture are extraordinarily skilful and broad; and the rest of the world, who cannot fail of being deeply moved by the awful tragedy which is here laid before them. The work is full of the strongest dramatic interest; a vast performance, grandly treated, and telling in a wonderful way its solemn awful tale. Mr. Danby has given a curious description of it to our hand; and from this the reader will be able to understand what is the design and treatment of the piece.

[Here follows a long description of the picture.]

The episode of the angel is the sole part of the picture with which we should be disposed to quarrel; but the rest, which has been excellently described in the queer wild words of the artist, is really as grand and magnificent a conception as ever we saw. Why Poussin's famous picture of an inundation has been called "The Deluge," I never could understand: it is only a very small and partial deluge. The artist has genius enough, if any artist ever had, to have executed a work far more vast and tremendous; nor does his picture at the Louvre, nor Turner's Deluge, nor Martin's, nor any that we have ever seen, at all stand a competition with this extraordinary performance of Mr. Danby. He has painted *the* picture of "The Deluge;" we have before our eyes still the ark in the midst of the ruin floating calm and lonely, the great black cataracts of water pouring down, the mad rush of the miserable people clambering up the rocks;—nothing can be finer than the way in which the artist has painted the picture in all its

innumerable details, and we hope to hear that his room will be hourly crowded, and his great labour and genius rewarded in some degree.

Let us take some rest after beholding this picture, and what place is cooler and more quiet than the Suffolk Street Gallery? If not remarkable for any pictures of extraordinary merit, it is at least to be praised as a place singularly favourable to meditation. It is a sweet calm solitude, lighted from the top with convenient blinds to keep out the sun. If you have an assignation, bid your mistress to come hither, there is only a dumb secretary in the room; and sitting, like the man in the "Arabian Nights," perpetually before a great book, in which he pores. This would be a grand place to hatch a conspiracy, to avoid a dun, to write an epic poem. Something ails the place! What is it?—what keeps the people away, and gives the moneytaker in his box a gloomy lonely sinecure? Alas, and alas! not even Mr. Haydon's "Samson Agonistes" is strong enough to pull the people in.

And yet this picture is worth going to see. You may here take occasion to observe the truth of Mr. Yorke's astute remark about another celebrated artist, and see how bad a painter is this great *writer* of historical paintings, Mr. Haydon. There is an account in some of the late papers—from America, of course—of a remarkably fat boy, three years old, five feet six high, with a fine bass voice, and a handsome beard and whiskers. Much such a hero is this Samson—a great red chubby-cheeked monster, looking at you with the most earnest, mild, dull eyes in the world, and twisting about a brace of ropes, as he comes sprawling forwards. Sprawling backwards is a Delilah—such a Delilah, with such an arm, with such a dress, on such a sofa, with such a set of ruffians behind her! The picture is perfectly amazing! Is this the author of the "Judgment of Solomon"?—the restorer or setter up of the great style of painting in this country? The drawing of the figures is not only faulty, but bad and careless as can be. It never was nor could be in nature; and such as it is, the drawing is executed in a manner so loose and slovenly, that one wonders to behold it. Is this the way in which a *chef d'école* condescends to send forth a picture to the public? Would he have his scholars finish no more and draw no better? Look at a picture of "Milton and his Daughters," the same subject which Sir A. Callcott has treated in the Academy, which painters will insist upon treating, so profoundly interesting does it seem to be. Mr. Haydon's "Milton" is playing on the organ, and turning his blind eyes towards the public with an expression that is absolutely laughable. A buxom wench in huge gigot sleeves stands behind the chair, another is at a table writing. The draperies of the ladies are mere smears of colour; in

the foreground lies a black cat or dog, a smudge of lamp-black, in which the painter has not condescended to draw a figure. The chair of the poetical organ-player is a similar lump of red and brown; nor is the conception of the picture, to our thinking, one whit better than the execution. If this be the true style of art, there is another great work of the kind at the "Saracen's Head," Snow Hill, which had better be purchased for the National Gallery.

Mr. Hurlstone has, as usual, chosen this retired spot to exhibit a very great number of pictures. There is much good in almost all of these. The children especially are painted with great truth and sweetness of expression, but we never shall be able to reconcile ourselves to the extraordinary dirtiness of the colour. Here are ladies' dresses which look as if they had served for May-day, and arms and shoulders such as might have belonged to Cinderella. Once in a way the artist shows he can paint a clean face, such an one is that of a child in the little room; it is charming, if the artist did but know it, how much more charming for being clean! A very good picture of a subject somewhat similar to those which Mr. Hurlstone loves to paint is Mr. Buckner's "Peasants of Sora in the Regno di Napoli." The artist has seen the works of Léopold Robert, and profited evidently by the study of them.

Concerning other artists whose works appear in this gallery, we should speak favourably of Mr. O'Neill, who has two pretty pictures; of a couple of animal pieces, "A Pony and Cows," by Mr. Sosi; and of a pretty picture by Mr. Elmore, a vast deal better than his great Becket performance before alluded to. Mr. Tomkins has some skilful street scenes; and Mr. Holland, a large, raw, clever picture of Milan Cathedral. And so farewell to this quiet spot, and let us take a peep at the British Gallery, where a whole room is devoted to the exhibition of Mr. Hilton, the late Academician.

A man's sketches and his pictures should never be exhibited together; the sketches invariably kill the pictures; are far more vigorous, masterly, and effective. Some of those hanging here, chiefly subjects from Spenser, are excellent indeed; and fine in drawing, colour, and composition. The decision and spirit of the sketch disappear continually in the finished piece, as anyone may see in examining the design for "Comus," and the large picture afterwards, the "Two Amphitrites," and many others. Were the sketches, however, removed, the beholder would be glad to admit the great feeling and grace of the pictures, and the kindly poetical spirit which distinguishes the works of the master. Besides the Hiltons, the picture-lover has here an opportunity of seeing a fine Virgin by Julio Romano, and a most noble one

by Sebastian del Piombo, than which I never saw anything more majestically beautiful. The simpering beauties of some of the Virgins of the Raphael school, many painters are successful in imitating. See, O ye painters! how in Michael Angelo strength and beauty are here combined, wonderful chastity and grace, humility, and a grandeur almost divine. The critic must have a care as he talks of these pictures, however, for his words straightway begin to grow turgid and pompous; and, lo! at the end of his lines, the picture is not a whit better described than before.

And now, having devoted space enough to the discussion of the merits of these different galleries and painters, I am come to the important part of this paper—viz. to my Essay on the State of the Fine Arts in this Kingdom, my proposals for the General Improvement of Public Taste, and my Plan for the Education of Young Artists.

In the first place, *I* propose that Government should endow a college for painters, where they may receive the benefits of a good literary education, without which artists will never prosper. I propose that lectures should be read, examinations held, and prizes and exhibitions given to students; that professorships should be instituted, and —and a president or lord rector appointed, with a baronetcy, a house, and a couple of thousands a year. This place, of course, will be offered to Michael Angelo Tit——

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Mr. Titmarsh's paper came to us exactly as the reader here sees it. His contribution had been paid for in advance, and we regret exceedingly that the public should be deprived of what seemed to be the most valuable part of it. He has never been heard of since the first day of June. He was seen on that day pacing Waterloo Bridge for two hours; but whether he plunged into the river, or took advantage of the steamboat and went down it only, we cannot state.

Why this article was incomplete, the following document will, perhaps, shew. It is the work of the waiter at Morland's Hotel, where the eccentric and unhappy gentleman resided.

STATEMENT BY MRS. BARBARA.

"On the evening of the 30th of May, Anay Domino 1840, Mr. Mike Titmash came into our house in a wonderful state of delarium, drest in a new coat, a new bloo satting hankysher, a new wite at, and polisht jipannd boots, all of which he'd bot sins he went out after dinner; nor did he bring any of his old cloves back with him, though he'd often said, 'Barbara,' says he to me, 'when Mr. Frasier pays me my money, and I git new ones, you shall have these as your requisites:' that was his very words, thof I must confess I don't understand the same.

"He'd had dinner and coughy before he went ; and we all cumjectured that he'd been somewhere particklar, for I heer'd him barging with a cabman from Hollywell Street, of which he said the fair was only hatepence ; but being ableeged to pay a shilling, he cust and swoar horrybill.

"He came in, ordered some supper, laft and joakt with the gents in the parlor, and shewed them a deal of money, which some of the gentlemen was so good as to purpose to borry of him.

"They talked about literaryture and the fine harts (which is both much used by our gentlemen) ; and Mr. Mike was very merry. Specially he sung them a song, which he ancored hisself for twenty minutes; and ordered a bole of our punch, which is chocked against his skor to this very day.

"About twelve o'clock he went to bed, very comfortable and quiet, only he cocldnt stand on his legs very well, and cooldnt speak much, excep, 'Frasier for ever !' 'All of a York !' and some such nonsense, which neither me nor George nor Mrs. Stoaks could understand.

"'What's the matter?' says Mrs. Stokes. 'Barbara,' says she to me, 'has he taken any thin?' says she.

"'Law bless you, mum !' says I (I always says, Law bless you), 'as I am a Christen woman, and hope to be married, he's had nothin out of common.'

"'What had he for dinner?' says she, as if she didn't know.

"'There was biled salmon,' says I, 'and a half-crown lobster in soss (bless us if he left so much as a clor or tisspunful !), boil pork and peace puddn, and a secknd course of beef steak and onions, cole plum-puddn, maccarony, and afterwards cheese and sallat.'

"'I don't mean that,' says she. 'What was his liquors, or bavyrage?'

"'Two Guineas's stouts ; old madeira, one pint ; port, half a ditto ; four tumlers of niggus ; and three cole brandy and water, and sigars.'

"'He is a good fellow,' says Mrs. Stokes, 'and spends his money freely, that I declare.'

"'I wish he'd ony *pay* it,' says I to Mrs. Stokes, says I. 'He's lived in our house any time these fourteen years and never——'

"'Hush your imperence !' says Mrs. Stokes ; 'he's a gentleman, and pays when he pleases. He's not one of your common sort. Did he have any tea?'

"'No,' says I, 'not a drop ; ony coughy and muffns. I told you so—three on 'em ; and growled preciously, too, because there was no more. But I wasn't a going to fetch him any more, he whose money we'd never——'

"'Barbara,' says Mrs. Stokes, 'leave the room—do. You're always a suspecting every gentleman. Well, what did he have at supper?'

"'You know,' says I, 'pickled salmon—that chap's a reglar devil at salmon (those were my very words)—cold pork, and cold peace puddn agin; toasted chease this time; and such a lot of hale and rum-punch as I never saw—nine glasses of heach, I do believe, as I am an honest woman.'

"'Barbara,' says mistress, 'that's not the question. *Did he mix his liquors*, Barbara? That's the pint.'

"'No,' says I, 'Mrs. Stokes; that indeed he didn't.' And so we agread that he couldnt posbly be affected by drink, and that something wunderfle must have hapned to him, to send him to bed so quear like.

"Nex morning I took him his tea in bed (on the 4th flore back, No. 104 was his number); and says he to me, 'Barbara,' says he, 'you find me in sperrits.'

"'Find you in sperrits! I believe we do,' says I; 'we've found you in 'em these fifteen year. I wish you'd find us in *money*,' says I; and laft, too, for I thought it was a good un.

"'Pooh!' says he, 'my dear, that's not what I mean. You find me in spirits bycause my exlent publisher, Mr. Frasier, of Regent Street, paid me handsum for a remarkable harticle I wrote in his Magazine. He gives twice as much as the other publishers,' says he; 'though, if he didn't, I'd write for him just the same—raythe more, I'm so fond of him.'

"'How much has he gave you?' says I; 'because I hope you'll pay us.'

"'Oh,' says he, after a bit, 'a lot of money. Here, you, you darling,' says he (he did; upon my word, he did), 'go and git me change for a five-pound note.'

"And when he got up and had his brekfast, and been out, he changed another five-pound note; and after lunch, another five-pound note; and when he came in to dine, another five-pound note, to pay the cabman. Well, thought we, he's made of money, and so he seemed: but you shall hear soon how it was that he had all them notes to change.

"After dinner he was a sitten over his punch, when some of our gents came in: and he began to talk and brag to them about his harticle, and what he had for it; and that he was the best cricket* in Europe; and how Mr. Murray had begged to be introjuiced to him, and was so pleased with him, and he with Murray; and how he'd been

* Critic, Mrs. Barbara means, an absurd monomania of Mr. Titmarsh.

asked to write in the *Quartly Review*, and in bless us knows what; and how, in fact, he was going to carry all London by storm.

"'Have you seen what the *Morning Poast* says of you?' says Frank Flint, one of them hartist chaps as comes to our house.

"'No,' says he, 'I aint. Barbara, bring some more punch, do you hear? No, I aint; but that's a fashnable paper,' says he, 'and always takes notice of a fashnable chap like me. What *does* it say?' says he.

"Mr. Flint opened his mouth and grinned very wide; and taking the *Morning Poast* out of his pocket (he was a great friend of Mr. Titmarsh's, and, like a good-naterd friend as he was, had always a kind thing to say or do)—Frank pulls out a *Morning Poast*, I say (which had cost Frank Phippens *): 'Here it is,' says he; 'read for yourself; it will make you quite happy.' And so he began to grin to all the gents like winkin.

"When he red it, Titmarsh's jor dropt all of a sudn: he turned pupple, and bloo, and violate; and then, with a mighty effut, he swigg off his rum and water, and staggered out of the room.

"He looked so ill when he went up stairs to bed, that Mrs. Stokes insisted upon making him some grool for him to have warm in bed; but, Lor bless you! he threw it in my face when I went up, and rord and swor so dredfle, that I rann down stairs quite frightened.

"Nex morning I knockt at his dor at nine—no anser.

"At ten, tried agin—never a word.

"At eleven, twelve, one, two, up we went, with a fresh cup of hot tea every time. His dor was lockt, and not one sillibaly could we git.

"At for we began to think he'd suasided hisself; and having called in the policemen, bust open the dor.

"And then we beheld a pretty spactycle! Fancy him in his gor, his throat cut from hear to hear, his wight nightgownd all over blood, his beautiful face all pail with hagny!—well, no such thing. Fancy him hanging from the bedpost by one of his pore dear garters!—well, no such thing. Agin, fancy him flung out of the window, and dasht into ten billium peaces on the minionet-potts in the fust floar; or else a naked, melumcolly corpse, laying on the hairy spikes!—not in the least. He wasn't dead, nor he wasn't the least unwell, nor he wasn't asleep neither—he only wasn't there; and from that day we have heard nothen about him. He left on his table the following note as follows:—

"'*1st June*, 1840. *Midnight.*

"'MRS. STOKES,—I am attached to you by the most disinterested friendship. I have patronised your house for fourteen years, and it was my intention

* Fivepence, Mrs. Barbara means.

to have paid you a part of your bill, but the *Morning Post* newspaper has destroyed that blessed hope for ever.

"'Before you receive this I shall be—*ask not where*; my mind shudders to think where! You will carry the papers directed to Regent Street to that address, and perhaps you will receive in return a handsome sum of money; but if the bud of my youth is blighted, the promise of a long and happy career suddenly and cruelly cut short, an affectionate family deprived of its support and ornament, say that the *Morning Post* has done this by its savage criticisms upon me, the last this day.

"'FAREWELL.'

"This is hall he said. From that day to this we have never seen the poor fellow—we have never heerd of him—we have never known any think about him. Being halarmed, Mrs. Stoks hadvertized him in the papers; but not wishing to vex his family, we called him by another name, and put hour address diffrent too. Hall was of no use; and I can't tell you what a pang I felt in my busum when, on going to get change for the five-pound notes he'd given me at the public-house in Hoxford Street, the lan'lord laft when he saw them; and said, says he, 'Do you know, Mrs. Barbara, that a queer gent came in here with five sovrings one day, has a glass of hale, and haskes me to change his sovrings for a note? which I did. Then in about two hours he came back with five more sovrings, gets another note and another glass of hale, and so goes on four times in one blessed day! It's my beleaf that he had only five pound, and wanted you to suppose that he was worth twenty, for you've got all his notes, I see!'

"And so the poor fellow had no money with him after all! I do pity him, I do, from my hart; and I do hate that wicked *Morning Post* for so treating such a kind, sweet, good-nater'd gentleman!

(*Signed*) "BARBARA.

"MORLAND'S HOTEL: 15 *Jewin*, 1840."

This is conclusive. Our departed friend had many faults, but he is gone, and we will not discuss them now. It appears that, on the 1st of June, the *Morning Post* published a criticism upon him, accusing him of ignorance, bad taste, and gross partiality. His gentle and susceptible spirit could not brook the rebuke; he was not angry; he did not retort; but *his heart broke!*

Peace to his ashes! A couple of volumes of his works, we see by our advertisements, are about immediately to appear.

(*Fraser's Magazine*, June and July 1840.)

ON MEN AND PICTURES.

Λ PROPOS OF A WALK IN THE LOUVRE.

PARIS : *June* 1841.

IN the days of my youth I knew a young fellow that I shall here call Tidbody, and who, born in a provincial town of respectable parents, had been considered by the drawing-master of the place, and, indeed, by the principal tea-parties there, as a great genius in the painting line, and one that was sure to make his fortune.

When he had made portraits of his grandmother, of the house-dog, of the door-knocker, of the church and parson of the place, and had copied, *tant bien que mal*, most of the prints that were to be found in the various houses of the village, Harry Tidbody was voted to be very nearly perfect; and his honest parents laid out their little savings in sending the lad to Rome and Paris.

I saw him in the latter town in the year '32, before an immense easel, perched upon a high stool, and copying with perfect complacency a Correggio in the gallery, which he thought he had imitated to a nicety. No misgivings ever entered into the man's mind that he was making an ass of himself; he never once paused to consider that his copy was as much like the Correggio as my nose is like the Apollo's. But he rose early of mornings, and scrubbed away all day with his megilps and varnishes; he worked away through cold and through sunshine; when other men were warming their fingers at the stoves, or wisely lounging on the Boulevard, he worked away, and thought he was cultivating art in the purest fashion, and smiled with easy scorn upon those who took the world more easily than he. Tidbody drank water with his meals—if meals those miserable scraps of bread and cheese, or bread and sausage, could be called, which he lined his lean stomach with; and voted those persons godless gluttons who recreated themselves with brandy and beef. He rose up at daybreak, and worked away with bladder and brush; he passed all night at life-academies, designing life-guardsmen with chalk and stump; he never was known to take any other recreation; and in ten years he had spent as much time over his drawing as another man spends in thirty. At the end of his second year of academical studies Harry Tidbody could draw exactly as well as he could eight years after. He had visited Florence, and Rome, and Venice in the interval; but there he

was as he had begun, without one single farther idea, and not an inch nearer the goal at which he aimed.

One day, at the life-academy in Saint Martin's Lane, I saw before me the back of a shock head of hair and a pair of ragged elbows, belonging to a man in a certain pompous attitude which I thought I recognised; and when the model retired behind his curtain to take his ten minutes' repose, the man belonging to the back in question turned round a little, and took out an old snuffy cotton handkerchief and wiped his forehead and lank cheekbones, that were moist with the vast mental and bodily exertions of the night. Harry Tidbody was the man in question. In ten years he had spent at least three thousand nights in copying the model. When abroad, perhaps, he had passed the Sunday evenings too in the same rigorous and dismal pastime. He had piles upon piles of grey paper at his lodgings, covered with worthless nudities in black and white chalk.

At the end of the evening we shook hands, and I asked him how the arts flourished. The poor fellow, with a kind of dismal humour that formed a part of his character, twirled round upon the iron heels of his old patched Blucher boots, and showed me his figure for answer. Such a lean, long, ragged, fantastical-looking personage, it would be hard to match out of the drawing-schools.

"Tit, my boy," said he, when he had finished his pirouette, "you may see that the arts have not fattened me as yet; and, between ourselves, I make by my profession something considerably less than a thousand a year. But, mind you, I am not discouraged; my whole soul is in my calling; I can't do anything else if I would; and I will be a painter, or die in the attempt."

Tidbody is not dead, I am happy to say, but has a snug place in the Excise of eighty pounds a year, and now only exercises the pencil as an amateur. If his story has been told here at some length, the ingenious reader may fancy that there is some reason for it. In the first place, there is so little to say about the present exhibition at Paris, that your humble servant does not know how to fill his pages without some digressions; and, secondly, the Tidbodian episode has a certain moral in it, without which it never would have been related, and which is good for all artists to read.

It came to my mind upon examining a picture of sixty feet by forty (indeed, it cannot be much smaller), which takes up a good deal of space in the large room of the Louvre. But of this picture anon. Let us come to the general considerations.

Why the deuce will men make light of that golden gift of mediocrity which for the most part they possess, and strive so absurdly at the sublime? What is it that makes a fortune in this world but ener-

getic mediocrity? What is it that is so respected and prosperous as good, honest, emphatic, blundering dulness, bellowing commonplaces with its great healthy lungs, kicking and struggling with its big feet and fists, and bringing an awe-stricken public down on its knees before it? Think, my good sir, of the people who occupy your attention and the world's. Who are they? Upon your honour and conscience now, are they not persons with thews and sinews like your own, only they use them with somewhat more activity—with a voice like yours, only they shout a little louder—with the average portion of brains, in fact, but working them more? But this kind of disbelief in heroes is very offensive to the world, it must be confessed. There, now, is the *Times* newspaper, which the other day rated your humble servant for publishing an account of one of the great humbugs of modern days, viz., the late funeral of Napoleon—which rated me, I say, and talked in its own grave roaring way about the flippancy and conceit of Titmarsh.

O you thundering old *Times*! Napoleon's funeral was a humbug, and your constant reader said so. The people engaged in it were humbugs, and this your Michael Angelo hinted at. There may be irreverence in this, and the process of humbug-hunting may end rather awkwardly for some people. But, surely, there is no conceit. The shamming of modesty is the most pert conceit of all, the *précieuse* affectation of deference where you don't feel it, the sneaking acquiescence in lies. It is very hard that a man may not tell the truth as he fancies it, without being accused of conceit: but so the world wags. As has already been prettily shown in that before-mentioned little book about Napoleon (that is still to be had of the publishers), there is a ballad in the volume, which, if properly studied, will be alone worth two-and-sixpence to any man.

Well, the funeral of Napoleon *was* a humbug; and, being so, what was a man to call it? What do we call a rose? Is it disrespectful to the pretty flower to call it by its own innocent name? And, in like manner, are we bound, out of respect for society, to speak of humbug only in a circumlocutory way—to call it something else, as they say some Indian people do their devil—to wrap it up in riddles and charades? Nothing is easier. Take, for instance, the following couple of sonnets on the subject:—

The glad spring sun shone yesterday, as Mr.
M. Titmarsh wandered with his favourite lassie
By silver Seine, among the meadows grassy
—Meadows, like mail-coach guards new clad at Easter.
Fair was the sight 'twixt Neuilly and Passy;
And green the field, and bright the river's glister.

The birds sang salutations to the spring ;
  Already buds and leaves from branches burst :
  "The surly winter time hath done its worst,"
Said Michael ; "Lo, the bees are on the wing !"
Then on the ground his lazy limbs did fling.
  Meanwhile the bees pass'd by him with my *first*.
My *second* dare I to your notice bring,
  Or name to delicate ears that animal accurst ?

To all our earthly family of fools
  My whole, resistless despot, gives the law—
  Humble and great, we kneel to it with awe ;
O'er camp and court, the senate and the schools,
Our grand invisible Lama sits and rules,
  By ministers that are its men of straw.
Sir Robert utters it in place of wit,
  And straight the Opposition shouts "Hear, hear !"
  And, oh ! but all the Whiggish benches cheer
When great Lord John retorts it, as is fit.
  In you, my *Press*,* each day throughout the year,
On vast broad sheets we find its praises writ.
  O wondrous are the columns that you rear,
And sweet the morning hymns you roar in praise of it !

Sacred word ! it is kept out of the dictionaries, as if the great compilers of those publications were afraid to utter it. Well, then, the funeral of Napoleon was a humbug, as Titmarsh wrote ; and a still better proof that it was a humbug was this, that nobody bought Titmarsh's book, and of the 10,000 copies made ready by the publisher not above 3,000 went off. It was a humbug, and an exploded humbug. Peace be to it ! *Parlons d'autres choses ;* and let us begin to discourse about the pictures without further shilly-shally.

* The reader can easily accommodate this line to the name of his favourite paper. Thus :—

"In you, my { *Times*, / *Post*, } each day throughout the year."

Or :—

"In you, my { *Herald*, / *'Tiser*, } daily through the year."

Or, in France :—

"In you, my *Galignani's Messengere* ;"

a capital paper, because you have there the very cream of all the others. In the last [illegible], for "morning" you can read "evening," or "weekly," as circumstances prompt.

I must confess, with a great deal of shame, that I love to go to the picture gallery of a Sunday after church, on purpose to see the thousand happy people of the working sort amusing themselves—not very wickedly, as I fancy—on the only day in the week on which they have their freedom. Genteel people, who can amuse themselves every day throughout the year, do not frequent the Louvre on a Sunday. You can't see the pictures well, and are pushed and elbowed by all sorts of low-bred creatures. Yesterday there were at the very least two hundred common soldiers in the place—little vulgar ruffians, with red breeches and three-halfpence a day, examining the pictures in company with fifteen hundred grisettes, two thousand liberated shop-boys, eighteen hundred and forty-one artist-apprentices, half-a-dozen of livery servants, and many scores of fellows with caps and jackets, and copper-coloured countenances, and gold earrings, and large ugly hands, that are hammering, or weaving, or filing, all the week. *Fi donc!* what a thing it is to have a taste for low company! Every man of decent breeding ought to have been in the Bois de Boulogne, in white kid gloves and on horseback, or on hackback at least. How the dandies just now went prancing and curvetting down the Champs Elysées, making their horses jump as they passed the carriages, with their japanned boots glittering in the sunshine!

The fountains were flashing and foaming, as if they too were in their best for Sunday; the trees are covered all over with little twinkling bright green sprouts; numberless exhibitions of Punch and the Fantoccini are going on beneath them; and jugglers and balancers are entertaining the people with their pranks. I met two fellows the other day, one with a barrel-organ, and the other with a beard, a turban, a red jacket, and a pair of dirty, short, spangled, white trousers, who were cursing each other in the purest Saint Giles's English; and, if I had had impudence or generosity enough, I should have liked to make up their quarrel over a chopine of Strasburg beer, and hear the histories of either. Think of these fellows quitting our beloved country, and their homes in some calm nook of Field Lane or Seven Dials, and toiling over to France with their music and their juggling-traps, to balance cart-wheels and swallow knives for the amusement of our natural enemies! They are very likely at work at this minute, with grinning *bonnes* and conscripts staring at their skill. It is pleasant to walk by and see the nurses and the children so uproariously happy. Yonder is one who has got a halfpenny to give to the beggar at the crossing; several are riding gravely in little carriages drawn by goats. Ah, truly, the sunshine is a fine thing; and one loves to see the little people and the poor basking in it, as well as the great in their fine carriages, or their prancing cock-tailed horses.

In the midst of sights of this kind, you pass on a fine Sunday afternoon down the Elysian Fields and the Tuileries, until you reach the before-mentioned low-bred crowd rushing into the Louvre.

Well, then, the pictures of this exhibition are to be numbered by thousands, and these thousands contain the ordinary number of *chefs-d'œuvre*; that is to say, there may be a couple of works of genius, half-a-dozen very clever performances, a hundred or so of good ones, fifteen hundred very decent, good, or bad pictures, and the remainder atrocious. What a comfort it is, as I have often thought, that they are not all masterpieces, and that there is a good stock of mediocrity in this world, and that we only light upon genius now and then, at rare angel intervals, handed round like tokay at dessert, in a few houses, and in very small quantities only! Fancy how sick one would grow of it, if one had no other drink.

Now, in this exhibition there are, of course, a certain number of persons who make believe that they are handing you round tokay—giving you the real imperial stuff, with the seal of genius stamped on the cork. There are numbers of ambitious pictures, in other words, chiefly upon sacred subjects, and in what is called a severe style of art.

The severe style of art consists in drawing your figures in the first place very big and very neat, in which there is no harm; and in dressing them chiefly in stiff, crisp, old-fashioned draperies, such as one sees in the illuminated missals and the old masters. The old masters, no doubt, copied the habits of the people about them; and it has always appeared as absurd to me to imitate these antique costumes, and to dress up saints and virgins after the fashion of the fifteenth century, as it would be to adorn them with hoops and red heels such as our grandmothers wore; and to make a Magdalen, for instance taking off her patches, or an angel in powder and a hoop.

It is, or used to be, the custom at the theatres for the gravedigger in "Hamlet" always to wear fifteen or sixteen waistcoats, of which he leisurely divested himself, the audience roaring at each change of raiment. Do the Denmark gravediggers always wear fifteen waistcoats? Let anybody answer who has visited the country. But the probability is that the custom on the stage is a very ancient one, and that the public would not be satisfied at a departure from the legend. As in the matter of gravediggers, so it is with angels: they have—and Heaven knows why—a regular costume, which every "serious" painter follows; and which has a great deal more to do with serious art than people at first may imagine. They have large white wings, that fill up a quarter of the picture in which they have the good fortune to be; they have white gowns that fall round their feet in pretty fan-

tastical draperies ; they have fillets round their brows, and their hair combed and neatly pomatumed down the middle ; and if they have not a sword, have an elegant portable harp of a certain angelic shape. Large rims of gold leaf they have round their heads always,—a pretty business it would be if such adjuncts were to be left out.

Now, suppose the legend ordered that every gravedigger should be represented with a gold-leaf halo round his head, and every angel with fifteen waistcoats, artists would have followed serious art just as they do now most probably, and looked with scorn at the miserable creature who ventured to scoff at the waistcoats. Ten to one but a certain newspaper would have called a man flippant who did not respect the waistcoats—would have said that he was irreverent for not worshipping the waistcoats.* But why talk of it? The fact is I have rather a desire to set up for a martyr, like my neighbours in the literary trade: it is not a little comforting to undergo such persecutions courageously. "O Socrate! je boirai la ciguë avec toi!" as David said to Robespierre. You too were accused of blasphemy in your time ; and the world has been treating us poor literary gents in the same way ever since. There, now, is Bulw——

But to return to the painters. In the matter of canvas-covering the French artists are a great deal more audacious than ours, and I have known a man starve all the winter through, without fire and without beef, in order that he might have the honour of filling five-and-twenty feet square of canvas with some favourite subject of his.

It is curious to look through the collection, and see how for the most part the men draw their ideas. There are caricatures of the late and early style of Raphael ; there are caricatures of Masaccio ; there is a picture painted in the very pyramidical form, and in the manner of Andrea del Sarto ; there is a Holy Family, the exact counterpart of Leonardo da Vinci ; and, finally, there is Achille Deveria—it is no use to give the names and numbers of the other artists, who are not known in England—there is Achille Deveria, who, having nothing else to caricature, has caricatured a painted window, and designed a Charity of which all the outlines are half-an-inch thick.

Then there are numberless caricatures in colour as in form. There is a violet Entombment—a crimson one, a green one; a light emerald and gamboge Eve: all huge pictures, with talent enough in their composition, but remarkable for this strange mad love of extravagance which belongs to the nation. Titian and the Venetians have loved to

* Last year, when our friend published some article in this Magazine, he seemed to be agitated almost to madness by a criticism, and a very just one too, which appeared in the *Morning Post*. At present he is similarly affected by some strictures on a defunct work of his.—O. Y.

paint lurid skies and sunsets of purple and gold: here, in consequence, is a piebald picture of crimson and yellow, laid on in streaks from the top to the bottom.

Who has not heard a great, comfortable, big-chested man, with bands round a sleek double chin, and fat white cushion-squeezers of hands, and large red whiskers, and a soft roaring voice, the delight of a congregation, preaching for an hour with all the appearance and twice the emphasis of piety, and leading audiences captive? And who has not seen a humble individual, who is quite confused to be conducted down the aisle by the big beadle with his silver staff (the stalwart "drum-major ecclesiastic"); and when in his pulpit, saying his say in the simplest manner possible, uttering what are very likely commonplaces, without a single rhetorical grace or emphasis?

The great, comfortable, red-whiskered, roaring cushion-thumper is most probably the favourite with the public. But there are some persons who, nevertheless, prefer to listen to the man of timid mild commonplaces, because the simple words he speaks come from *his* heart, and so find a way directly to yours; where, if perhaps you can't find belief for them, you still are sure to receive them with respect and sympathy.

There are many such professors at the easel as well as the pulpit; and you see many painters with a great vigour and dexterity, and no sincerity of heart; some with little dexterity, but plenty of sincerity; some one or two in a million who have both these qualities, and thus become the great men of their art. I think there are instances of the two former kinds in this present exhibition of the Louvre. There are fellows who have covered great swaggering canvases with all the attitudes and externals of piety; and some few whose humble pictures cause no stir, and remain in quiet nooks, where one finds them, and straightway acknowledges the simple kindly appeal which they make.

Of such an order is the picture entitled "La Prière," by Monsieur Trimolet. A man and his wife are kneeling at an old-fashioned praying-desk, and the woman clasps a little sickly-looking child in her arms, and all three are praying as earnestly as their simple hearts will let them. The man is a limner, or painter of missals, by trade, as we fancy. One of his works lies upon the praying-desk, and it is evident that he can paint no more that day, for the sun is just set behind the old-fashioned roofs of the houses in the narrow street of the old city where he lives. Indeed, I have had a great deal of pleasure in looking at this little quiet painting, and in the course of half-a-dozen visits that I have paid to it, have become perfectly acquainted with all the circumstances of the life of the honest missal illuminator and his wife, here praying at the end of their day's work in the calm summer evening.

Very likely Monsieur Trimolet has quite a different history for his little personages, and so has everybody else who examines the picture. But what of that? There is the privilege of pictures. A man does not know all that lies in his picture, any more than he understands all the character of his children. Directly one or the other makes its appearance in the world, it has its own private existence, independent of the progenitor. And in respect of works of art, if the same piece inspire one man with joy that fills another with compassion, what are we to say of it, but that it has sundry properties of its own which its author even does not understand? The fact is, pictures "are as they seem to all," as Mr. Alfred Tennyson sings in the first volume of his poems.

Some of this character of holiness and devotion that I fancy I see in Monsieur Trimolet's pictures is likewise observable in a piece by Madame Juillerat, representing Saint Elizabeth of Hungary leading a little beggar-boy into her house, where the holy dame of Hungary will, no doubt, make him comfortable with a good plate of victuals. A couple of young ladies follow behind the princess, with demure looks, and garlands in their hair, that hangs straight on their shoulders, as one sees it in the old illuminations. The whole picture has a pleasant, mystic, innocent look; and one is all the better for regarding it. What a fine instinct or taste it was in the old missal illuminators to be so particular in the painting of the minor parts of their pictures! the precise manner in which the flowers and leaves, birds and branches, are painted, gives an air of truth and simplicity to the whole performance, and makes nature, as it were, an accomplice and actor in the scene going on. For instance, you may look at a landscape with certain feelings of pleasure; but if you have pulled a rose, and are smelling it, and if of a sudden a blackbird in a bush hard by begins to sing and chirrup, your feeling of pleasure is very much enhanced most likely; the senses with which you examine the scene become brightened as it were, and the scene itself becomes more agreeable to you. It is not the same place as it was before you smelt the rose, or before the blackbird began to sing. Now, in Madame Juillerat's picture of the Saint of Hungary and the hungry boy, if the flowers on the young ladies' heads had been omitted, or not painted with their pleasing minuteness and circumstantiality, I fancy that the effect of the piece would have been by no means the same. Another artist of the mystical school Monsieur Servan, has employed the same adjuncts in a similarly successful manner. One of his pictures represents Saint Augustin meditating in a garden; a great cluster of rose-bushes, hollyhocks, and other plants is in the foreground, most accurately delineated; and a fine rich landscape and river stretch behind the saint, round whom the flowers seem to keep up a mysterious waving and whispering that fill

one with a sweet, pleasing, indescribable kind of awe—a great perfection in this style of painting.

In Monsieur Aguado's gallery there is an early Raphael (which all the world declares to be a copy, but no matter). This piece only represents two young people walking hand-in-hand in a garden, and looking at you with a kind of "solemn mirth" (the expression of old Sternhold and Hopkins has always struck me as very fine). A meadow is behind them, at the end of which is a cottage, and by which flows a river, environed by certain very prim-looking trees; and that is all. Well; it is impossible for any person who has a sentiment for the art to look at this picture without feeling indescribably moved and pleased by it. It acts upon you—how? How does a beautiful, pious, tender air of Mozart act upon you? What is there in it that should make you happy and gentle, and fill you with all sorts of good thoughts and kindly feelings? I fear that what Doctor Thumpcushion says at church is correct, and that these indulgences are only carnal, and of the earth earthy; but the sensual effort in this case carries one quite away from the earth, and up to something that is very like heaven.

Now the writer of this has already been severely reprehended for saying that Raphael at thirty had lost that delightful innocence and purity which rendered the works of Raphael of twenty so divine; and perhaps it may be the critic's fault, and not the painter's (I'm not proud, and will allow that even a magazine critic may be mistaken). Perhaps by the greatest stretch of the perhaps, it may be that Raphael was every whit as divine at thirty as at eighteen; and that the very quaintnesses and imperfections of manner observable in his early works are the reasons why they appear so singularly pleasing to me. At least among painters of the present day, I feel myself more disposed to recognise spiritual beauties in those whose powers of execution are manifestly incomplete, than in artists whose hands are skilful and manner formed. Thus there are scores of large pictures here, hanging in the Louvre, that represent subjects taken from Holy Writ, or from the lives of the saints,—pictures skilfully enough painted and intended to be religious, that have not the slightest effect upon me, no more than Doctor Thumpcushion's loudest and glibbest sermon.

Here is No. 1475, for instance—a "Holy Family," painted in the antique manner, and with all the accessories before spoken of, viz. large flowers, fresh roses, and white stately lilies; curling tendrils of vines forming fantastical canopies for the heads of the sacred personages, and rings of gold-leaf drawn neatly round the same. Here is the Virgin, with long, stiff, prim draperies of blue, red, and white;

and old Saint Anne in a sober dress, seated gravely at her side; and Saint Joseph in a becoming attitude; and all very cleverly treated and pleasing to the eye. But though this picture is twice as well painted as any of those before mentioned, it does not touch my heart in the least; nor do any of the rest of the sacred pieces. Opposite the "Holy Family" is a great "Martyrdom of Polycarp," and the catalogue tells you how the executioners first tried to burn the saint; but the fire went out, and the executioners were knocked down; then a soldier struck the saint with a sword, and so killed him. The legends recount numerous miracles of this sort, which I confess have not any very edifying effect upon me. Saints are clapped into boiling oil, which immediately turns cool; or their heads are chopped off, and their blood turns to milk; and so on. One can't understand why these continual delays and disappointments take place, especially as the martyr is always killed at the end; so that it would be best at once to put him out of his pain. For this reason, possibly, the execution of Saint Polycarp did not properly affect the writer of this notice.

Monsieur Laemlein has a good picture of the "Waking of Adam," so royally described by Milton—a picture full of gladness, vigour, and sunshine. There is a very fine figure of a weeping woman in a picture of the "Death of the Virgin;" and the Virgin falling in Monsieur Steuben's picture of "Our Saviour going to Execution" is very pathetic. The mention of this gentleman brings us to what is called the *bourgeois* style of art, of which he is one of the chief professors. He excels in depicting a certain kind of sentiment, and in the vulgar, which is often too the true, pathetic.

Steuben has painted many scores of Napoleons; and his picture of Napoleon this year brings numbers of admiring people round it. The Emperor is seated on a sofa, reading despatches; and the little King of Rome, in a white muslin frock, with his hair beautifully curled, slumbers on his papa's knee. What a contrast! The conqueror of the world, the stern warrior, the great giver of laws and ruler of nations, he dare not move because the little baby is asleep; and he would not disturb him for all the kingdoms he knows so well how to conquer. This is not art, if you please; but it is pleasant to see fat good-natured mothers and grandmothers clustered round this picture, and looking at it with solemn eyes. The same painter has an Esmeralda dancing and frisking in her night-gown, and playing the tambourine to her goat, capering likewise. This picture is so delightfully bad, the little gipsy has such a killing ogle, that all the world admires it. Monsieur Steuben should send it to London, where it would be sure of a gigantic success.

Monsieur Grenier has a piece much looked at, in the *bourgeois* line. Some rogues of gipsies, or mountebanks, have kidnapped a fine fat child, and are stripping it of its pretty clothes ; and poor baby is crying ; and the gipsy-woman holding up her finger and threatening ; and the he-mountebank is lying on a bank, smoking his pipe,—the callous monster ! Preciously they will ill-treat that dear little darling, if justice do not overtake them,—if, ay, *if*. But, thank Heaven ! there in the corner come the police, and they will have that pipe-smoking scoundrel off to the galleys before five minutes are over.

1056. A picture of the galleys. Two galley-slaves are before you, and the piece is called "A Crime and a Fault." The poor "Fault" is sitting on a stone, looking very repentant and unhappy indeed. The great "Crime" stands grinning you in the face, smoking his pipe. The ruffian ! That pipe seems to be a great mark of callosity in ruffians. I heard one man whisper to another, as they were looking at these galley-slaves, "*They are portraits*," and very much affected his companion seemed by the information.

Of a similar virtuous interest is 705, by Monsieur Finart, "A Family of African Colonists carried off by Abd-el-Kader." There is the poor male colonist without a single thing on but a rope round his wrists. His silver skin is dabbled with his golden blood, and he looks up to heaven as the Arabs are poking him on with the tips of their horrid spears. Behind him come his flocks and herds, and other members of his family. In front, principal figure, is his angelic wife, in her night-gown, and in the arms of an odious blackamoor on horseback. Poor thing—poor thing ! she is kicking, and struggling, and resisting as hard as she possibly can.

485. "The Two Friends." Debay.

"Deux jeunes femmes se donnent le gage le plus sacré d'une amitié sincère, dans un acte de dévoûment et de reconnaissance.

"L'une d'elles, faible, exténuée d'efforts inutilement tentés pour allaiter, découvre son sein tari, cause du dépérissement de son enfant. Sa douleur est comprise par son amie, à qui la santé permet d'ajouter au bonheur de nourrir son propre enfant, celui de rappeler à la vie le fils mourant de sa compagne."

Monsieur Debay's pictures are not bad, as most of the others here mentioned as appertaining to the *bourgeois* class ; but good or bad, I can't but own that I like to see these honest hearty representations, which work upon good simple feeling in a good downright way ; and if not works of art, are certainly works that can do a great deal of good, and make honest people happy. Who is the man that despises melodramas ? I swear that T. P. Cooke is a benefactor to mankind. Away with him who has no stomach for such kind of entertainments,

where vice is always punished, where virtue always meets its reward; where Mrs. James Vining is always sure to be made comfortable somewhere at the end of the third act; and if O. Smith is lying in agonies of death, in red breeches, on the front of the stage, or has just gone off in a flash of fire down one of the traps, I know it is only make-believe on his part, and believe him to be a good kind-hearted fellow, that would not do harm to mortal! So much for pictures of the serious melodramatic sort.

Monsieur Biard, whose picture of the "Slave Trade" made so much noise in London last year—and indeed it is as fine as Hogarth—has this year many comic pieces, and a series representing the present Majesty of France when Duke of Orleans, undergoing various perils by land and by water. There is much good in these pieces; but I mean no disrespect in saying I like the comic ones best. There is one entitled "Une Distraction." A National Guard is amusing himself by catching flies. You can't fail to laugh when you see it. There is "Le Gros Péché," and the biggest of all sins, no less than a drum-major confessing. You can't see the monster's face, which the painter has wisely hidden behind the curtain, as beyond the reach of art; but you see the priest's, and, murder! what a sin it must be that the big tambour has just imparted to him. All the French critics sneer at Biard, as they do at Paul de Kock, for not being artistical enough; but I do not think these gentlemen need mind the sneer; they have the millions with them, as Feargus O'Connor says, and they are good judges, after all.

A great comfort it is to think that there is a reasonable prospect that, for the future, very few more battle-pieces will be painted. They have used up all the victories, and Versailles is almost full. So this year, much to my happiness, only a few yards of warlike canvas are exhibited in place of the furlongs which one was called upon to examine in former exhibitions. One retreat from Moscow is there, and one storming of El Gibbet, or El Arish, or some such place in Africa. In the latter picture, you see a thousand fellows, in loose red pantaloons, rushing up a hill with base heathen Turks on the top, who are firing off guns, carabines, and other pieces of ordnance, at them. All this is very well painted by Monsieur Bollangé, and the rush of red breeches has a queer and pleasing effect. In the Russian piece, you have frozen men and cattle; mothers embracing their offspring; grenadiers scowling at the enemy, and especially one fellow standing on a bank with his bayonet placed in the attitude for receiving the charge, and actually charged by a whole regiment of Cossacks—a complete pulk, my dear madam, coming on in three lines, with their lances pointed against this undaunted warrior of France. I believe

Monsieur Thiers sat for the portrait, or else the editor of the *Courrier Français*,—the two men in this belligerent nation who are the belligerentest. *A propos* of Thiers, the *Nouvelles à la Main* has a good story of this little sham Napoleon. When the second son of the Duke of Orleans was born (I forget his Royal Highness's title), news was brought to Monsieur Thiers. He was told the Princess was well, and asked the courier who brought the news, "Comment se portait *le Roi de Rome*?" It may be said, in confidence, that there is not a single word of truth in the story. But what of that? Are not sham stories as good as real ones? Ask Monsieur Leullier; who, in spite of all that has been said and written upon a certain sea-fight, has actually this year come forward with his

1311. "Héroïsme de l'Equipage du Vaisseau le Vengeur, 4 Juin, 1794."

"Après avoir soutenu longtemps un combat acharné contre trois vaisseaux Anglais, le vaisseau le Vengeur avait perdu la moitié de son équipage, le reste était blessé pour la plupart : le second captaine avait été coupé en deux par un boulet ; le vaisseau était rasé par le feu de l'ennemi, sa mâture abattue, ses flancs criblés par les boulets étaient ouverts de toutes parts : sa cale se remplissait à vu d'œil ; il s'enfonçait dans la mer. Les marins qui restent sur son bord servent la batterie basse jusqu'à ce qu'elle se trouve au niveau de la mer ; quand elle va disparaître, ils s'élancent dans la seconde, où ils répètent la même manœuvre ; celle-ci engloutie, ils montent sur le pont. Un tronçon de mât d'artimon restait encore debout ; leurs pavillons en lambeaux y sont cloués ; puis, réunissant instinctivement leurs volontés en une seule pensée, ils veulent périr avec le navire qui leur a été confié. Tous, combattants, blessés, mourants s'animent : un cri immense s'élève, répété sur toutes les parties du tillac : *Vive la République! Vive la France!* . . . *Le Vengeur* coule . . . les cris continuent ; tous les bras sont dressés au ciel, et ces braves, préférant la mort à la captivité, emportent triomphalement leur pavillon dans ce glorieux tombeau."—*France Maritime.*

I think Mr. Thomas Carlyle is in the occasional habit of calling lies wind-bags. *This* wind-bag, one would have thought, exploded last year; but no such thing. You *can't* sink it, do what you will; it always comes bouncing up to the surface again, where it swims and bobs about gaily for the admiration of all. This lie the Frenchman will believe; all the papers talk gravely about the affair of the "Vengeur" as if an established fact; and I heard the matter disposed of by some artists the other day in a very satisfactory manner. One has always the gratification, in all French societies where the matter is discussed, of telling the real story (or if the subject be not discussed, of bringing the conversation round to it, and then telling the real story); one has always this gratification, and a great, wicked, delightful one it is,—

you make the whole company uncomfortable at once; you narrate the history in a calm, good-humoured, dispassionate tone; and as you proceed, you see the different personages of the audience looking uneasily at one another, and bursting out occasionally with a "Mais cependant;" but you continue your tale with perfect suavity of manner, and have the satisfaction of knowing that you have stuck a dagger into the heart of every single person using it.

Telling, I say, this story to some artists who were examining Monsieur Leullier's picture, and I trust that many scores of persons besides were listening to the conversation, one of them replied to my assertion, that Captain Renaudin's letters were extant, and that the whole affair was a humbug, in the following way.

"Sir," said he, "the sinking of the 'Vengeur' is an *established fact of history.* It is completely proved by the documents of the time; and as for the letters of Captain Renaudin of which you speak, have we not had an example the other day of some pretended letters of Louis Philippe's which were published in a newspaper here? And what, sir, were those letters? *Forgeries!*"

Q. E. D. Everybody said sansculotte was right: and I have no doubt that, if all the "Vengeur's" crew could rise from the dead, and that English cox—or boat—swain, who was last *on board the ship*,* of which he and his comrades had possession, and had to swim for his life, could come forward, and swear to the real story, I make no doubt that the Frenchmen would not believe it. Only one I know, my friend Julius, who, ever since the tale has been told to him, has been crying it into all ears and in all societies, and vows he is perfectly hoarse with telling it.

As for Monsieur Leullier's picture, there is really a great deal of good in it. Fellows embracing, and others lifting up hands and eyes to heaven; and in the distance an English ship, with the crew in *red coats*, firing away on the doomed vessel. Possibly they are only marines whom we see; but as I once beheld several English naval officers in a play habited in top-boots, perhaps the legend in France may be, that the navy, like the army, with us, is caparisoned in scarlet. A good subject for another historical picture would be Cambronne saying "La Garde meurt, mais ne se rend pas." I have bought a couple of engravings of the "Vengeur" and Cambronne, and shall be glad to make a little historical collection of facts similarly authenticated.

Accursed, I say, be all uniform coats of blue or of red; all ye epaulets and sabretashes; all ye guns, shrapnels, and musketoons;

* The writer heard of this man from an English captain in the navy, who had him on board his ship.

all ye silken banners embroidered with bloody reminiscences of successful fights: down—down to the bottomless pit with you all, and let honest men live and love each other without you! What business have I, forsooth, to plume myself because the Duke of Wellington beat the French in Spain and elsewhere; and kindle as I read the tale, and fancy myself of an heroic stock, because my Uncle Tom was at the battle of Waterloo, and because we beat Napoleon there? Who are *we*, in the name of Beelzebub? Did we ever fight in our lives? Have we the slightest inclination for fighting and murdering one another? Why are we to go on hating one another from generation to generation, swelling up our little bosoms with absurd national conceit, strutting and crowing over our neighbours, and longing to be at fisticuffs with them again? As Aristotle remarks, in war there are always two parties; and though it often happens that both declare themselves to be victorious, it still is generally the case that one party beats and the other is beaten. The conqueror is thus filled with national pride, and the conquered with national hatred and a desire to do better next time. If he has his revenge and beats his opponent as desired, these agreeable feelings are reversed, and so Pride and Hatred continue *in sæcula sæculorum*, and ribands and orders are given away, and great men rise and flourish. "Remember you are Britons!" cries our general; "there is the enemy, and d—— 'em, give 'em the bayonet!" Hurrah! helter-skelter, load and fire, cut and thrust, down they go! "Soldats! dans ce moment terrible la France vous regarde! Vive l'Empereur!" shouts Jacques Bonhomme, and his sword is through your ribs in a twinkling. "Children!" roars Feld-marechal Sauerkraut, "men of Hohenzollernsigmaringen! remember the eyes of Vaterland are upon you!" and murder again is the consequence. Tomahee-tereboo leads on the Ashantees with the very same war-cry, and they eat all their prisoners with true patriotic cannibalism.

Thus the great truth is handed down from father to son, that

A Briton,
A Frenchman,
An Ashantee,
A Hohenzollernsigmaringenite, &c. } is superior to all the world;

and by this truth the dullards of the respective nations swear, and by it statesmen govern.

Let the reader say for himself, does he not believe himself to be superior to a man of any other country? We can't help it—in spite of our principles we do. But if, by changing the name, the fable applies to yourself, why do you laugh?

Κυιδ ριδης; μυτατω νωμινε δη τη
Φαβυλα ναρρατυρ,

as a certain poet says (in a quotation that is pretty well known in England, and therefore put down here in a new fashion). Why do you laugh, forsooth? Why do you *not* laugh? If donkeys' ears are a matter of laughter, surely we may laugh at them when growing on our own skulls.

Take a couple of instances from "actual life," as the fashionable novel-puffers say.

A little fat silly woman, who in no country but this would ever have pretensions to beauty, has lately set up a circulating library in our street. She lends the five-franc editions of the English novels, as well as the romances of her own country, and I have had several of the former works of fiction from her store: Bulwer's "Night and Morning," very pleasant kind-hearted reading; "Peter Priggins," an astonishing work of slang, that ought to be translated if but to give Europe an idea of what a gay young gentleman in England sometimes is; and other novels—never mind what. But to revert to the fat woman.

She sits all day ogling and simpering behind her little counter; and from the slow, prim, precise way in which she lets her silly sentences slip through her mouth, you see at once that she is quite satisfied with them, and expects that every customer should give her an opportunity of uttering a few of them for his benefit. Going there for a book, I always find myself entangled in a quarter of an hour's conversation.

This is carried on in not very bad French on my part; at least I find that when I say something genteel to the library-woman, she is not at a loss to understand me, and we have passed already many minutes in this kind of intercourse. Two days since, returning "Night and Morning" to the library-lady and demanding the romance of "Peter Priggins," she offered me instead "Ida," par Monsieur le Vicomte Darlincourt, which I refused, having already experienced some of his lordship's works; next she produced "Stella," "Valida," "Eloa," by various French ladies of literary celebrity; but again I declined, declaring respectfully that, however agreeable the society of ladies might be, I found their works a little insipid. The fact is, that after being accustomed to such potent mixtures as the French romancers offer you, the mild compositions of the French romanceresses pall on the palate.*

* In our own country, of course, Mrs. Trollope, Miss Mitford, Miss Pardoe, Mrs. Charles Gore, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Ferrier, Miss Stickney, Miss Barrett, Lady Blessington, Miss Smith, Mrs. Austin, Miss Austen, &c., form exceptions to this rule; and glad am I to offer per favour of this note a humble tribute of admiration to those ladies.

"Madame," says I, to cut the matter short, "je ne demande qu'un roman Anglais, 'Peter Priggins :' l'avez-vous? oui ou non?"

"Ah!" says the library-woman, "Monsieur ne comprend pas notre langue, c'est dommage."

Now one might, at first sight, fancy the above speech an epigram, and not a bad one, on an Englishman's blundering French grammar and pronunciation; but those who know the library-lady must be aware that she never was guilty of such a thing in her life. It was simply a French bull, resulting from the lady's dulness, and by no means a sarcasm. She uttered the words with a great air of superiority and a prim toss of the head, as much as to say, "How much cleverer I am than you, you silly foreigner! and what a fine thing it is in me to know the finest language in the world!" In this way I have heard donkeys of our two countries address foreigners in broken English or French, as if people who could not understand a language when properly spoken could comprehend it when spoken ill. Why the deuce do people give themselves these impertinent stupid airs of superiority, and pique themselves upon the great cleverness of speaking their own language?

Take another instance of this same egregious national conceit. At the English pastrycook's—(you can't readily find a prettier or more graceful woman than Madame Colombin, nor better plum-cake than she sells)—at Madame Colombin's, yesterday, a huge Briton, with sandy whiskers and a double chin, was swallowing patties and cherry-brandy, and all the while making remarks to a friend similarly employed. They were talking about English and French ships.

"Hang me, Higgins," says Sandy-whiskers, "if *I*'d ever go into one of their cursed French ships! I should be afraid of sinking at the very first puff of wind!"

What Higgins replied does not matter. But think what a number of Sandy-whiskerses there are in our nation,—fellows who are proud of this stupid mistrust,—who think it a mark of national spirit to despise French skill, bravery, cookery, seamanship, and what not. Swallow your beef and porter, you great fat-paunched man; enjoy your language and your country, as you have been bred to do; but don't fancy yourself, on account of these inheritances of yours, superior to other people of other ways and language. You have luck, perhaps, if you will, in having such a diet and dwelling-place, but no *merit*. . . . And with this little discursive essay upon national prejudices let us come back to the pictures, and finish our walk through the gallery.

In that agreeable branch of the art for which we have I believe no name, but which the French call *genre*, there are at Paris several

eminent professors; and as upon the French stage the costume-pieces are far better produced than with us, so also are French costume-pictures much more accurately and characteristically handled than are such subjects in our own country. You do not see Cimabue and Giotto in the costume of Francis I., as they appeared (depicted by Mr. Simpson, I think) in the Royal Academy Exhibition of last year; but the artists go to some trouble in collecting their antiquarian stuff, and paint it pretty scrupulously.

Monsieur Jacquard has some pretty small pictures *de genre*; a very good one, indeed, of fat "Monks granting Absolution from Fasting;" of which the details are finely and accurately painted, a task more easy for a French artist than an English one, for the former's studio (as may be seen by a picture in this exhibition) is generally a magnificent curiosity shop; and for old carvings, screens, crockery, armour, draperies, &c., the painter here has but to look to his own walls and copy away at his ease. Accordingly Jacquard's monks, especially all the properties of the picture, are admirable.

Monsieur Baron has "The Youth of Ribera," a merry Spanish beggar-boy, among a crowd of his like, drawing sketches of them under a garden wall. The figures are very prettily thought and grouped; there is a fine terrace, and palace, and statues in the background, very rich and luxurious; perhaps too pretty and gay in colours, and too strong in details.

But the king of the painters of small history subjects is Monsieur Robert Fleury; a great artist indeed, and I trust heartily he may be induced to send one or two of his pieces to London, to show our people what he can do. His mind, judging from his works, is rather of a gloomy turn; and he deals somewhat too much, to my taste, in the horrible. He has this year "A Scene in the Inquisition." A man is howling and writhing with his feet over a fire; grim inquisitors are watching over him; and a dreadful executioner, with fierce eyes peering from under a mysterious capuchin, is doggedly sitting over the coals. The picture is downright horror, but admirably and honestly drawn; and in effect rich, sombre, and simple.

"Benvenuto Cellini" is better still; and the critics have lauded the piece as giving a good idea of the fierce fantastic Florentine sculptor; but I think Monsieur Fleury has taken him in too grim a mood, and made his ferocity too downright. There was always a dash of the ridiculous in the man, even in his most truculent moments; and I fancy that such simple rage as is here represented scarcely characterises him. The fellow never cut a throat without some sense of humour, and here we have him greatly too majestic to my taste.

"Old Michael Angelo watching over the Sick-bed of his servant Urbino" is a noble painting; as fine in feeling as in design and colour. One can't but admire in all these the *manliness* of the artist. The picture is painted in a large, rich, massive, vigorous manner; and it is gratifying to see that this great man, after resolute seeking for many years, has found the full use of his hand at last, and can express himself as he would. The picture is fit to hang in the very best gallery in the world; and a century hence will no doubt be worth five times as many crowns as the artist asks or has had for it.

Being on the subject of great pictures, let us here mention,

712. "Portrait of a Lady," by Hippolyte Flandrin.

Of this portrait all I can say is, that if you take the best portraits by the best masters—a head of Sebastian or Michael Angelo, a head of Raphael, or one of those rarer ones of Andrea del Sarto—not one of them, for lofty character and majestic nobleness and simplicity, can surpass this magnificent work.

This seems, doubtless, very exaggerated praise, and people reading it may possibly sneer at the critic who ventures to speak in such a way. To all such I say, Come and see it. You who admire Sir Thomas and the "Books of Beauty" will possibly not admire it; you who give ten thousand guineas for a blowsy Murillo will possibly not relish Monsieur Flandrin's manner; but you who love simplicity and greatness come and see how an old lady, with a black mantilla and dark eyes, and grey hair and a few red flowers in her cap, has been painted by Monsieur Flandrin of Lyons. If I were Louis Philippe, I would send a legion-of-honour cross, of the biggest sort, to decorate the bosom of the painter who has executed this noble piece.

As for portraits (with the exception of this one, which no man in England can equal, not even Mr. Samuel Lawrence, who is trying to get to this point, but has not reached it yet) our English painters keep the lead still, nor is there much remarkable among the hundreds in the gallery. There are vast numbers of English faces staring at you from the canvases; and among the miniatures especially one can't help laughing at the continual recurrence of the healthy, vacant, simpering, aristocratic English type. There are black velvets and satins, ladies with birds of paradise, deputies on sofas, and generals and marshals in the midst of smoke and cannon-balls. Nothing can be less to my taste than a pot-bellied swaggering Marshal Soult, who rests his bâton on his stomach, and looks at you in the midst of a dim cloud of war. The Duchesse de Nemours is done by Monsieur Winterhalter, and has a place of honour, as becomes a good portrait; and, above all, such a pretty lady. She is a pretty, smiling, buxom blonde, with plenty of hair, and rather too much hands, not to speak disrespectfully; and a

slice of lace which goes across the middle of her white satin gown seems to cut the picture very disagreeably in two. There is a beautiful head in a large portrait of a lad of eighteen, painted by himself; and here may be mentioned two single figures in pastel by an architect, remarkable for earnest *spirituel* beauty; likewise two heads in chalk by De Rudder; most charming sketches, full of delicacy, grace, and truth.

The only one of the acknowledged great who has exhibited this year is Monsieur Delacroix, who has a large picture relative to the siege of Constantinople, that looks very like a piece of crumpled tapestry, but that has nevertheless its admirers and its merits, as what work of his has not?

His two smaller pieces are charming. "A Jewish Wedding at Tangiers" is brilliant with light and merriment; a particular sort of merriment, that is, that makes you gloomy in the very midst of the heyday: and his "Boat" is awful. A score of shipwrecked men are in this boat, on a great wide, swollen, interminable sea—no hope, no speck of sail—and they are drawing lots which shall be killed and eaten. A burly seaman, with a red beard, has just put his hand into the hat and is touching his own to the officer. One fellow sits with his hands clasped, and gazing—gazing into the great void before him. By Jupiter, his eyes are unfathomable! he is looking at miles and miles of lead-coloured, bitter, pitiless brine! Indeed one can't bear to look at him long; nor at that poor woman, so sickly and so beautiful, whom they may as well kill at once, or she will save them the trouble of drawing straws; and give up to their maws that poor, white, faded, delicate, shrivelled carcass. Ah, what a thing it is to be hungry! Oh, Eugenius Delacroix! how can you manage, with a few paint-bladders, and a dirty brush, and a careless hand, to dash down such savage histories as these, and fill people's minds with thoughts so dreadful? Ay, there it is; whenever I go through that part of the gallery where Monsieur Delacroix's picture is, I always turn away now, and look at a fat woman with a parroquet opposite. For what's the use of being uncomfortable?

Another great picture is one of about four inches square—"The Chess-Players," by Monsieur Meissonier—truly an astonishing piece of workmanship. No silly tricks of effect, and abrupt, startling shadow and light, but a picture painted with the minuteness and accuracy of a daguerréotype, and as near as possible perfect in its kind. Two men are playing at chess, and the chess-men are no bigger than pin-heads; every one of them an accurate portrait, with all the light, shadow, roundness, character, and colour belonging to it.

Of the landscapes it is very hard indeed to speak, for professors of

landscapes almost all execute their art well; but few so well as to strike one with especial attention, or to produce much remark. Constable has been a great friend to the new landscape-school in France, who have laid aside the slimy weak manner formerly in vogue, and perhaps have adopted in its place a method equally reprehensible—that of plastering their pictures excessively. When you wish to represent a piece of old timber, or a crumbling wall, or the ruts and stones in a road, this impasting method is very successful; but here the skies are trowelled on; the light-vapouring distances are as thick as plum-pudding, the cool clear shadows are mashed-down masses of sienna and indigo. But it is undeniable that, by these violent means, a certain power is had, and noonday effects of strong sunshine are often dashingly rendered.

How much pleasanter is it to see a little quiet grey waste of David Cox than the very best and smartest of such works! Some men from Düsseldorf have sent very fine scientific faithful pictures, that are a little heavy, but still you see that they are portraits drawn respectfully from the great, beautiful, various, divine face of Nature.

In the statue-gallery there is nothing worth talking about; and so let us make an end of the Louvre, and politely wish a good morning to everybody.

(*Fraser's Magazine*, July 1841.)

MAY GAMBOLS; OR, TITMARSH IN THE PICTURE GALLERIES.

THE readers of this miscellany may, perhaps, have remarked that always, at the May season and the period of the exhibitions, our eccentric correspondent Titmarsh seems to be seized with a double fit of eccentricity, and to break out into such violent fantastical gambols as might cause us to be alarmed did we not know him to be harmless, and induce us to doubt of his reason but that the fit is generally brief, and passes off after the first excitement occasioned by visiting the picture galleries. It was in one of these fits, some years since, that he announced in this Magazine his own suicide, which we know to be absurd, for he has drawn many hundred guineas from us since:—on the same occasion he described his debts and sojourn at a respectable hotel, in which it seems he has never set his foot. But these hallucinations pass away with May, and next month

he will, no doubt, be calmer, or, at least, not more absurd than usual. Some disappointments occurring to himself, and the refusal of his great picture of "Heliogabalus" in the year 1803 (which caused his retirement from practice as a painter), may account for his extreme bitterness against some of the chief artists in this or any other school or country. Thus we have him in these pages abusing Raphael; in the very last month he fell foul of Rubens; and in the present paper he actually pooh-poohs Sir Martin Shee and some of the Royal Academy. This is too much. "Cælum ipsum," as Horace says, "petimus stultitiâ." But we will quote no more the well-known words of the Epicurean bard.

We only add that we do not feel in the least bound by any one of the opinions here brought forward, from most of which, except where the writer contradicts himself and so saves us the trouble, we cordially dissent; and perhaps the reader had best pass on to the next article, omitting all perusal of this, excepting, of course, the editorial notice of—O. Y.

JACK STRAW'S CASTLE, HAMPSTEAD: *May* 25.

THIS is written in the midst of a general desolation and discouragement of the honest practitioners who dwell in the dingy first-floors about Middlesex Hospital and Soho. The long-haired ones are tearing their lanky locks; the velvet-coated sons of genius are plunged in despair; the law has ordered the suppression of Art-Unions, and the wheel of Fortune has suddenly and cruelly been made to stand still. When the dreadful news came that the kindly, harmless Art lottery was to be put an end to, although Derby lotteries are advertised in every gin-shop in London, and every ruffian in the City may gamble at his leisure, the men of the brush and palette convoked a tumultuous meeting, where, amidst tears, shrieks, and wrath, the cruelty of their case was debated. Wyse of Waterford calmly presided over the stormy bladder-squeezers, the insulted wielders of the knife and maul-stick. Wyse soothed their angry spirits with words of wisdom and hope. He stood up in the assembly of the legislators of the land and pointed out their wrongs. The painter's friend, the kind old Lansdowne, lifted up his cordial voice among the peers of England, and asked for protection for the children of Raphael and Apelles. No one said nay. All pitied the misfortune of the painters; even Lord Brougham was stilled into compassion, and the voice of Vaux was only heard in sobs.

These are days of darkness, but there is hope in the vista; the lottery-subscription lies in limbo, but it shall be released therefrom and flourish, exuberantly revivified, in future years. Had the ruin been consummated, this hand should have withered rather than have

attempted to inscribe jokes concerning it. No, *Fraser* is the artists' friend, their mild parent. While his Royal Highness Prince Albert dines with the Academicians, the rest of painters, less fortunate, are patronised by her Majesty REGINA.

Yes, in spite of the Art-Union accident, there is hope for the painters. Sir Martin Archer Shee thinks that the Prince's condescension in dining with the Academy will do incalculable benefit to the art. Henceforth its position is assured in the world. This august patronage, the president says, evincing the sympathy of the higher classes, must awaken the interest of the low; and the public (the ignorant rogues !) will thus learn to appreciate what they have not cared for hitherto. Interested ! Of course they will be. O Academicians ! ask the public to dinner, and you will see how much interested they will be. We are authorised to state that next year any person who will send in his name will have a cover provided ; Trafalgar Square is to be awned in, plates are to be laid for 250,000, one of the new basins is to be filled with turtle and the other with cold punch. The president and the *élite* are to sit upon Nelson's pillar, while rows of benches, stretching as far as the Union Club, Northumberland House, and Saint Martin's Church, will accommodate the vulgar. Mr. Toole is to have a speaking-trumpet ; and a twenty-four-pounder to be discharged at each toast.

There are other symptoms of awakening interest in the public mind. The readers of newspapers will remark this year that the leaders of public opinion have devoted an unusually large space and print to reviews of the fine arts. They have been employing critics who, though they contradict each other a good deal, are yet evidently better acquainted with the subject than critics of old used to be, when gentlemen of the profession were instructed to report on a fire, or an Old Bailey trial, or a Greek play, or an opera, or a boxing-match, or a picture gallery, as their turn came. Read now the *Times*, the *Chronicle*, the *Post* (especially the *Post*, of which the painting critiques have been very good), and it will be seen that the critic knows his business, and from the length of his articles it may be conjectured that the public is interested in knowing what he has to say. This is all, probably, from the Prince having dined at the Academy. The nation did not care for pictures until then,—until the nobility taught us ; gracious nobility ! Above all, what a compliment to the public !

As one lounges round the rooms of the Royal Academy, one cannot but deplore the fate of the poor fellows who have been speculating upon the Art-Unions ; and yet in the act of grief there is a lurking satisfaction. The poor fellows can't sell their pieces ; that is a pity. But why did the poor fellows paint such fiddle-faddle pictures ? They

catered for the *bourgeois*, the sly rogues! They know honest John Bull's taste, and simple admiration of namby-pamby, and so they supplied him with an article that was just likely to suit him. In like manner savages are suppled with glass beads; children are accommodated with toys and trash, by dexterous speculators who know their market. Well, I am sorry that the painting speculators have had a stop put to their little venture, and that the ugly law against lotteries has stepped in and seized upon the twelve thousand pounds, which was to furnish many a hungry British Raphael with a coat and a beefsteak. Many a Mrs. Raphael, who was looking out for a new dress, or a trip to Margate or Boulogne for the summer, must forego the pleasure and remain in dingy Newman Street. Many little ones will go back to Turnham Green academies and not carry the amount of last half-year's bill in the trunk; many a landlord will bully about the non-payment of the rent; and a vast number of frame-makers will look wistfully at their carving and gilding as it returns after the exhibition to Mr. Tinto, Charlotte Street, along with poor Tinto's picture from the "Vicar of Wakefield" that he made sure of selling to an Art-Union prizeman. This is the pathetic side of the question. My heart is tender, and I weep for the honest painters peering dismally at the twelve thousand pounds like hungry boys do at a tart-shop.

But—here stern justice interposes, and the MAN having relented, the CRITIC raises his inexorable voice—but, I say, the enemies of Art-Unions have had some reason for their complaints, and I fear it is too true that the effect of those institutions, as far as they have gone hitherto, has not been mightily favourable to the cause of art. One day, by custom, no doubt, the public taste will grow better, and as the man who begins by intoxicating himself with a glass of gin finishes sometimes by easily absorbing a bottle; as the law student, who at first is tired with a chapter of Blackstone, will presently swallow you down with pleasure a whole volume of Chitty; as EDUCATION, in a word, advances, it is humbly to be hoped that the great and generous British public will not be so easily satisfied as at present, and will ask for a better article for its money.

Meanwhile, their taste being pitiable, the artists supply them with poor stuff—pretty cheap tawdry toys and gimcracks in place of august and beautiful objects of art. It is always the case. I do not mean to say that the literary men are a bit better. Poor fellows of the pen and pencil! we must live. The public likes light literature and we write it. Here am I writing magazine jokes and follies, and why? Because the public like such, will purchase no other. Otherwise, as Mr. Nickisson, and all who are acquainted with M. A. Titmarsh in private, know my real inclinations would lead me to write works upon mathematics,

geology, and chemistry, varying them in my lighter hours with little playful treatises on questions of political economy, epic poems, and essays on the Æolic digamma. So, in fact, these severe rebukes with which I am about to belabour my neighbour must be taken, as they are given, in a humble and friendly spirit; they are not actuated by pride, but by deep sympathy. Just as we read in holy Mr. Newman's life of Saint Stephen Harding, that it was the custom among the godly Cistercian monks (in the good old times, which holy Newman would restore) to assemble every morning in full chapter; and there, after each monk had made his confession, it was free to—nay, it was strictly enjoined on—any other brother to rise and say, "Brother So-and-so hath not told all his sins; our dear brother has forgotten that yesterday he ate his split peas with too much gormandise;" or, "This morning he did indecently rejoice over his water-gruel," or what not—these real Christians were called upon to inform, not only of themselves, but to be informers over each other; and, the information being given, the brother informed against thanked his brother the informer, and laid himself down on the desk, and was flagellated with gratitude. Sweet friends! be you like the Cistercians! Brother Michael Angelo is going to inform against you. Get ready your garments and prepare for flagellation. Brother Michael Angelo is about to lay on and spare not.

Brother Michael lifts up his voice against the young painters collectively in the first place, afterwards individually, when he will also take leave to tickle them with the wholesome stripes of the flagellum. In the first place, then (and my heart is so tender that, rather than begin the operation, I have been beating about the bush for more than a page, of which page the reader is cordially requested to omit the perusal, as it is not the least to the purpose), I say that the young painters of England, whose uprise this Magazine and this critic were the first to hail, asserting loudly their superiority over the pompous old sham classical bigwigs of the Academy—the young painters of England *are not doing their duty*. They are going backwards, or rather, they are flinging themselves under the wheels of that great golden Juggernaut of an Art-Union. The thought of the money is leading them astray; they are poets no longer, but money-hunters. They paint down to the level of the public intelligence, rather than seek to elevate the public to them. Why do these great geniuses fail in their duty of instruction? Why, knowing better things, do they serve out such awful twaddle as we have from them? Alas! it is not for art they paint, but for the Art-Union.

The first dear brother I shall take the liberty to request to get ready for operation is brother Charles Landseer. Brother Charles

has sinned. He has grievously sinned. And we will begin with this miserable sinner, and administer to him admonition in a friendly, though most fierce and cutting, manner.

The subject of brother Charles Landseer's crime is this. The sinner has said to himself, "The British public likes domestic pieces. They will have nothing but domestic pieces. I will give them one, and of a new sort. Suppose I paint a picture that must make a hit. My picture will have every sort of interest. It shall interest the religious public; it shall interest the domestic public; it shall interest the amateur for the cleverness of its painting; it shall interest little boys and girls, for I will introduce no end of animals, camels, monkeys, elephants, and cockatoos; it shall interest sentimental young ladies, for I will take care to have a pretty little episode for them. I will take the town by storm, in a word." This is what I conceive was passing in brother Charles Landseer's sinful soul when he conceived and executed his NOAH'S ARK IN A DOMESTIC POINT OF VIEW.

Noah and his family (with some supplemental young children, very sweetly painted) are seated in the ark, and a port-hole is opened, out of which one of the sons is looking at the now peaceful waters. The sunshine enters the huge repository of the life of the world, and the dove has just flown in with an olive-branch and nestles in the bosom of one of the daughters of Noah; the patriarch and his aged partner are lifting up their venerable eyes in thankfulness; the children stand around, the peaceful labourer and the brown huntsman each testifying his devotion after his fashion. The animals round about participate in the joyful nature of the scene, their instinct seems to tell them that the hour of their deliverance is near.

There, the picture is described romantically and in the best of language. Now let us proceed to examine the poetry critically and to see what its claims are. Well, the ark is a great subject. The history from which we have our account of it, from a poet surely demands a reverent treatment; a blacksmith roaring from the desk of a conventicle may treat it familiarly, but an educated artist ought surely to approach such a theme with respect. The point here is only urged æsthetically. As a matter of *taste*, then (and the present humble writer has no business to speak on any other), such a manner of treating the subject is certainly reprehensible. The ark is vulgarised here and reduced to the proportions of a Calais steamer. The passengers are rejoicing: they are glad to get away. Their live animals are about them no more nor less sublime than so many cattle or horses in loose boxes. The parrots perched on the hoop yonder have as little signification as a set of birds in a cage at the Zoological Gardens; the very dove becomes neither more nor less than the *pet*

of the pretty girl represented in the centre of the picture. All the greatness of the subject is lost; and, putting the historical nature of the personages out of the question, they have little more interest than a group of any emigrants in the hold of a ship, who rouse and rally at the sound of "Land ho!"

Why, if all great themes of poetry are to be treated in this way, the art would be easy. We might have Hector shaving himself before going out to fight Achilles, as, undoubtedly, the Trojan hero did; Priam in a cotton nightcap asleep in a four-poster on the night of the sack of Troy, Hecuba, of course, by his side, with curl-papers, and her *tour de tête* on the toilet-glass. We might have Dido's maid coming after her mistress in the shower with pattens and an umbrella; or Cleopatra's page guttling the figs in the basket which had brought the asp that killed the mistress of Antony. Absurd trivialities, or pretty trivialities, are nothing to the question; those I have adduced here are absurd, but they are just as poetical as prettiness, not a whit less degrading and commonplace. No painter has a right to treat great historical subjects in such a fashion; and though the public are sure to admire, and young ladies, in raptures, look on at the darling of a dove, and little boys in delight cry, "Look, papa, at the parroquets!"—"Law, ma, what big trunks the elephants have!" it yet behoves the critic to say this is an unpoetical piece, and severely to reprehend the unhappy perpetrator thereof.

I know brother Charles will appeal. I know it will be pleaded in his favour that the picture is capitally painted, some of the figures very pretty; two, that of the old woman and the boy looking out, quite grand in drawing and colour; the picture charming for its silvery tone and agreeable pleasantry of colour. All this is true. But he has sinned, he has greatly sinned; let him acknowledge his fault in the presence of the chapter, and receive the customary and wholesome reward thereof.

Frater Redgrave is the next malefactor whose sins deserve a reprobation. In the namby-pamby line his errors are very sad. Has he not been already warned in this very miscellany of his propensity to small sentiment? Has he corrected himself of that grievous tendency? No: his weakness grows more and more upon him, and he is now more sinful than ever. One of his pictures is taken from the most startling lyric in our language, the "Song of the Shirt," a song as bitter and manly as it is exquisitely soft and tender, a song of which the humour draws tears.*

* How is it that none of the papers have noticed the astonishing poem by Mr. Hood in the May number of his magazine, to which our language contains no parallel?—W. A. T.

Mr. Redgrave has illustrated everything except the humour, the manliness, and the bitterness of the song. He has only depicted the tender, good-natured part of it. It is impossible to quarrel with the philanthropy of the painter. His shirt-maker sits by her little neat bed, work, working away. You may see how late it is, for the candle is nearly burnt out, the clock (capital poetic notion !) says what o'clock it is, the grey-streaked dawn is rising over the opposite house seen through the cheerless casement, and where (from a light which it has in its window) you may imagine that another poor shirt-maker is toiling too. The one before us is pretty, pale, and wan ; she turns up the whites of her fine fatigued eyes to the little ceiling. She is ill, as the artist has shown us by a fine stroke of genius--a parcel of medicine bottles on the mantelpiece ! The picture is carefully and cleverly painted—extremely popular—gazed at with vast interest by most spectators. Is it, however, a poetical subject? Yes, Hood has shown that it can be made one, but by surprising turns of thought brought to bear upon it, strange, terrible, unexpected lights of humour which he has flung upon it. And, to "trump" this tremendous card, Mr. Redgrave gives us this picture ; his points being the clock, which tells the time of day, the vials which show the poor girl takes physic, and such other vast labours of intellect !

Mr. Redgrave's other picture, the "Marriage Morning," is also inspired by that milk-and-water of human kindness, the flavour of which is so insipid to the roast-beef intellect. This is a scene of a marriage morning ; the bride is taking leave of her mamma after the ceremony, and that amiable lady, reclining in an easy-chair, is invoking benedictions upon the parting couple, and has a hand of her daughter and her son-in-law clasped in each of hers. She is smiling sadly, restraining her natural sorrow, which will break out so soon as the postchaise you see through the window, and on which the footman is piling the nuptial luggage, shall have driven off to Salt Hill, or Rose Cottage, Richmond, which I recommend. The bride's father, a venerable bald-headed gentleman, with a most benignant, though slow-coachish look, is trying to console poor Anna Maria, the unmarried sister, who is losing the companion of her youth. Never mind, Anna Maria, my dear, your turn will come too ; there is a young gentleman making a speech in the parlour to the health of the new-married pair, who, I lay a wager, will be struck by your fine eyes, and be for serving you as your sister has been treated. This small fable is worked out with great care in a picture in which there is much clever and conscientious painting, from which, however, I must confess I derive little pleasure. The sentiment and colour of the picture somehow coincide ; the eye rests upon a variety of neat tints of pale drab, pale green, pale

brown, pale puce colour, of a sickly warmth, not pleasant to the eye. The drawing is feeble, the expression of the faces pretty, but lackadaisical. The penance I would order Mr. Redgrave should be a pint of port-wine to be taken daily, and a devilled kidney every morning for breakfast before beginning to paint.

A little of the devil, too, would do Mr. Frank Stone no harm. He, too, is growing dangerously sentimental. His picture, with a quotation from Horace, "Mæcenas atavis edite regibus," represents a sort of game of tender cross-purposes, very difficult to describe in print. Suppose two lads, Jocky and Tommy, and two lasses, Jenny and Jessamy. They are placed thus :—

		Tommy.
Jessamy.	Jenny. A dog.	Jocky.

Now Jocky is making love to Jenny in an easy offhand sort of way, and though, or, perhaps, *because* he doesn't care for her much, is evidently delighting the young woman. She looks round, with a pleased smile on her fresh plump cheeks, and turns slightly towards heaven a sweet little *retroussé* nose, and twiddles her fingers (most exquisitely these hands are drawn and painted, by the way) in the most contented way. But, ah ! how little does she heed Tommy, who, standing behind Jocky, reclining against a porch, is looking and longing for this light-hearted Jenny ! And, oh ! why does Tommy cast such sheep's eyes upon Jenny, when by her side sits *Jessamy*, the tender and romantic, the dark-eyed and raven-haired being, whose treasures of affection are flung at heedless Tommy's feet? All the world is interested in Jessamy ; her face is beautiful, her look of despairing love is so exquisitely tender, that it touches every spectator ; and the ladies are unanimous in wondering how Tommy can throw himself away upon that simpering Jenny, when such a superior creature as Jessamy is to be had for the asking. But such is the way of the world, and Tommy will marry, simply because everybody tells him not.

Thus far for the sentiment of the picture. The details are very good ; there is too much stippling and show of finish, perhaps, in the handling, and the painting might have been more substantial and lost nothing. But the colour is good, the group very well composed, and the variety of expression excellent. There is great passion, as well as charming delicacy, in the disappointed maiden's face ; much fine appreciation of character in the easy smiling triumph of the rival ; and, although this sentence was commenced with the express determination

of rating Mr. Stone soundly, lo! it is finished without a word of blame. Well, let's vent our anger on the dog. That *is* very bad, and seems to have no more bones than an apple-dumpling. It is only because the artist has been painting disappointed lovers a great deal of late, that one is disposed to grumble, not at the work, but at the want of variety of subject.

As a sentimental picture, the best and truest, to my taste, is that by Mr. Webster, the "Portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Webster," painted to celebrate their fiftieth wedding-day. Such a charming old couple were never seen. There is delightful grace, sentiment, and purity in these two gentle kindly heads; much more sentiment and grace than even in Mr. Eastlake's "Héloïse," a face which the artist has painted over and over again; a beautiful woman, but tiresome, unearthly, unsubstantial, and no more like Héloïse than like the Duke of Wellington. If the late Mr. Pope's epistle be correct, Eloisa was a most unmistakable woman; this is a substanceless, passionless, solemn, mystical apparition; but I doubt if a woman be not the more poetical being of the two.

Being on the subject of sentimental pictures, Monsieur Delaroche's great "Holy Family" must be mentioned here; and, if there is reason to quarrel with the unsatisfactory nature of English sentiment, in truth it appears that the French are not much better provided with the high poetical quality. This picture has all the outside of poetry, all the costume of religion, all the prettiness and primness of the new German dandy-pietistical school. It is an agreeable compound of Correggio and Raphael, with a strong dash of Overbeck; it is painted as clean and pretty as a tulip on a dessert-plate, the lines made out so neatly that none can mistake them; the drawing good, the female face as pretty and demure as can be, her drapery of spotless blue, and the man's of approved red, the infant as pink as strawberries and cream, every leaf of the tree sweetly drawn, and the trunk of the most delicate dove-coloured grey. All these merits the picture has; it is a well-appointed picture. But is that all? Is that enough to make a poet? There are lines in the Oxford prize poems that are smooth as Pope's; and it is notorious that, for colouring, there is no painting like the Chinese. But I hope the French artists have better men springing up among them than the President of the French Academy at Rome.

Biard, the Hogarthian painter, whose slave-trade picture was so noble, has sent us a couple of pieces, which both, in their way, deserve merit. The one is an Arabian caravan moving over a brickdust-coloured desert, under a red arid sky. The picture is lifelike, and so far poetical that it seems to tell the truth. Then there is a steamboat

disaster, with every variety of sea-sickness, laughably painted. Shuddering soldiery, sprawling dandies, Englishmen, Savoyards, guitars, lovers, monkeys,—a dreadful confusion of qualmish people, whose agonies will put the most misanthropic observer into good-humour. Biard's "Havre Packet" is much more praiseworthy in my mind than Delaroche's "Holy Family;" for I deny the merit of failing greatly in pictures—the great merit is to succeed. There is no greater error, surely, than that received dictum of the ambitious, to aim at high things; it is best to do what you mean to do; better to kill a crow than to miss an eagle.

As the French artists are sending in their works from across the water, why, for the honour of England, will not some of our painters let the Parisians know that here, too, are men whose genius is worthy of appreciation? They may be the best draughtsmen in the world, but they have no draughtsman like Maclise, they have no colourist like Etty, they have no painter like MULREADY, above all, whose name I beg the printer to place in the largest capitals, and to surround with a wreath of laurels. Mr. Mulready was crowned in this Magazine once before. Here again he is proclaimed. It looks like extravagance, or flattery, for the blushing critic to tell his real mind about the "Whistonian Controversy."

And yet, as the truth must be told, why not say it now at once? I believe this to be one of the finest cabinet pictures in the world. It seems to me to possess an assemblage of excellences so rare, to be in drawing so admirable, in expression so fine, in finish so exquisite, in composition so beautiful, in humour and beauty of expression so delightful, that I can't but ask where is a good picture if this be not one? And, in enumerating all the above perfections, I find I have forgotten the greatest of all, the colour; it is quite original this,—brilliant, rich, astonishingly luminous, and intense. The pictures of Van Eyck are not more brilliant in tone than this magnificent combination of blazing reds, browns, and purples. I know of no scheme of colour like it, and heartily trust that time will preserve it; when this little picture, and some of its fellows, will be purchased as eagerly as a Hemlinck or a Gerard Douw is bought nowadays. If Mr. Mulready has a mind to the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, he has but to send this picture to Paris next year, and, with the recommendation of *Fraser's Magazine*, the affair is settled. Meanwhile it is pleasant to know that the artist (although his work will fetch ten times as much money a hundred years hence) has not been ill rewarded, as times go for his trouble and genius.

We have another great and original colourist among us, as luscious as Rubens, as rich almost as Titian—Mr. Etty; and every year the

exhibition sparkles with magnificent little canvases, the works of this indefatigable strenuous admirer of nude Beauty. The form is not quite so sublime as the colour in this artist's paintings; the female figure is often rather too expansively treated, it swells here and there to the proportions of the Caffrarian, rather than the Medicean, Venus; but, in colour, little can be conceived that is more voluptuously beautiful. This year introduces to us one of the artist's noblest compositions, a classical and pictorial *orgy*, as it were,—a magnificent vision of rich colours and beautiful forms,—a grand feast of sensual poetry. The verses from "Comus," which the painter has taken to illustrate, have the same character :—

"All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus and his daughters three,
That sing about the golden tree,
Along the crisped shades and bowers,
Revels the spruce and jocund spring.
Beds of hyacinths and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound,
In slumber soft and on the ground
Sadly sits the Assyrian Queen;
But far above in spangled sheen,
Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced,
Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranced."

It is a dream rather than a reality, the words and images purposely indistinct and incoherent. In the same way the painter has made the beautiful figures sweep before us in a haze of golden sunshine. This picture is one of a series to be painted in fresco, and to decorate the walls of a summer-house in the gardens of Buckingham Palace, for which edifice Mr. Maclise and Mr. Leslie have also made paintings.

That of Mr. Leslie's is too homely. He is a prose painter. His kind buxom young lass has none of the look of Milton's lady, that charming compound of the saint and the fine lady—that sweet impersonation of the chivalric mythology—an angel, but with her sixteen quarterings—a countess descended from the skies. Leslie's lady has no such high breeding, the Comus above her looks as if he might revel on ale; a rustic seducer, with an air of rude hobnailed health. Nor are the demons and fantastic figures introduced imaginative enough; they are fellows with masks from Covent Garden. Compare the two figures at the sides of the picture with the two Cupids of Mr. Etty. In the former there is no fancy. The latter are two flowers of poetry; there are no words to characterise those two delicious little figures, no more than to describe a little air of Mozart, which, once

heard, remains with you for ever; or a new flower, or a phrase of Keats or Tennyson, which blooms out upon you suddenly, astonishing as much as it pleases. Well, in endeavouring to account for his admiration, the critic pumps for words in vain; if he uses such as he finds, he runs the risk of being considered intolerably pert and affected; silent pleasure, therefore, best beseems him; but this I know, that were my humble recommendations attended to at Court, when the pictures are put in the pleasure-house, her sacred Majesty, giving a splendid banquet to welcome them and the painter, should touch Mr. Etty on the left shoulder and say, "Rise, my knight of the Bath, for painting the left-hand Cupid;" and the Emperor of Russia (being likewise present) should tap him on the right shoulder, exclaiming, "Rise, my knight of the Eagle, for the right-hand Cupid."

Mr. Maclise's "Comus" picture is wonderful for the variety of its design, and has, too, a high poetry of its own. All the figures are here still and solemn as in a tableau; the lady still on her unearthly snaky chair, Sabrina still stooping over her. On one side the brothers, and opposite the solemn attendant spirit; round these interminable groups and vistas of fairy beings, twining in a thousand attitudes of grace, and sparkling white and bloodless against a leaden blue sky. It is the most poetical of the artist's pictures, the most extraordinary exhibition of his proper skill. Is it true that the artists are only to receive three hundred guineas apiece for these noble compositions? Why, a printseller would give more, and artists should not be allowed to paint simply for the honour of decorating a royal summer-house.

Among the poetical pictures of the exhibition should be mentioned with especial praise Mr. Cope's delightful "Charity," than the female figures in which Raphael scarce painted anything more charmingly beautiful. And Mr. Cope has this merit, that his work is no prim imitation of the stiff old Cimabue and Giotto manner, no aping of the crisp draperies and hard outlines of the missal illuminations, without which the religious artist would have us believe religious expression is impossible. It is pleasant after seeing the wretched caricatures of old-world usages which stare us in the face in every quarter of London now—little dumpy Saxon chapels built in raw brick, spick and span *bandbox* churches of the pointed Norman style for Cockneys n zephyr coats to assemble in, new old painted windows of the twelfth century, tesselated pavements of the Byzantine school, gimcrack imitations of the Golden Legend printed with red letters, and crosses, and quaint figures stolen out of Norman missals—to find artists aiming at the Beautiful and Pure without thinking it necessary to resort to these paltry archæological quackeries, which have no Faith, no Truth,

no Life in them; but which give us ceremony in lieu of reality, and insist on forms as if they were the conditions of belief.

Lest the reader should misunderstand the cause of this anger, we beg him to take the trouble to cross Pall Mall to Saint James's Street, where objects of art are likewise exhibited; he will see the reason of our wrath. Here are all the ornamental artists of England sending in their works, and what are they?—All imitations. The Alhambra here; the Temple Church there; here a Gothic saint; yonder a Saxon altar-rail; farther on a sprawling rococo of Louis XV.; all worked neatly and cleverly enough, but with no originality, no honesty of thought. The twelfth century revived in Mr. Crockford's bazaar, forsooth! with examples of every century except our own. It would be worth while for someone to write an essay, showing how astonishingly Sir Walter Scott* has influenced the world; how he changed the character of novelists, then of historians, whom he brought from their philosophy to the study of pageantry and costume: how the artists then began to fall back into the middle ages and the architects to follow; until now behold we have Mr. Newman and his congregation of Littlemore marching out with taper and crosier, and falling down to worship Saint Willibald, and Saint Winnibald, and Saint Walberga the Saxon virgin. But Mr. Cope's picture is leading the reader rather farther than a critique about exhibitions has any right to divert him, and let us walk soberly back to Trafalgar Square.

Remark the beautiful figures of the children in Mr. Cope's picture (276), the fainting one, and the golden-haired infant at the gate. It is a noble and touching Scripture illustration. The artist's other picture, "Geneviève," is not so successful; the faces seem to have been painted from a dirty palette, the evening tints of the sky are as smoky as a sunset in Saint James's Park; the composition unpleasant, and not enough to fill the surface of canvas.

Mr. Herbert's picture of "The Trial of the Seven Bishops" is painted with better attention to costume than most English painters are disposed to pay. The characters in our artists' history-pieces, as indeed on our theatres, do not look commonly accustomed to the dresses which they assume; wear them awkwardly, take liberties of alteration and adjustment, and spoil thereby the truth of the delineation. The French artists, on the canvas or the boards, understand this branch of their art much better. Look at Monsieur Biard's "Mecca Pilgrims," how carefully and accurately they are attired; or go to the

* Or more properly Goethe. *Goetz von Berlichingen* was the father of the Scottish romances, and Scott remained constant to that mode, while the greater artist tried a thousand others.

French play and see Cartigny in a Hogarthian dress. He wears it as though he had been born a hundred years back—looks the old marquess to perfection. In this attention to dress Mr. Herbert's picture is very praiseworthy; the men are quite at home in their quaint coats and periwigs of James II.'s time; the ladies at ease in their stiff long-waisted gowns, their fans, and their queer caps and patches. And the picture is pleasing from the extreme brightness and cleanliness of the painting. All looks as neat and fresh as Sam Pepys when he turned out in his new suit, his lady in her satin and brocade. But here the praise must stop. The great concourse of people delineated, the bishops and the jury, the judges and the sheriffs, the halberdiers and the fine ladies, seem very little interested in the transaction in which they are engaged, and look as if they were assembled rather for show than business. Nor, indeed, is the artist much in fault. Painters have not fair-play in these parade pictures. It is only with us that Reform banquets, or views of the House of Lords at the passing of the Slopperton Railway Bill, or Coronation Processions, obtain favour; in which vast numbers of public characters are grouped unreally together, and politics are made to give an interest to art.

Mr. Herbert's picture of "Sir Thomas More and his Daughter watching from the prisoner's room in the Tower four Monks led away to Execution," is not the most elaborate, perhaps, but the very best of this painter's works. It is full of grace, and sentiment, and religious unction. You see that the painter's heart is in the scenes which he represents. The countenances of the two figures are finely conceived; the sorrowful anxious beauty of the daughter's face, the resigned humility of the martyr at her side, and the accessories or properties of the pious little drama are cleverly and poetically introduced; such as mystic sentences of hope and trust inscribed by former sufferers on the walls, the prisoner's rosary and book of prayers to the Virgin that lie on his bed. These types and emblems of the main story are not obtruded, but serve to increase the interest of the action; just as you hear in a concerted piece of music a single instrument playing its little plaintive part alone, and yet belonging to the whole.

If you want to see a picture where costume is *not* represented, behold Mr. Lauder's "Claverhouse ordering Morton to Execution." There sits Claverhouse in the centre in a Kean wig and ringlets, such as was never worn in any age of this world, except at the theatre in 1816, and he scowls with a true melodramatic ferocity; and he lifts a signpost of a finger towards Morton, who forthwith begins to writhe and struggle into an attitude in the midst of a group of subordinate, cuirassed, buff-coated gentry. Morton is represented in tights, slippers, and a tunic; something after the fashion of Retzsch's figures in

"Faust" (which are refinements of costumes worn a century and a half before the days when Charles disported at Tillietudlem); and he, too, must proceed to scowl and frown "with a flashing eye and a distended nostril," as they say in the novels,—as Gomersal scowls at Widdicomb before the combat between those two chiefs begins; and while they are measuring each other according to the stage wont, from the toe of the yellow boot up to the tip of the stage-wig. There is a tragedy heroine in Mr. Lauder's picture, striking her attitude, too, to complete the scene. It is entirely unnatural, theatrical, of the Davidgian, nay, Richardsonian drama, and all such attempts at effect must be reprehended by the stern critic. When such a cool practitioner as Claverhouse ordered a gentleman to be shot, he would not put himself into an attitude: when such a quiet gentleman as Morton received the unpleasant communication in the midst of a company of grenadiers who must overpower him, and of ladies to whom his resistance would be unpleasant, he would act like a man and go out quietly, not stop to rant and fume like a fellow in a booth. I believe it is in Mr. Henningsen's book that there is a story of Zumalacarreguy, Don Carlos's Dundee, who, sitting at the table with a Christino prisoner, smoking cigars and playing piquet very quietly, received a communication which he handed over to the Christino. "Your people," says he, "have shot one of my officers, and I have promised reprisals; I am sorry to say, my dear general, that I must execute you in twenty minutes!" And so the two gentlemen finished their game at piquet, and parted company—the one to inspect his lines, the other for the courtyard hard by, where a file of grenadiers was waiting to receive his excellency—with mutual politeness and regret. It was the fortune of war. There was no help for it; no need of ranting and stamping, which would ill become any person of good breeding.

The Scotch artists have a tragic taste; and we should mention with especial praise Mr. Duncan's picture with the agreeable epigraph, "She set the bairn on the ground and tied up his head, and straighted his body, and covered him with her plain, and laid down and wept over him." The extract is from Walker's "Life of Peden;" the martyrdom was done on the body of a boy by one of those bloody troopers whom we have seen in Mr. Lauder's picture carrying off poor shrieking Morton. Mr. Duncan's picture is very fine,—dark, rich, and deep in sentiment; the woman is painted with some of Rubens's swelling lines (such as may be seen in some of his best Magdalens), and with their rich tones of grey. If a certain extremely heavy Cupid poising in the air by a miracle be the other picture of Mr. Duncan's, it can be only said that his tragedy is better than his lightsome compositions—an arrow from yonder lad would bruise the recipient black and blue.

Another admirable picture of a Scotch artist is 427, "The Highland Lament," by Alexander Johnston. It is a shame to put such a picture in such a place. It hangs on the ground almost invisible, while dozens of tawdry portraits are staring at you on the line. Could Mr. Johnston's picture be but seen properly, its great beauty and merit would not fail to strike hundreds of visitors who pass it over now. A Highland piper comes running forward, playing some wild lament on his dismal instrument; the women follow after, wailing and sad; the mournful procession winds over a dismal moor. The picture is as clever for its fine treatment and colour, for the grace and action of the figure, as it is curious as an illustration of national manners.

In speaking of the Scotch painters, the Wilkie-like pictures of Mr. Fraser, with their peculiar *smeary* manner, their richness of tone, and their pleasant effect and humour, should not be passed over; while those of Mr. Geddes and Sir William Allan may be omitted with perfect propriety. The latter presents her Majesty and Prince Albert perched on a rock; the former has a figure from Walter Scott, of very little interest to any but the parties concerned.

Among the Irish painters we remark two portraits by Mr. Crowley, representing Mrs. Aikenhead, superior*ess* of the Sisters of Charity in Ireland, who gives a very favourable picture of the Society—for it is impossible to conceive an abbess more comfortable, kind, and healthy-looking; and a portrait of Dr. Murray, Roman Catholic Archbishop ot Dublin, not a good picture of a fine, benevolent, and venerable head. We do not know whether the painter of 149, "An Irish Peasant awaiting her Husband's Return," Mr. Anthony, is an Irishman; but it is a pretty sad picture, which well characterises the poverty; the affection, and the wretchedness of the poor Irish cabin, and tells sweetly and modestly a plaintive story. The largest work in the exhibition is from the pencil of an Irishman, Mr. Leahy, "Lady Jane Grey praying before Execution." One cannot but admire the courage of artists who paint great works upon these tragic subjects; great works quite unfitted for any private room, and scarcely suited to any public one. But, large as it is, it may be said (without any playing upon words) that the work grows upon estimation. The painting is hard and incomplete; but the principal figure excellent: the face especially is finely painted, and full of great beauty. Also, in the Irish pictures may be included Mr. Solomon Hart's Persian gentleman smoking a *calahan*,—a sly hit at the learned Serjeant member for Cork, who has often done the same thing.

Mr. Maclise's little scene from "Undine" does not seem to us German in character, as some of the critics call it, because it is clear and hard in line. What German artist is there who can draw with

this astonishing vigour, precision, and variety of attitude? The picture is one of admirable and delightful fancy. The swarms of solemn little fairies crowding round Undine and her somewhat theatrical lover may keep a spectator for hours employed in pleasure and wonder. They look to be the real portraits of the little people, sketched by the painter in some visit to their country. There is, especially, on a branch in the top corner of the picture, a conversation going on between a fairy and a squirrel (who is a fairy too), which must have been taken from nature, or Mother Bunch's delightful super-nature. How awful their great glassy blue eyes are! How they peer out from under grass, and out of flowers, and from twigs and branches, and swing off over the tree-top, singing shrill little fairy choruses! We must have the Fairy Tales illustrated by this gentleman, that is clear; he is the only person, except Tieck, of Dresden, who knows anything about them.—Yes, there *is* someone else; and a word may be introduced here in welcome to the admirable young designer, whose hand has lately been employed to illustrate the columns of our facetious friend (and the friend of everybody) *Punch*. This young artist (who has avowed his name, a very well-known one, that of Doyle) has poured into *Punch's* columns a series of drawings quite extraordinary for their fancy, their variety, their beauty, and fun. It is the true genius of fairyland, of burlesque which never loses sight of beauty. Friend *Punch's* very wrapper is quite a marvel in this way, at which we can never look without discovering some new little quip of humour or pleasent frolic of grace.

And if we have had reason to complain of Mr. Leslie's "Comus" as deficient in poetry, what person is there that will not welcome "Sancho," although we have seen him before almost in the same attitude, employed in the same way, recounting his adventures to the kind smiling duchess, as she sits in state? There is only the sour old duenna, who refuses to be amused, and nothing has ever amused her these sixty years. But the ladies are all charmed, and tittering with one another; the black slave who leans against the pillar has gone off in an honest fit of downright laughter. Even the little dog, the wonderful little Blenheim, by the lady's side, would laugh if she could (but, alas! it is impossible), as the other little dog is said to have done on the singular occasion when "the cow jumped over the moon."* The glory of dulness is in Sancho's face. I don't believe there is a man in the world—no, not even in the House of Commons—so stupid as that. On the Whig side there is, certainly,—but no, it is best not to make comparisons which fall short of the mark. This is, indeed, the Sancho that Cervantes drew.

* "Qualia prospiciens Catulus ferit æthera risu
Ipsaque trans lunæ cornua Vacca salit."—LUCRETIUS.

Although the editor of this Magazine had made a solemn condition with the writer of this notice that no pictures taken from the "Vicar of Wakefield" or "Gil Blas" should, by any favour or pretence, be noticed in the review; yet, as the great picture of Mr. Mulready compelled the infraction of the rule, rushing through our resolve by the indomitable force of genius, we must, as the line is broken, present other Vicars, Thornhills, and Olivias, to walk in and promenade themselves in our columns, in spite of the vain placards at the entrance, "VICARS OF WAKEFIELD NOT ADMITTED." In the first place, let the Reverend Doctor Primrose and Miss Primrose walk up in Mr. Hollins's company. The Vicar is mildly expostulating with his daughter regarding the attentions of Squire Thornhill. He looks mild, too mild; she looks ill-humoured, very sulky. Is it about the scolding, or the Squire? The figures are very nicely painted; but they do not look accustomed (the lady especially) to the dresses they wear. After them come Mrs. Primrose, the Misses and the young Masters Primrose, presented by Mr. Frith in his pretty picture (491). Squire Thornhill sits at his ease, and recounts his town adventures to the ladies; the beautiful Olivia is quite lost in love with the slim red-coated dandy; her sister is listening with respect; but, above all, the old lady and children hearken with wonder. These latter are charming figures, as indeed are all in the picture. As for Gil Blas,—but we shall be resolute about *him*. Certain Gil Blas there are in the exhibition eating olla-podridas, and what not. Not a word, however, shall be said regarding any one of them.

Among the figure-pieces Mr. Ward's "Lafleur" must not be forgotten, which is pleasant, lively, and smartly drawn and painted; nor Mr. Gilbert's "Pear-tree Well," which contains three graceful classical figures, which are rich in effect and colour; nor Mr. MacInnes's good picture of Luther listening to the sacred ballad (the reformer is shut up in the Octagon-Room); nor a picture of Oliver Goldsmith on his rambles, playing the flute at a peasant's door, in which the colour is very pretty, the character of the French peasants not French at all, and the poet's figure easy, correct, and well drawn.

Among more serious subjects may be mentioned with praise Mr. Dyce's two fierce figures, representing King Joash shooting the arrow of deliverance, which if the critic call "French," because they are well and carefully drawn, Mr. Dyce may be proud of being a Frenchman. Mr. Lauder's "Wise and Foolish Virgins" is a fine composition; the colour sombre and mysterious; some of the figures extremely graceful, and the sentiment of the picture excellent. This is a picture which would infallibly have had a chance of a prize, if the poor dear Art-Union were free to act.

Mr. Elmore's "Rienzi addressing the People" is one of the very

best pictures in the gallery. It is well and agreeably coloured, bright, pleasing, and airy. A group of people are gathered round the tribune, who addresses them among Roman ruins under a clear blue sky. The grouping is very good ; the figures rich and picturesque in attitude and costume. There is a group in front of a mother and child who are thinking of anything but Rienzi and liberty ; who, perhaps, ought not to be so prominent, as they take away from the purpose of the picture, but who are beautiful wherever they are. And the picture is further to be remarked for the clear, steady, and honest painting which distinguishes it.

What is to be said of Mr. Poole's "Moors beleaguered in Valencia"? A clever hideous picture in the very worst taste ; disease and desperation characteristically illustrated. The Spaniards beleaguer the town, and everybody is starving. Mothers with dry breasts unable to nourish infants ; old men, with lean ribs and blood-shot eyes, moaning on the pavement ; brown young skeletons pacing up and down the rampart, some raving, all desperate. Such is the agreeable theme which the painter has taken up. It is worse than last year, when the artist only painted the plague of London. Some *did* recover from that. All these Moors will be dead before another day, and the vultures will fatten on their lean carcases, and pick out their red-hot eyeballs. Why do young men indulge in these horrors? Young poets and romancers often do so, and fancy they are exhibiting "power ;" whereas nothing is so easy. Any man with mere instinct can succeed in the brutal in art. The coarse fury of Zurbaran and Morales is as far below the sweet and beneficent calm of Murillo as a butcher is beneath a hero. Don't let us have any more of these hideous exhibitions—these ghoul festivals. It may be remembered that Amina in the "Arabian Nights," who liked churchyard suppers, could only eat a grain of rice when she came to natural food. There is a good deal of sly satire in the apologue which might be applied to many (especially French) literary and pictorial artists of the convulsionary school.

We must not take leave of the compositions without mentioning Mr. Landseer's wonderful "Shoeing" and Stag ; the latter the most poetical, the former the most dexterous, perhaps, of the works of this accomplished painter. The latter picture, at a little distance, expands almost into the size of nature. The enormous stag by the side of a great blue northern lake stalks over the snow down to the shore, whither his mate is coming through the water to join him. Snowy mountains bend round the lonely landscape, the stars are shining out keenly in the deep icy blue overhead ; in a word, your teeth begin to chatter as you look at the picture, and it can't properly be seen without

a greatcoat. The donkey and the horse in the shoeing picture are prodigious imitations of nature ; the blacksmith only becomes impalpable. There is a charming portrait in the Great Room by the same artist in which the same defect may be remarked. A lady is represented with two dogs in her lap ; the dogs look real ; the lady a thin unsubstantial vision of a beautiful woman. You ought to see the landscape through her.

Amongst the landscape-painters, Mr. Stanfield has really painted this year better than any former year—a difficult matter. The pictures are admirable, the drawing of the water wonderful, the look of freshness and breeze and motion conveyed with delightful skill. All Mr. Creswick's pictures will be seen with pleasure, especially the delicious "Summer Evening;" the most airy and clear, and also the most poetical of his landscapes. The fine "Evening Scene" of Danby also seems to have the extent and splendour, and to suggest the solemn feelings of a vast mountain-scene at sunset. The admirers of Sir Augustus Callcott's soft golden landscapes will here find some of his most delightful pieces. Mr. Roberts has painted his best in his Nile scene, and his French architectural pieces are of scarce inferior merit. Mr. Lee, Mr. Witherington, and Mr. Leitch have contributed works showing all their well-known qualities and skill. And as for Mr. Turner, he has out-prodigied almost all former prodigies. He has made a picture with real rain, behind which is real sunshine, and you expect a rainbow every minute. Meanwhile there comes a train down upon you, really moving at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and which the reader had best make haste to see, lest it should dash out of the picture, and be away up Charing Cross through the wall opposite. All these wonders are performed with means not less wonderful than the effects are. The rain, in the astounding picture called "Rain—Steam—Speed," is composed of dabs of dirty putty *slapped* on to the canvas with a trowel ; the sunshine scintillates out of very thick smeary lumps of chrome yellow. The shadows are produced by cool tones of crimson lake, and quiet glazings of vermilion. Although the fire in the steam-engine *looks* as if it were red, I am not prepared to say that it is not painted with cobalt and pea-green. And as for the manner in which the "*Speed*" is done, of that the less said the better,—only it is a positive fact that there is a steam-coach going fifty miles an hour. The world has never seen anything like this picture.

In respect of the portraits of the exhibition, if Royal Academicians will take the word of the *Morning Post*, the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Spectator*, and, far above all, of *Fraser's Magazine*, they will pause a little before they hang such a noble portrait as that of W. Conyng-

ham, Esquire, by Samuel Lawrence, away out of sight, while some of their own paltry canvases meet the spectator nose to nose. The man with the glove of Titian in the Louvre has evidently inspired Mr. Lawrence, and his picture is so far an imitation; but what then? It is better to imitate great things well than to imitate a simpering barber's dummy, like No. 10000, let us say, or to perpetrate yonder horrors—weak, but, oh! how heavy, smeared, flat, pink and red, grinning, ill-drawn portraits (such as Nos. 99999 and 99999[d]) which the old Academicians perpetrate! You are right to keep the best picture in the room out of the way, to be sure; it would sternly frown your simpering unfortunates out of countenance; but let us have at least a chance of seeing the good pictures. Have one room, say, for the Academicians, and another for the clever artists. Diminish your number of exhibited pictures to six, if you like, but give the young men a chance. It is pitiful to see their works pushed out of sight, and to be offered what you give us in exchange.

This does not apply to all the esquires who paint portraits; but, with regard to the names of the delinquents, it is best to be silent, lest a showing up of them should have a terrible effect on the otherwise worthy men, and drive them to an untimely desperation. So I shall say little about the portraits, mentioning merely that Mr. Grant has one or two, a small one especially, of great beauty and ladylike grace; and one very bad one, such as that of Lord Forrester. Mr. Pickersgill has some good heads; the little portrait of Mr. Ainsworth by Mr. Maclise is as clever and like as the artist knows how to make it. Mr. Middleton has some female heads especially beautiful. Mrs. Carpenter is one of the most manly painters in the exhibition; and if you walk into the miniature-room, you may look at the delicious little gems from the pencil of Sir William Ross, those still more graceful and poetical by Mr. Thorburn, and the delightful coxcombries of Mr. Chalon. I have found out a proper task for that gentleman, and hereby propose that he should illustrate "Coningsby."

In the statue-room, Mr. Gibson's classic group attracts attention and deserves praise; and the busts of Parker, Macdonald, Behnes, and other well-known portrait-sculptors, have all their usual finish, skill, and charm.

At the Water-Colour Gallery the pleased spectator lingers as usual delighted, surrounded by the pleasantest drawings and the most genteel company. It requires no small courage to walk through that avenue of plush breeches with which the lobby is lined, and to pass two files of whiskered men in canes and huge calves, who contemptuously regard us poor fellows with bluchers and gingham umbrellas.

But these passed, you are in the best society. Bishops, I have remarked, frequent this gallery in venerable numbers; likewise dignified clergymen with rosettes; Quakeresses, also, in dove-coloured silks meekly changing colour; squires and their families from the country; and it is a fact, that you never can enter the Gallery without seeing a wonderfully pretty girl. This fact merits to be generally known, and is alone worth the price of this article.

I suspect that there are some people from the country who admire Mr. Prout still; those fresh, honest, unalloyed country appetites! There are the Prout Nurembergs and Venices still; the awnings, the water-posts, and the red-capped bargemen drawn with a reed pen; but we *blasés* young *roués* about London get tired of these simple dishes, and must have more excitement. There, too, are Mr. Hill's stags with pink stomachs, his spinach pastures and mottled farmhouses; also innumerable windy downs and heaths by Mr. Copley Fielding:—in the which breezy flats I have so often wandered before with burnt-sienna ploughboys, that the walk is no longer tempting.

Not so, however, the marine pieces of Mr. Bentley. That gentleman, to our thinking, has never painted so well. Witness his "Indiaman towed up the Thames" (53), his "Signalling the Pilot" (161), and his admirable view of "Mont Saint Michel" (127), in which the vessel quite dances and falls on the water. He deserves to divide the prize with Mr. Stanfield at the Academy.

All the works of a clever young landscape-painter, Mr. G. A. Fripp, may be looked at with pleasure; they show great talent, no small dexterity, and genuine enthusiastic love of nature. Mr. Alfred Fripp, a figure-painter, merits likewise very much praise; his works are not complete as yet, but his style is thoughtful, dramatic, and original.

Mr. Hunt's dramas of one or two characters are as entertaining and curious as ever. His "Outcast" is amazingly fine, and tragic in character. His "Sick Cigar-boy," a wonderful delineation of nausea. Look at the picture of the toilette, in which, with the parlour-tongs, Betty, the housemaid, is curling little miss's hair: there is a dish of yellow soap in that drawing, and an old comb and brush, the fidelity of which make the delicate beholder shudder. On one of the screens there are some "bird's-nests," out of which I am surprised no spectator has yet stolen any of the eggs—you have but to stoop down and take them.

Mr. Taylor's delightful drawings are even more than ordinarily clever. His "Houseless Wanderers" is worthy of Hogarth in humour; most deliciously coloured and treated. "The Gleaner" is full of sunshine; the larder quite a curiosity, as showing the ease, truth, and dexterity with which the artist washes in his flowing delineations from nature

In his dogs, you don't know which most to admire, the fidelity with which the animals are painted, or the ease with which they are done.

This gift of facility Mr. Cattermole also possesses to an amazing extent. As pieces of effect, his "Porch" and "Rook-shooting" are as wonderful as they are pleasing. His large picture of "Monks in a Refectory" is very fine; rich, original, and sober in colour; excellent in sentiment and general grouping; in individual attitude and drawing not sufficiently correct. As the figures are much smaller than those in the refectory, these faults are less visible in the magnificent "Battle for the Bridge," a composition, perhaps, the most complete that the artist has yet produced. The landscape is painted as grandly as Salvator; the sky wonderfully airy, the sunshine shining through the glades of the wood, the huge trees rocking and swaying as the breeze rushes by them; the battling figures are full of hurry, fire, and tumult. All these things are rather indicated by the painter than defined by him; but such hints are enough from such a genius. The charmed and captivated imagination is quite ready to supply what else is wanting.

Mr. Frederick Nash has some unpretending, homely, exquisitely faithful scenes in the Rhine country, "Boppart," "Bacharach," &c., of which a sojourner in those charming districts will always be glad to have a reminiscence. Mr. Joseph Nash has not some of the cleverest of his mannerisms, nor Mr. Lake Price the best of his smart, dandified, utterly unnatural exteriors. By far the best designs of this kind are the Windsor and Buckingham Palace sketches of Mr. Douglas Morison, executed with curious fidelity and skill. There is the dining-hall in Buckingham Palace, with all the portraits, all the candles in all the chandeliers; the China gimcracks over the mantelpiece, the dinner-table set out, the napkins folded mitrewise, the round water-glasses, the sherry-glasses, the champagne ditto, and all in a space not so big as two pages of this Magazine. There is the Queen's own chamber at Windsor, her Majesty's piano, her royal writing-table, an escritoire with pigeon-holes, where the august papers are probably kept; and very curious, clever, and ugly all these pictures of furniture are too, and will be a model for the avoidance of upholsterers in coming ages.

Mr. John William Wright's sweet female figures must not be passed over; nor the pleasant Stothard-like drawings of his veteran namesake. The "Gipsies" of Mr. Oakley will also be looked at with pleasure; and this gentleman may be complimented as likely to rival the Richmonds and the Chalons "in another place," where may be seen a very good full-length portrait drawn by him.

The exhibition of the New Society of Water-Colour Painters has grown to be quite as handsome and agreeable as that of its mamma,

the old Society in Pall Mall East. Those who remember this little band of painters, to whom the gates of the elder gallery were hopelessly shut, must be glad to see the progress the younger branch has made; and we have every reason to congratulate ourselves that, instead of one pleasant exhibition annually, the amateur can recreate himself now with two. Many of the pictures here are of very great merit.

Mr. Warren's Egyptian pictures are clever, and only need to be agreeable where he takes a pretty subject, such as that of the "Egyptian Lady" (150); his work is pretty sure to be followed by that welcome little ticket of emerald green in the corner, which announces that a purchaser has made his appearance. But the eye is little interested by views of yellow deserts and sheikhs, and woolly-headed warriors with ugly wooden swords.

And yet mere taste, grace, and beauty won't always succeed; witness Mr. Absolon's drawings, of which few—far too few—boast the green seal and which are one and all of them charming. There is one in the first room from the "V-c-r of W-kef-ld" (we are determined not to write that name again), which is delightfully composed, and a fresh, happy picture of a country fête. "The Dartmoor Turf-gatherers" (87) is still better; the picture is full of air, grace, pretty drawing, and brilliant colour, and yet no green seal. "A Little Sulky;" "The Devonshire Cottage-door;" "The Widow on the Stile;" "The Stocking-knitter;" are all, too, excellent in their way, and bear the artist's *cachet* of gentle and amiable grace. But the drawings, in point of execution, do not go far enough; they are not sufficiently bright to attract the eyes of that great and respectable body of amateurs who love no end of cobalt, carmine, stippling, and plenty of emerald green and vermilion; they are not made out sufficiently in line to rank as pictures.

Behold how Mr. Corbould can work when he likes—how *he* can work you off the carmine stippling! In his large piece, "The Britons deploring the Departure of the Romans," there is much very fine and extraordinary cleverness of pencil. Witness the draperies of the two women, which are painted with so much cleverness and beauty, that, indeed, one regrets that one of them has not got a little drapery more. The same tender regard pervades the bosom while looking at that of Joan of Arc, "While engaged in the servile offices of her situation as a menial at an inn, ruminating upon the distressing state of France." Her "servile situation" seems to be that of an ostler at the establishment in question, for she is leading down a couple of animals to drink; and as for the "distressing state of France," it ought not, surely, to affect such a fat little comfortable simple-looking undressed body. Bating the figure of Joan, who looks as pretty as a young lady out of the last novel, bating, I say, baiting Joan, who never rode horses,

depend on't, in that genteel way, the picture is exceedingly skilful, and much better in colour than Mr. Corbould's former works.

Mr. Wehnert's great drawing is a failure, but an honourable defeat. It shows great power and mastery over the material with which he works. He has two pretty German figures in the fore-room: "The Innkeeper's Daughter" (38); and "Perdita and Florizel" (316). Perhaps he is the author of the pretty arabesques with which the Society have this year ornamented their list of pictures; he has a German name, and *English* artists can have no need to be copying from Düsseldorf's embellishments to decorate the catalogues.

Mr. Haghe's great drawing of the "Death of Zurbaran" is not interesting from any peculiar fineness of expression in the faces of the actors who figure in this gloomy scene; but it is largely and boldly painted, in deep sombre washes of colours, with none of the niggling prettinesses to which artists in water-colours seem forced to resort in order to bring their pictures to a high state of finish. Here the figures and the draperies look as if they were laid down at once with a bold yet careful certainty of hand. The effect of the piece is very fine, the figures grandly grouped. Among all the water-colour painters we know of none who can wield the brush like Mr. Haghe, with his skill, his breadth, and his certainty.

Mr. Jenkins's beautiful female figure in the drawing called "Love" (123) must be mentioned with especial praise; it is charming in design, colour, and sentiment. Another female figure, "The Girl at the Stile," by the same artist, has not equal finish, roundness, and completeness, but the same sentiment of tender grace and beauty.

Mr. Bright's landscape drawings are exceedingly clever, but there is too much of the drawing-master in the handling, too much dash, skurry, sharp cleverness of execution. Him Mr. Jutsum follows with cleverness not quite equal, and mannerism still greater. After the performance of which the eye reposes gratefully upon some pleasant evening scenes by Mr. Duncan (3, 10); and the delightful "Shady Land" of Mr. Youngman. Mr. Boys's pictures will be always looked at and admired for the skill and correctness of a hand which, in drawing, is not inferior to that of Canaletto.

As for Suffolk Street, that delicious retreat may or may not be still open. I have been there, but was frightened from the place by the sight of Haydon's Napoleon, with his vast head, his large body, and his iittle legs, staring out upon the Indigo sea, in a grass-green coat. Nervous people avoid that sight, and the Emperor remains in Suffolk Street as lonely as at Saint Helena.

(*Fraser's Magazine*, June 1844.)

PICTURE GOSSIP: IN A LETTER FROM MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH.

ALL' ILLUSTRISSIMO SIGNOR, IL MIO SIGNOR COLENDISSIMO, AUGUSTO HA ARVÉ, PITTORE IN ROMA.

I AM going to fulfil the promise, my dear Augusto, which I uttered, with a faltering voice and streaming eyes, before I stepped into the jingling old courier's vehicle, which was to bear me from Rome to Florence. Can I forget that night—that parting? Gaunter stood by so affected, that for the last quarter of an hour he did not swear once; Flake's emotion exhibited itself in audible sobs; Jellyson said nought, but thrust a bundle of Torlonia's four-baiocchi cigars into the hand of the departing friend; and you yourself were so deeply agitated by the event, that you took four glasses of absinthe to string up your nerves for the fatal moment. Strange vision of past days!—for vision it seems to me now. And have I been in Rome really and truly? Have I seen the great works of my Christian namesake of the Buonarroti family, and the light arcades of the Vatican? Have I seen the glorious Apollo, and that other divine fiddle-player whom Raphael painted? Yes—and the English dandies swaggering on the Pincian Hill! Yes—and have eaten woodcocks and drank Orvieto hard by the huge broad-shouldered Pantheon portico, in the comfortable parlours of the "Falcone." Do you recollect that speech I made at Bertini's in proposing the health of the Pope of Rome on Christmas-day?—do you remember it? *I* don't. But his Holiness, no doubt, heard of the oration, and was flattered by the compliment of the illustrious English traveller.

I went to the exhibition of the Royal Academy lately, and all these reminiscences rushed back on a sudden with affecting volubility; not that there was anything in or out of the gallery which put me specially in mind of sumptuous and liberal Rome; but in the great room was a picture of a fellow in a broad Roman hat, in a velvet Roman coat, and large yellow mustachios, and that prodigious scowl which young artists assume when sitting for their portraits—he was one of our set at Rome; and the scenes of the winter came back pathetically to my mind, and all the friends of that season,—Orifice and his sentimental songs; Father Giraldo and his poodle, and MacBrick the trump of bankers. Hence the determination to write this

letter; but the hand is crabbed, and the postage is dear, and instead of despatching it by the mail, I shall send it to you by means of the printer, knowing well that *Fraser's Magazine* is eagerly read at Rome, and not (on account of its morality) excluded in the Index Expurgatorius.

And it will be doubly agreeable to me to write to you regarding the fine arts in England, because I know, my dear Augusto, that you have a thorough contempt for my opinion—indeed, for that of all persons, excepting, of course, one whose name is already written in this sentence. Such, however, is not the feeling respecting my critical powers in this country; *here* they know the merit of Michael Angelo Titmarsh better, and they say, "He paints so badly, that, hang it! he *must* be a good judge;" in the latter part of which opinion, of course, I agree.

You should have seen the consternation of the fellows at my arrival! —of our dear brethren who thought I was safe at Rome for the season, and that their works, exhibited in May, would be spared the dreadful ordeal of my ferocious eye. When I entered the club-room in Saint Martin's Lane, and called for a glass of brandy-and-water like a bomb-shell, you should have seen the terror of some of the artists assembled! They knew that the frightful projectile just launched into their club-room must *burst* in the natural course of things. Who would be struck down by the explosion? was the thought of everyone. Some of the hypocrites welcomed me meanly back, some of the timid trembled, some of the savage and guilty muttered curses at my arrival. You should have seen the ferocious looks of Daggerly, for example, as he scowled at me from the supper-table, and clutched the trenchant weapon with which he was dissevering his toasted cheese.

From the period of my arrival until that of the opening of the various galleries, I maintained with the artists every proper affability, but still was not too familiar. It is the custom of their friends before their pictures are sent in to the exhibitions, to visit the painters' works at their private studios, and there encourage them by saying "Bravo, Jones" (I don't mean Jones, R.A., for I defy any man to say bravo to *him*, but Jones in general)! "Tomkins, this is your greatest work!" "Smith, my boy, they must elect you an Associate for this!"—and so forth. These harmless banalities of compliment pass between the painters and their friends on such occasions. I, myself, have uttered many such civil phrases in former years under like circumstances. But it is different now. Fame has its privations as well as its pleasures. The friend may see his companions in private, but the JUDGE must not pay visits to his clients. I stayed away from the *ateliers* of all the artists (at least, I only visited one, kindly telling him that he didn't count as an artist at all), and would only see their pictures in the public

galleries, and judge them in the fair race with their neighbours. This announcement and conduct of mine filled all the Berners Street and Fitzroy Square district with terror.

As I am writing this, after having had my fill of their works as publicly exhibited, in the country, at a distance from catalogues, my only book of reference being an orchard whereof the trees are now bursting into full blossom,—it is probable that my remarks will be rather general than particular, that I shall only discourse about those pictures which I especially remember, or, indeed, upon any other point suitable to my humour and your delectation.

I went round the galleries with a young friend of mine, who, like yourself at present, has been a student of "High Art" at Rome. He had been a pupil of Monsieur Ingres, at Paris. He could draw rude figures of eight feet high to a nicety, and had produced many heroic compositions of that pleasing class and size, to the great profit of the paper-stretchers both in Paris and Rome. He came back from the latter place a year since, with his beard and mustachios of course. He could find no room in all Newman Street and Soho big enough to hold him and his genius, and was turned out of a decent house because, for the purposes of art, he wished to batter down the partition-wall between the two drawing-rooms he had. His great cartoon last year (whether it was "Caractacus before Claudius," or a scene from the "Vicar of Wakefield," I won't say) failed somehow. He was a good deal cut up by the defeat, and went into the country to his relations, from whom he returned after awhile, with his mustachios shaved, clean linen, and other signs of depression. He said (with a hollow laugh) he should not commence on his great canvas this year, and so gave up the completion of his composition of "Boadicea addressing the Iceni:" quite a novel subject, which, with that ingenuity and profound reading which distinguish his brethren, he had determined to take up.

Well, sir, this youth and I went to the exhibitions together, and I watched his behaviour before the pictures. At the tragic, swaggering, theatrical-historical pictures, he yawned; before some of the grand flashy landscapes, he stood without the least emotion; but before some quiet scenes of humour or pathos, or some easy little copy of nature, the youth stood in pleased contemplation, the nails of his highlows seemed to be screwed into the floor there, and his face dimpled over with grins.

"These little pictures," said he, on being questioned, "are worth a hundred times more than the big ones. In the latter you see signs of ignorance of every kind, weakness of hand, poverty of invention, carelessness of drawing, lamentable imbecility of thought. Their heroism is borrowed from the theatre, their sentiment is so maudlin that it

makes you sick. I see no symptoms of thought or of minds strong and genuine enough to cope with elevated subjects. No individuality, no novelty, the decencies of costume" (my friend did not mean that the figures we were looking at were naked, like Mr. Etty's, but that they were dressed out of all historical propriety) "are disregarded; the people are striking attitudes, as at the Coburg. There is something painful to me in this *naïve* exhibition of incompetency, this imbecility that is so unconscious of its own failure. If, however, the aspiring men don't succeed, the modest do; and what they have really seen or experienced, our artists can depict with successful accuracy and delightful skill. Hence," says he, "I would sooner have So-and-so's little sketch ('A Donkey on a Common') than What-d'ye-call-'em's enormous picture ('Sir Walter Manny and the Crusaders discovering Nova Scotia'), and prefer yonder unpretending sketch, 'Shrimp-Catchers, Morning' (how exquisitely the long and level sands are touched off! how beautiful the morning light touches the countenances of the fishermen, and illumines the rosy features of the shrimps!), to yonder pretentious illustration from Spenser, 'Sir Botibol rescues Una from Sir Uglimore in the Cave of the Enchantress Ichthyosaura.'"

I am only mentioning another's opinion of these pictures, and would not of course, for my own part, wish to give pain by provoking comparisons that must be disagreeable to some persons. But I could not help agreeing with my young friend and saying, "Well, then, in the name of goodness, my dear fellow, if you only like what is real, and natural, and unaffected—if upon such works you gaze with delight, while from more pretentious performances you turn away with weariness, why the deuce must *you* be in the heroic vein? Why don't you *do* what you like?" The young man turned round on the iron heel of his highlows, and walked downstairs clinking them sulkily.

There is a variety of classes and divisions into which the works of our geniuses may be separated. There are the heroic pictures, the theatrical-heroic, the religious, the historical-sentimental, the historical-familiar, the namby-pamby, and so forth.

Among the heroic pictures of course Mr. Haydon's ranks the first, its size and pretensions call for that place. It roars out to you as it were with a Titanic voice from among all the competitors to public favour, "Come and look at me." A broad-shouldered, swaggering, hulking archangel, with those rolling eyes and distending nostrils which belong to the species of sublime caricature, stands scowling on a sphere from which the devil is just descending bound earthwards. Planets, comets, and other astronomical phenomena, roll and blaze round the pair and flame in the new blue sky. There is something burly and bold in this resolute genius which will attack only enormous subjects,

which will deal with nothing but the epic, something respectable even in the defeats of such characters. I was looking the other day at Southampton at a stout gentleman in a green coat and white hat, who a year or two since fully believed that he could walk upon the water, and set off in the presence of a great concourse of people upon his supermarine journey. There is no need to tell you that the poor fellow got a wetting, and sank amidst the jeers of all his beholders. I think somehow they should not have laughed at that honest ducked gentleman, they should have respected the faith and simplicity which led him unhesitatingly to venture upon that watery experiment; and so, instead of laughing at Haydon, which you and I were just about to do, let us check our jocularity, and give him credit for his great earnestness of purpose. I begin to find the world growing more pathetic daily, and laugh less every year of my life. Why laugh at idle hopes, or vain purposes, or utter blundering self-confidence? Let us be gentle with them henceforth; who knows whether there may not be something of the sort *chez nous*? But I am wandering from Haydon and his big picture. Let us hope somebody will buy. Who, I cannot tell; it will not do for a chapel; it is too big for a house; I have it—it might answer to hang up over a caravan at a fair, if a travelling orrery were exhibited inside.

This may be sheer impertinence and error: the picture may suit some tastes—it does the *Times* for instance, which pronounces it to be a noble work of the highest art; whereas the *Post* won't believe a bit, and passes it by with scorn. What a comfort it is that there are different tastes then, and that almost all artists have thus a chance of getting a livelihood somehow! There is Martin, for another instance, with his brace of pictures about Adam and Eve, which I would venture to place in the theatrical-heroic class. One looks at those strange pieces and wonders how people can be found to admire, and yet they do. Grave old people, with chains and seals, look dumbfoundered into those vast perspectives, and think the apex of the sublime is reached there. In one of Sir Bulwer Lytton's novels there is a passage to that effect. I forget where, but there is a new edition of them coming out in single volumes, and I am positive you will find the sentiment somewhere; they come up to his conceptions of the sublime, they answer to his ideas of beauty, or the Beautiful as he writes it with a large B. He is himself an artist and a man of genius. What right have we poor devils to question such an authority? Do you recollect how we used to laugh in the Capitol at the Domenichino Sibyl which this same author praises so enthusiastically? a wooden, pink-faced, goggle-eyeed ogling creature we said it was, with no more beauty or sentiment than a wax doll. But this was our conceit, dear Augusto. On subjects of

art, perhaps, there is no reasoning after all : or who can tell why children have a passion for lollipops, and this man worships beef while t'other adores mutton ? To the child lollipops may be the truthful and beautiful, and why should not some men find Martin's pictures as much to their taste as Milton ?

Another instance of the blessed variety of tastes may be mentioned here advantageously ; while, as you have seen, the *Times* awards the palm to Haydon, and Sir Lytton exalts Martin as the greatest painter of the English school, the *Chronicle*, quite as well informed, no doubt, says that Mr. Eddis is the great genius of the present season, and that his picture of Moses's mother parting with him before leaving him in the bulrushes is a great and noble composition.

This critic must have a taste for the neat and agreeable, that is clear. Mr. Eddis's picture is nicely coloured ; the figures in fine clean draperies, the sky a bright clean colour ; Moses's mother is a handsome woman : and as she holds her child to her breast for the last time, and lifts up her fine eyes to heaven, the beholder may be reasonably moved by a decent *bourgeois* compassion ; a handsome woman parting from her child is always an object of proper sympathy ; but as for the greatness of the picture as a work of art, that is another question of tastes again. This picture seemed to me to be essentially a prose composition, not a poetical one. It tells you no more than you can see. It has no more wonder or poetry about it than a police-report or a newspaper paragraph, and should be placed, as I take it, in the historic-sentimental school, which is pretty much followed in England—nay, as close as possible to the namby-pamby quarter.

Of the latter sort there are some illustrious examples ; and as it is the fashion for critics to award prizes, I would for my part cheerfully award the prize of a new silver teaspoon to Mr. Redgrave, the champion of suffering female innocence, for his "Governess." That picture is more decidedly *spoony* than, perhaps, any other of this present season : and the subject seems to be a favourite with the artist. We have had the "Governess" one year before, or a variation of her under the name of the "Teacher," or *vice versâ*. The Teacher's young pupils are at play in the garden, she sits sadly in the schoolroom ; there she sits, poor dear !—the piano is open beside her, and (oh, harrowing thought !) "Home, sweet home !" is open in the music-book. She sits and thinks of that dear place, with a sheet of black-edged note-paper in her hand. They have brought her her tea and bread and butter on a tray. She has drunk the tea, *she has not tasted the bread and butter.* There is pathos for you ! there is art ! This is, indeed, a love for lollipops with a vengeance, a regular babyhood of taste, about which a man with a

manly stomach may be allowed to protest a little peevishly, and implore the public to give up such puling food.

There is a gentleman in the Octagon Room who, to be sure, runs Mr. Redgrave rather hard, and should have a silver papspoon at any rate, if the teaspoon is irrevocably awarded to his rival. The Octagon Room prize is a picture called the "Arrival of the Overland Mail." A lady is in her bedchamber, a portrait of her husband, Major Jones (cherished lord of that bridal apartment, with its drab-curtained bed), hangs on the wainscot in the distance, and you see his red coat and mustachios gleaming there between the wardrobe and the washhand-stand. But where is his lady? She is on her knees by the bedside, her face has sunk into the feather-bed; her hands are clasped agonisingly together; a most tremendous black-edged letter has just arrived by the overland mail. It is all up with Jones. Well, let us hope she will marry again, and get over her grief for poor J.

Is not there something *naïve* and simple in this downright way of exciting compassion? I saw people looking at this pair of pictures evidently with yearning hearts. The great geniuses who invented them have not, you see, toiled in vain. They can command the sympathies of the public, they have gained Art-Union prizes let us hope, as well as those humble imaginary ones which I have just awarded, and yet my heart is not naturally hard, though it refuses to be moved by such means as are here employed.

If the simple statement of a death is to harrow up the feelings, or to claim the tributary tear, *mon Dieu!* a man ought to howl every morning over the newspaper obituary. If we are to cry for every governess who leaves home, what a fund of pathos the *Times* advertisements would afford daily; we might weep down whole columns of close type. I have said before I am growing more inclined to the pathetic daily, but let us in the name of goodness make a stand somewhere, or the namby-pamby of the world will become unendurable; and we shall melt away in a deluge of blubber. This drivelling hysterical sentimentality it is surely the critic's duty to grin down, to shake any man roughly by the shoulder who seems dangerously affected by it, and, not sparing his feelings in the least, tell him he is a fool for his pains, to have no more respect for those who invent it, but expose their error with all the downrightness that is necessary.

By far the prettiest of the maudlin pictures is Mr. Stone's "Premier Pas." It is that old, pretty, rococo, fantastic Jenny and Jessamy couple, whose loves the painter has been chronicling any time these five years, and whom he has spied out at various wells, porches, &c. The lad is making love with all his might, and the maiden is in a pretty confusion—her heart flutters, and she only seems to spin. She

drinks in the warm words of the young fellow with a pleasant conviction of the invincibility of her charms. He appeals nervously, and tugs at a pink which is growing up the porch-side. It is that pink, somehow, which has saved the picture from being decidedly namby-pamby. There is something new, fresh, and delicate about the little incident of the flower. It redeems Jenny, and renders that young prig Jessamy bearable. The picture is very nicely painted, according to the careful artist's wont. The neck and hands of the girl are especially pretty. The lad's face is effeminate and imbecile, but his velveteen breeches are painted with great vigour and strength.

This artist's picture of the "Queen and Ophelia" is in a much higher walk of art. There may be doubts about Ophelia. She is too pretty to my taste. Her dress (especially the black bands round her arms) too elaborately conspicuous and coquettish. The Queen is a noble dramatic head and attitude. Ophelia seems to be looking at us, the audience, and in a pretty attitude expressly to captivate us. The Queen is only thinking about the crazed girl, and Hamlet, and her own gloomy affairs, and has quite forgotten her own noble beauty and superb presence. The colour of the picture struck me as quite new, sedate, but bright and very agreeable; the chequered light and shadow is made cleverly to aid in forming the composition; it is very picturesque and good. It is by far the best of Mr. Stone's works, and in the best line. Good-bye, Jenny and Jessamy; we hope never to see you again—no more rococo rustics, no more namby-pamby: the man who can paint the Queen of "Hamlet" must forsake henceforth such fiddle-faddle company.

By the way, has any Shakspearian commentator ever remarked how fond the Queen really was of her second husband, the excellent Claudius? How courteous and kind the latter was always towards her? So excellent a family-man ought to be pardoned a few errors in consideration of his admirable behaviour to his wife. He *did* go a little far, certainly, but then it was to possess a jewel of a woman.

More pictures indicating a fine appreciation of the tragic sentiment are to be found in the exhibition. Among them may be mentioned specially Mr. Johnson's picture of "Lord Russell taking the Communion in Prison before Execution." The story is finely told here, the group large and noble. The figure of the kneeling wife, who looks at her husband meekly engaged in the last sacred office, is very good indeed; and the little episode of the gaoler, who looks out into the yard indifferent, seems to me to give evidence of a true dramatic genius. In "Hamlet," how those indifferent remarks of Guildenstern and Rosencrantz, at the end, bring out the main figures and deepen the surrounding gloom of the tragedy!

In Mr. Frith's admirable picture of the "Good Pastor," from Goldsmith, there is some sentiment of a very quiet, refined, Sir-Roger-de-Coverley-like sort—not too much of it—it is indicated rather than expressed. "Sentiment, sir," Walker of the "Original" used to say—"sentiment, sir, is like garlic in made dishes: it should be felt everywhere and seen nowhere."

Now, I won't say that Mr. Frith's sentiment is like garlic, or provoke any other savoury comparison regarding it; but say, in a word, this is one of the pictures I would like to have sent abroad to be exhibited at a European congress of painters, to show what an English artist can do. The young painter seems to me to have had a thorough comprehension of his subject and his own abilities. And what a rare quality is this, to know what you can do! An ass will go and take the grand historic walk, while, with lowly wisdom, Mr. Frith prefers the lowly path where there are plenty of flowers growing, and children prattling along the walks. This is the sort of picture that is good to paint nowadays—kindly, beautiful, inspiring delicate sympathies, and awakening tender good-humour. It is a comfort to have such a companion as that in a study to look up at when your eyes are tired with work, and to refresh you with its gentle quiet good-fellowship. I can see it now, as I shut my own eyes, displayed faithfully on the camera obscura of the brain—the dear old parson with his congregation of old and young clustered round him; the little ones plucking him by the gown, with wondering eyes, half-roguery, half-terror; the smoke is curling up from the cottage chimneys in a peaceful Sabbath sort of way; the three village quidnuncs are chattering together at the churchyard stile; there's a poor girl seated there on a stone, who has been crossed in love evidently, and looks anxiously to the parson for a little doubtful consolation. That's the real sort of sentiment—there's no need of a great, clumsy, black-edged letter to placard her misery, as it were, after Mr. Redgrave's fashion; the sentiment is only the more sincere for being unobtrusive, and the spectator gives his compassion the more readily because the unfortunate object makes no coarse demands upon his pity.

The painting of this picture is exceedingly clever and dexterous. One or two of the foremost figures are painted with the breadth and pearly delicacy of Greuze. The three village politicians, in the background, might have been touched by Teniers, so neat, brisk, and sharp is the execution of the artist's facile brush.

Mr. Frost (a new name, I think, in the catalogue) has given us a picture of "Sabrina," which is so pretty that I heartily hope it has not been purchased for the collection from "Comus," which adorns the Buckingham Palace summer-house. It is worthy of a better place

and price than our royal patrons appear to be disposed to give for the works of English artists. What victims have those poor fellows been of this awful patronage! Great has been the commotion in the pictorial world, dear Augusto, regarding the fate of those frescoes which royalty was pleased to order, which it condescended to purchase at a price that no poor amateur would have the face to offer. Think of the greatest patronage in the world giving forty pounds for pictures worth four hundred—condescending to buy works from humble men who could not refuse, and paying for them below their value! Think of august powers and principalities ordering the works of such a great man as Etty to be hacked out of the palace wall—that was a slap in the face to every artist in England; and I can agree with the conclusion come to by an indignant poet of *Punch's* band, who says, for his part—

> "I will not toil for Queen and crown,
> If princely patrons spurn me down;
> I will not ask for royal job—
> Let my Mæcenas be A SNOB!"

This is, however, a delicate, an awful subject, over which loyal subjects like you and I had best mourn in silence; but the fate of Etty's noble picture of last year made me tremble lest Frost should be similarly nipped: and I hope more genuine patronage for this promising young painter. His picture is like a mixture of very good Hilton and Howard raised to a state of genius. There is sameness in the heads, but great grace and beauty—a fine sweeping movement in the composition of the beautiful fairy figures, undulating gracefully through the stream, while the lilies lie gracefully overhead. There is another submarine picture of "Nymphs cajoling young Hylas," which contains a great deal of very clever imitations of Boucher.

That youthful Goodall, whose early attempts promised so much, is not quite realising those promises I think, and is cajoled, like Hylas before mentioned, by dangerous beauty. His "Connemara Girls going to Market" are a vast deal too clean and pretty for such females. They laugh and simper in much too genteel a manner; they are washing such pretty white feet as I don't think are common about Leenane or Ballynahinch, and would be better at ease in white satin slippers than trudging up Croaghpatrick. There is a luxury of geographical knowledge for you! I have not done with it yet. Stop till we come to Roberts's "View of Jerusalem," and Muller's pictures of "Rhodes," and "Xanthus," and "Telmessus." This artist's sketches are excellent: like nature, and like Decamps, that best of painters of Oriental life and colours. In the pictures the artist forgets the

brilliancy of colour which is so conspicuous in his sketches, and "Telmessus" looks as grey and heavy as Dover in March.

Mr. Pickersgill (not the Academician, by any means) deserves great praise for two very poetical pieces; one from Spenser, I think (Sir Botibol let us say, as before, with somebody in some hag's cave); another called the "Four Ages," which has still better grace and sentiment. This artist, too, is evidently one of the disciples of Hilton; and another, who has also, as it seems to me, studied with advantage that graceful and agreeable English painter, Mr. Hook, whose "Song of the Olden Time" is hung up in the Octagon Closet, and makes a sunshine in that exceedingly shady place. The female figure is faulty, but charming (many charmers have their little faults, it is said); the old bard who is singing the song of the olden time a most venerable, agreeable, and handsome old minstrel. In Alnaschar-like moods a man fancies himself a noble patron, and munificent rewarder of artists; in which case I should like to possess myself of the works of these two young men, and give them four times as large a price as the —— gave for pictures five times as good as theirs.

I suppose Mr. Eastlake's composition from "Comus" is the contribution in which *he* has been mulcted, in company with his celebrated brother artists, for the famous Buckingham Palace pavilion. Working for nothing is very well: but to work for a good, honest, remunerating price is, perhaps, the best way after all. I can't help thinking that the artist's courage has failed him over his "Comus" picture. Time and pains he has given, that is quite evident. The picture is prodigiously laboured, and hatched, and tickled up with a Chinese minuteness; but there is a woeful lack of *vis* in the work. That poor labourer has kept his promise, has worked the given number of hours; but he has had no food all the while, and has executed his job in a somewhat faint manner. This face of the lady is pure and beautiful; but we have seen it at any time these ten years, with its red transparent shadows, its mouth in which butter wouldn't melt, and its beautiful brown-madder hair. She is getting rather tedious, that sweet irreproachable creature, that is the fact. She may be an angel; but sky-blue, my wicked senses tell me, is a feeble sort of drink, and men require stronger nourishment.

Mr. Eastlake's picture is a prim, mystic, cruciform composition. The lady languishes in the middle; an angel is consoling her, and embracing her with an arm out of joint; little rows of cherubs stand on each side the angels and the lady,—wonderful little children, with blue or brown beady eyes, and sweet little flossy curly hair, and no muscles or bones, as becomes such supernatural beings, no doubt. I have seen similar little darlings in the toy-shops in the Lowther

Arcade for a shilling, with just such pink cheeks and round eyes, their bodies formed out of cotton-wool, and their extremities veiled in silver paper. Well; it is as well, perhaps, that Etty's jovial nymphs should not come into such a company. Good Lord! how they would astonish the weak nerves of Mr. Eastlake's *précieuse* young lady.

Quite unabashed by the squeamishness exhibited in the highest quarter (as the newspapers call it), Mr. Etty goes on rejoicing in his old fashion. Perhaps he is worse than ever this year, and despises *nec dulces amores nec choreas*, because certain great personages are offended. Perhaps, this year, his ladies and Cupids are a little *hasardés*; his Venuses expand more than ever in the line of Hottentot beauty; his drawing and colouring are still more audacious than they were; patches of red shine on the cheeks of his blowsy nymphs; his idea of form goes to the verge of monstrosity. If you look at the pictures closely (and, considering all things, it requires some courage to do so), the forms disappear; feet and hands are scumbled away, and distances appear to be dabs and blotches of lake and brown and ultramarine. It must be confessed that some of these pictures would *not* be suitable to hang up everywhere—in a young ladies' school, for instance. But, how rich and superb is the colour! Did Titian paint better, or Rubens as well? There is a nymph and child in the left corner of the Great Room, sitting, without the slightest fear of catching cold, in a sort of moonlight, of which the colour appears to me to be as rich and wonderful as Titian's best—"Bacchus and Ariadne," for instance—and better than Rubens's. There is a little head of a boy in a blue dress (for once in a way) which kills every picture in the room, out-stares all the red-coated generals, out-blazes Mrs. Thwaites and her diamonds (who has the place of honour); and has that unmistakable, inestimable, indescribable mark of the GREAT painter about it, which makes the soul of a man kindle up as he sees it and owns that there is Genius. How delightful it is to feel that shock, and how few are the works of art that can give it!

The author of that sibylline book of mystic rhymes, the unrevealed bard of the "Fallacies of Hope," is as great as usual, vibrating between the absurd and the sublime, until the eye grows dazzled in watching him, and can't really tell in what region he is. If Etty's colour is wild and mysterious, looking here as if smeared with the finger, and there with the palette-knife, what can be said about Turner? Go up and look at one of his pictures, and you laugh at yourself and at him, and at the picture, and that wonderful amateur who is invariably found to give a thousand pounds for it, or more—some sum wild, prodigious, unheard-of, monstrous, like the picture itself. All about the author of the "Fallacies of Hope" is a mysterious

extravaganza: price, poem, purchaser, picture. Look at the latter for a little time, and it begins to affect you too,—to mesmerise you. It is revealed to you, and as it is said in the East the magicians make children see the sultauns, carpet-bearers, tents, &c., in a spot of ink in their hands, so the magician Joseph Mallord makes you see what he likes on a board that to the first view is merely dabbed over with occasional streaks of yellow, and flicked here and there with vermilion. The vermilion blotches become little boats full of harpooners, and gondolas with a deal of music going on on board. That is not a smear of purple you see yonder, but a beautiful whale, whose tail has just slapped a half-dozen whale-boats into perdition; and as for what you fancied to be a few zig-zag lines spattered on the canvas at haphazard, look! they turn out to be a ship with all her sails; the captain and his crew are clearly visible in the ship's bows; and you may distinctly see the oil-casks getting ready under the superintendence of that man with the red whiskers and the cast in his eye; who is, of course, the chief mate. In a word, I say that Turner is a great and awful mystery to me. I don't like to contemplate him too much, lest I should actually begin to believe in his poetry as well as his paintings, and fancy the "Fallacies of Hope" to be one of the finest poems in the world.

Now Stanfield has no mysticism or oracularity about him. You can see what he means at once. His style is as simple and manly as a seaman's song. One of the most dexterous, he is also one of the most careful of painters. Every year his works are more elaborated, and you are surprised to find a progress in an artist who had seemed to reach his acme before. His battle of frigates this year is a brilliant sparkling pageant of naval war; his great picture of the "Mole of Ancona," fresh, healthy, and bright as breeze and sea can make it. There are better pieces still by this painter, to my mind; one in the first room, especially,—a Dutch landscape, with a warm sunny tone upon it, worthy of Cuyp and Callcott. Who is G. Stanfield, an exhibitor, and evidently a pupil of the Royal Academician? Can it be a son of that gent? If so, the father has a worthy heir to his name and honours. G. Stanfield's Dutch picture may be looked at by the side of his father's.

Roberts has also distinguished himself and advanced in skill, great as his care had been and powerful his effects before. "The Ruins of Karnac" is the most poetical of this painter's works, I think. A vast and awful scene of gloomy Egyptian ruin! the sun lights up tremendous lines of edifices, which were only parts formerly of the enormous city of the hundred gates; long lines of camels come over the reddening desert, and camps are set by the side of the glowing

pools. This is a good picture to gaze at, and to fill your eyes and thoughts with grandiose ideas of Eastern life.

This gentleman's large picture of "Jerusalem" did not satisfy me so much. It is yet very faithful; anybody who has visited this place must see the careful fidelity with which the artist has mapped the rocks and valleys, and laid down the lines of the buildings; but the picture has, to my eyes, too green and trim a look; the mosques and houses look fresh and new, instead of being mouldering, old, sun-baked edifices of glaring stone rising amidst wretchedness and ruin. There is not, to my mind, that sad fatal aspect which the city presents from whatever quarter you view it, and which haunts a man who has seen it ever after with an impression of terror. Perhaps in the spring for a little while, at which season the sketch for this picture was painted, the country round about may look very cheerful. When we saw it in autumn, the mountains that stand round about Jerusalem were not green, but ghastly piles of hot rock, patched here and there with yellow weedy herbage. A cactus or a few bleak olive-trees made up the vegetation of the wretched gloomy landscape; whereas in Mr. Roberts's picture the valley of Jehoshaphat looks like a glade in a park, and the hills, up to the gates, are carpeted with verdure.

Being on the subject of Jerusalem, here may be mentioned with praise Mr. Hart's picture of a Jewish ceremony, with a Hebrew name I have forgotten. This piece is exceedingly bright and pleasing in colour, odd and novel as a representation of manners and costume, a striking and agreeable picture. I don't think as much can be said for the same artist's "Sir Thomas More going to Execution." Miss More is crying on papa's neck, pa looks up to heaven, halberdiers look fierce, &c.: all the regular adjuncts and property of pictorial tragedy are here brought into play. But nobody cares, that is the fact; and one fancies the designer himself cannot have cared much for the orthodox historical group whose misfortunes he was depicting.

These pictures are like boys' hexameters at school. Every lad of decent parts in the sixth form has a knack of turning out great quantities of respectable verse, without blunders, and with scarce any mental labour; but these verses are not the least like poetry, any more than the great Academical paintings of the artists are like great painting. You want something more than a composition, and a set of costumes and figures decently posed and studied. If these were all, for instance, Mr. Charles Landseer's picture of "Charles I. before the Battle of Edge Hill" would be a good work of art. Charles stands at a tree before the inn-door, officers are round about, the little princes are playing with a little dog, as becomes their youth and innocence, rows of soldiers appear in red coats, nobody seems to have

anything particular to do, except the royal martyr, who is looking at a bone of ham that a girl out of the inn has hold of.

Now this is all very well, but you want something more than this in an historic picture, which should have its parts, characters, varieties, and climax like a drama. You don't want the *Deus intersit* for no other purpose than to look at a knuckle of ham; and here is a piece well composed and (bating a little want of life in the figures) well drawn, brightly and pleasantly painted, as all this artist's works are, all the parts and accessories studied and executed with care and skill, and yet meaning nothing—the part of Hamlet omitted. The king in this attitude (with the bâton in his hand, simpering at the bacon aforesaid) has no more of the heroic in him than the pork he contemplates, and he deserves to lose every battle he fights. I prefer the artist's other still-life pictures to this. He has a couple more, professedly so called, very cleverly executed and capital cabinet pieces.

Strange to say, I have not one picture to remark upon taken from the "Vicar of Wakefield." Mr. Ward has a very good Hogarthian work, with some little extravagance and caricature, representing Johnson waiting in Lord Chesterfield's antechamber, among a crowd of hangers-on and petitioners, who are sulky, or yawning, or neglected, while a pretty Italian singer comes out, having evidently had a very satisfactory interview with his lordship, and who (to lose no time) is arranging another rendezvous with another admirer. This story is very well, coarsely, and humorously told, and is as racy as a chapter out of Smollett. There is a yawning chaplain, whose head is full of humour; and a pathetic episode of a widow and pretty child, in which the artist has not succeeded so well.

There is great delicacy and beauty in Mr. Herbert's picture of "Pope Gregory teaching Children to Sing." His Holiness lies on his sofa languidly beating time over his book. He does not look strong enough to use the scourge in his hands, and with which the painter says he used to correct his little choristers. Two ghostly aides-de-camp in the shape of worn, handsome, shaven ascetic friars, stand behind the pontiff demurely; and all the choristers are in full song, with their mouths as wide open as a nest of young birds when the mother comes. The painter seems to me to have acquired the true spirit of the middle-age devotion. All his works have unction; and the prim, subdued, ascetic face, which forms the charm and mystery of the missal-illuminations, and which has operated to convert some imaginative minds from the new to the old faith.

And, by way of a wonder, behold a devotional picture from Mr. Edwin Landseer, "A Shepherd Praying at a Cross in the Fields."

I suppose the Sabbath church-bells are ringing from the city far away in the plain. Do you remember the beautiful lines of Uhland?—

"Es ist der Tag des Herrn:
Ich bin allein auf weitern Flur,
Noch eine Morgenglocke nur,
Und Stille nah und fern.

"Anbetend knie ich hier.
O süsses Graun, geheimes Wehn,
Als knieeten Viele ungesehn
Und beteten mit mir."

Here is a noble and touching pictorial illustration of them—of Sabbath repose and *recueillement*—an almost endless flock of sheep lies around the pious pastor: the sun shines peacefully over the vast fertile plain; blue mountains keep watch in the distance; and the sky above is serenely clear. I think this is the highest flight of poetry the painter has dared to take yet. The numbers and variety of attitude and expression in that flock of sheep quite startle the spectator as he examines them. The picture is a wonder of skill.

How richly the good pictures cluster at this end of the room! There is a little Mulready, of which the colour blazes out like sapphires and rubies; a pair of Leslies—one called the "Heiress"—one a scene from Molière—both delightful:—these are flanked by the magnificent nymphs of Etty, before mentioned. What school of art in Europe, or what age, can show better painters than these in their various lines? The young men do well, but the eldest do best still. No wonder the English pictures are fetching their thousands of guineas at the sales. They deserve these great prices as well as the best works of the Hollanders.

I am sure that three such pictures as Mr. Webster's "Dame's School" ought to entitle the proprietor to pay the income-tax. There is a little caricature in some of the children's faces; but the school-mistress is a perfect figure, most admirably natural, humorous, and sentimental. The picture is beautifully painted, full of air, of delightful harmony and tone.

There are works by Creswick that can hardly be praised too much. One particularly, called "A Place to be Remembered," which no lover of pictures can see and forget. Danby's great "Evening Scene" has portions which are not surpassed by Cuyp or Claude; and a noble landscape of Lee's, among several others—a height with some trees and a great expanse of country beneath.

From the fine pictures you come to the class which are very nearly being fine pictures. In this I would enumerate a landscape or two by

Collins; Mr. Leigh's "Polyphemus," of which the landscape part is very good, and only the figure questionable; and let us say Mr. Elmore's "Origin of the Guelf and Ghibelline Factions," which contains excellent passages, and admirable drawing and dexterity, but fails to strike as a whole somehow. There is not sufficient purpose in it, or the story is not enough to interest, or, though the parts are excellent, the whole is somewhere deficient.

There is very little comedy in the exhibition, most of the young artists tending to the sentimental rather than the ludicrous. Leslie's scene from Molière is the best comedy. Collins's "Fetching the Doctor" is also delightful fun. The greatest farce, however, is Chalon's picture with an Italian title, "B. Virgine col," &c. Impudence never went beyond this. The infant's hair has been curled into ringlets, the mother sits on her chair with painted cheeks and a Haymarket leer. The picture might serve for the oratory of an opera-girl.

Among the portraits, Knight's and Watson Gordon's are the best. A "Mr. Pigeon" by the former hangs in the place of honour usually devoted to our gracious Prince, and is a fine rich state picture. Even better are there by Mr. Watson Gordon: one representing a gentleman in black silk stockings whose name has escaped the memory of your humble servant; another, a fine portrait of Mr. De Quincey, the opium-eater. Mr. Lawrence's heads, solemn and solidly painted, look out at you from their frames, though they be ever so high placed, and push out of sight the works of more flimsy but successful practitioners. A portrait of great power and richness of colour is that of Mr. Lopez by Linnell. Mr. Grant is a favourite; but a very unsound painter to my mind, painting like a brilliant and graceful amateur rather than a serious artist. But there is a quiet refinement and beauty about his female heads, which no other painter can perhaps give, and charms in spite of many errors. Is it Count d'Orsay, or is it Mr. Ainsworth, that the former has painted? Two peas are not more alike than these two illustrious characters.

In the miniature-room, Mr. Richmond's drawings are of so grand and noble a character, that they fill the eye as much as full-length canvases. Nothing can be finer than Mrs. Fry and the grey-haired lady in black velvet. There is a certain severe, respectable, Exeter-Hall look about most of this artist's pictures, that the observer may compare with the Catholic physiognomies of Mr. Herbert: see his picture of Mr. Pugin for instance; it tells of chants and cathedrals, as Mr. Richmond's work somehow does of Clapham Common and the May Meetings. The genius of Mayfair fires the bosom of Chalon—the tea-party, the quadrille, the hairdresser, the tailor, and the flunkey. All Ross's miniatures sparkle with his wonderful and minute skill; Carrick's are

excellent; Thorburn's almost take the rank of historical pictures. In his picture of two sisters, one has almost the most beautiful head in the world; and his picture of Prince Albert, clothed in red and leaning on a turquoise sabre, has ennobled that fine head, and given his Royal Highness's pale features an air of sunburnt and warlike vigour. Miss Corbaux, too, has painted one of the loveliest heads ever seen. Perhaps this is the pleasantest room of the whole, for you are sure to meet your friends here; kind faces smile at you from the ivory; and features of fair creatures, oh! how——

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[Here the eccentric author breaks into a rhapsody of thirteen pages regarding No. 2576, Mrs. Major Blogg, who was formerly Miss Poddy of Cheltenham, whom it appears that Michael Angelo knew and admired. The feelings of the Poddy family might be hurt, and the jealousy of Major Blogg aroused, were we to print Titmarsh's rapturous description of that lady; nor, indeed, can we give him any further space, seeing that this is nearly the last page of the Magazine. He concludes by a withering denunciation of most of the statues in the vault where they are buried; praising, however, the children Paul and Virginia, the head of Baily's nymph, and M'Dowall's boy. He remarks the honest character of the English countenance as exhibited in the busts, and contrasts it with Louis Philippe's head by Jones, on whom, both as a sculptor and a singer, he bestows great praise. He indignantly remonstrates with the committee for putting by far the finest female bust in the room, No. 1434, by Powers of Florence, in a situation where it cannot be seen; and, quitting the gallery finally, says he must go before he leaves town and give one more look at Hunt's "Boy at Prayers," in the Water-Colour Exhibition, which he pronounces to be the finest serious work of the year.]

(*Fraser's Magazine*, June 1845.)

TALES

TALES.

THE PROFESSOR.

A TALE OF SENTIMENT.

"Why, then, the World's mine oyster."

CHAPTER I.

I HAVE often remarked that, among other ornaments and curiosities, Hackney contains more ladies' schools than are to be found in almost any other village, or indeed city, in Europe. In every green rustic lane, to every tall old-fashioned house there is an iron gate, an ensign of blue and gold, and a large brass plate, proclaiming that a ladies' seminary is established upon the premises. On one of these plates is written—(or rather was,—for the pathetic occurrence which I have to relate took place many years ago)—on one of these plates, I say, was engraven the following inscription :—

"BULGARIA HOUSE.

Seminary for Young Ladies from three to twenty.

BY THE MISSES PIDGE.

(Please wipe your shoes.)"

The Misses Pidge took a limited number of young ladies (as limited, in fact, or as large as the public chose), and instructed them in those branches of elegant and useful learning which make the British female so superior to all other shes. The younger ones learned the principles of back-stitch, cross-stitch, bob-stitch, Doctor Watts's Hymns, and "In my Cottage near a Wood." The elder pupils diverged at once from stitching and samplers: they played

like Thalberg, and pirouetted like Taglioni; they learned geography, geology, mythology, entomology, modern history, and simple equations (Miss Z. Pidge); they obtained a complete knowledge of the French, German, and Italian tongues, not including English, taught by Miss Pidge; Poonah painting and tambour (Miss E. Pidge); Brice's questions and elocution (Miss F. Pidge); and, to crown all, dancing and gymnastics (which had a very flourishing look in the Pidge prospectus, and were printed in German text), DANCING and GYMNASTICS, we say, by Professor DANDOLO. The names of other professors and assistants followed in modester type.

Although the Signor's name was decidedly foreign, so English was his appearance, and so entirely did he disguise his accent, that it was impossible to tell of what place he was a native, if not of London, and of the very heart of it; for he had caught completely the peculiarities which distinguish the so-called cockney part of the City, and obliterated his *h*'s and doubled his *v*'s, as if he had been for all his life in the neighbourhood of Bow bells. Signor Dandolo was a stout gentleman of five feet nine, with amazing expanse of mouth, chest, and whiskers, which latter were of a red hue.

I cannot tell how this individual first received an introduction to the academy of the Misses Pidge, and established himself there. Rumours say that Miss Zela Pidge at a Hackney ball first met him, and thus the intimacy arose: but, since the circumstances took place which I am about to relate, that young lady declares that *she* was not the person who brought him to Bulgaria House,—nothing but the infatuation and entreaties of Mrs. Alderman Grampus could ever have induced her to receive him. The reader will gather from this, that Dandolo's after-conduct at Miss Pidge's was not satisfactory, nor was it; and may every mistress of such an establishment remember that confidence can be sometimes misplaced; that friendship is frequently but another name for villany.

But to our story. The stalwart and active Dandolo delighted for some time the young ladies at Miss Pidge's by the agility which he displayed in the dance, as well as the strength and manliness of his form, as exhibited in the new amusement which he taught. In a very short time, Miss Binx, a stout young lady of seventeen, who had never until his appearance walked half a mile without puffing like an apoplectic Lord Mayor, could dance the cachuca, swarm up a pole with the agility of a cat, and hold out a chair for three minutes without winking. Miss Jacobs could very nearly climb through a ladder (Jacob's ladder, he profanely called it); and Miss Bole ring such changes upon the dumb-bells as might have been heard at Edmonton, if the bells could have spoken. But the most promising

pupil of Professor Dandolo, as indeed the fairest young creature in the establishment of Bulgaria House, was Miss Adeliza Grampus, daughter of the alderman whose name we have mentioned. The pride of her mother, the idol of her opulent father, Adeliza Grampus was in her nineteenth year. Eyes have often been described ; but it would require bluer ink than ours to depict the orbs of Adeliza. The snow when it first falls in Cheapside is not whiter than her neck,—when it has been for some days upon the ground, trampled by dustmen and jarvies, trodden down by sweeps and gentlemen going to business, not blacker than her hair. Slim as the Monument on Fish Street Hill, her form was slender and tall: but it is needless to recapitulate her charms, and difficult indeed to describe them. Let the reader think of his first love, and fancy Adeliza. Dandolo, who was employed to instruct her, saw her, and fancied her too, as many a fellow of his inflammable temperament would have done in his place.

There are few situations in life which can be so improved by an enterprising mind as that of a dancing-master,—I mean in a tender or amatory point of view. The dancing-master has over the back, the hands, the feet and shoulders of his pupils an absolute command ; and, being by nature endowed with so much authority, can speedily spread his way from the limbs to the rest of the body, and to the mind inclusive. "*Toes a little more out, Miss Adeliza*," cries he, with the tenderest air in the world : "back a *little* more straight," and he gently seizes her hand, he raises it considerably above the level of her ear, he places the tips of his left-hand fingers gently upon the young lady's spine, and in this seducing attitude gazes tenderly into her eyes ! I say that no woman at any age can stand this attitude and this look, especially when darted from such eyes as those of Dandolo. On the two first occasions when the adventurer attempted this audacious manœuvre, his victim blushed only, and trembled ; on the third, she dropped her full eyelids and turned ghastly pale. "A glass of water," cried Adeliza, "or I faint." The dancing-master hastened eagerly away to procure the desired beverage, and, as he put it to her lips, whispered thrillingly in her ear, "Thine, thine for ever, Adeliza !"

Miss Grampus sank back in the arms of Miss Binx, but not before her raptured lover saw her eyes turning towards the ceiling, and her clammy lips whispering the name of "Dandolo."

When Madame Schroeder, in the opera of "Fidelio," cries, "Nichts, nichts, mein Florestan," it is as nothing compared to the tenderness with which Miss Grampus uttered that soft name.

"Dandolo !" would she repeat to her confidante, Miss Binx ;

"the name was beautiful and glorious in the olden days; five hundred years since, a myriad of voices shouted it in Venice, when one who bore it came forward to wed the sea—the doge's bride! the blue Adriatic! the boundless and eternal main! The frightened Turk shrank palsied at the sound; it was louder than the loudest of the cannon, or the stormy screaming of the tempest! Dandolo! How many brave hearts beat to hear that name! how many bright swords flashed forth at that resistless war cry! Oh, Binx!" would Adeliza continue, fondly pressing the arm of that young lady, "is it not passing strange that one of that mighty ducal race should have lived to this day, and lived to love *me*? But I, too," Adeliza would add archly, "am, as you know, a daughter of the sea."

The fact was, that the father of Miss Adeliza Grampus was a shell-fishmonger, which induced the young lady to describe herself as a daughter of Ocean. She received her romantic name from her mother, after reading Miss Swipes's celebrated novel of "Toby of Warsaw;" and had been fed from her youth upwards with so much similar literary ware, that her little mind had gone distracted. Her father had sent her from home at fifteen, because she had fallen in love with the young man who opened natives in the shop, and had vowed to slay herself with the oyster-knife; at Miss Pidge's her sentiment had not deserted her; she knew all Miss Landon by heart, had a lock of Mr. Thomas Moore's hair or wig, and read more novels and poetry than ever. And thus the red-haired dancing-master became in her eyes a Venetian nobleman, with whom it was her pride and pleasure to fall in love.

Being a parlour-boarder at Miss Pidge's seminary (a privilege which was acquired by paying five annual guineas extra), Miss Grampus was permitted certain liberties which were not accorded to scholars of the ordinary description. She and Miss Binx occasionally strolled into the village by themselves; they visited the library unattended; they went upon little messages for the Misses Pidge; they walked to church alone, either before or after the long row of young virgins who streamed out on every Sabbath day from between the filigree iron railings of Bulgaria House. It is my painful duty to state, that on several of these exclusive walks they were followed, or met, by the insidious and attentive teacher of gymnastics.

Soon Miss Binx would lag behind, and—shall I own it?—would make up for the lost society of her female friend by the company of a man, a friend of the professor, mysterious and agreeable as himself. May the mistresses of all the establishments for young ladies in this kingdom, or queendom rather, peruse this, and reflect how dangerous it is for young ladies of any age—ay, even for parlour boarders—to

go out alone! In the present instance Miss Grampus enjoyed a more than ordinary liberty, it is true: when the elder Miss Pidge would remonstrate, Miss Zela would anxiously yield to her request; and why?—the reason may be gathered from the following conversation which passed between the infatuated girl and the wily *maître-de-danse.*

"How, Roderick," would Adeliza say, "how, in the days of our first acquaintance, did it chance that you always addressed yourself to that odious Zela Pidge, and never deigned to breathe a syllable to me?"

"My lips didn't speak to you, Addly" (for to such a pitch of familiarity had they arrived), "but my heyes did."

Adeliza was not astonished by the peculiarity of his pronunciation, for, to say truth, it was that commonly adopted in her native home and circle. "And mine," said she, tenderly, "they followed when yours were not fixed upon them, for *then* I dared not look upwards. And though all on account of Miss Pidge you could not hear the accents of my voice, you might have heard the beatings of my heart!"

"I did, I did," gasped Roderick; "I 'eard them haudibly. I never spoke to you then, for I feared to waken that foul fiend sispicion. I wished to henter your seminary, to be continually near you, to make you love me; therefore I wooed the easy and foolish Miss Pidge, therefore I took upon me the disguise of—ha! ha!—of a dancing-master." (And the young man's countenance assumed a grim and demoniac smile.) "Yes; I degraded my name and my birthright—I wore these ignoble trappings, and all for the love of thee, my Adeliza!" Here Signor Dandolo would have knelt down, but the road was muddy; and, his trousers being of nankeen, his gallant purpose was frustrated.

But the story must out, for the conversation above narrated has betrayed to the intelligent reader a considerable part of it. The fact is, as we have said, that Miss Zela Pidge, dancing at the Hackney assembly, was introduced to this man; that he had no profession—no means even of subsistence; that he saw enough of this lady to be aware that he could make her useful to his purpose; and he who had been, we believe it in our conscience, no better than a travelling mountebank or harlequin, appeared at Bulgaria House in the character of a professor of gymnastics. The governess, in the first instance, entertained for him just such a *penchant* as the pupil afterwards felt: the latter discovered the weakness of her mistress, and hence arose Miss Pidge's indulgence, and Miss Grampus's fatal passion.

"Mysterious being!" continued Adeliza, resuming the conversation which has been broken by the above explanatory hints, "how did I learn to love thee? Who art thou?—what dire fate has brought thee hither in this lowly guise to win the heart of Adeliza?"

"Hadeliza," cried he, "you say well; *I am not what I seem.* I cannot tell thee what I am; a tale of horror, of crime, forbids the dreadful confession! But dark as I am, and wretched, nay, wicked and desperate, I love thee, Hadeliza—love thee with the rapturous devotion of purer days—the tenderness of happier times! I am sad now, and fallen, lady; suffice it that I once was happy, ay, respectable."

Adeliza's cheek grew deadly pale, her step faltered, and she would have fallen to the ground, had she not been restrained by the strong arm of her lover. "I know not," said she, as she clung timidly to his neck—

> "I know not, I hask not, if guilt's in that art,
> I know that I love thee, whatever thou hart."

"*Gilt* in my heart," said Dandolo, "gilt in the heart of Roderick? No, never!" and he drew her towards him, and on her bonnet, her veil, her gloves, nay, on her very cheeks, he imprinted a thousand maddening kisses. "But say, my sweet one," continued he, "who art *thou*? I know you as yet only by your lovely baptismal name, and your other name of Grampus."

Adeliza looked down and blushed. "My parents are lowly," she said.

"But how, then, came you at such a seminary?" said he; "twenty pound a quarter, extras and washing not included."

"They are humble, but wealthy."

"Ha! who is your father?"

"An alderman of yon metropolis."

"An alderman! and what is his profession?"

"I blush to tell: he is—*an oystermonger.*"

"AN OYSTERMONGER!" screamed Roderick, in the largest capitals. "Ha! ha! ha! this is too much!" and he dropped Adeliza's hand, and never spoke to her during the rest of her walk. They moved moodily on for some time, Miss Binx and the other young man marching astonished in the rear. At length they came within sight of the seminary. "Here is Bulgaria House," cried the maiden steadily; "Roderick, we must part!" The effort was too much for her; she flung herself hysterically into his arms.

But, oh horror! a scream was heard from Miss Binx, who was seen scuttling at double-quick time towards the schoolhouse. Her young man had bolted completely; and close at the side of the lovely,

though imprudent couple, stood the angry—and justly angry—Miss Zela Pidge!

"Oh, Ferdinand," said she, "is it thus you deceive me? Did I bring you to Bulgaria House for this?—did I give you money to buy clothes for this, that you should go by false names, and make love to that saucy, slammerkin, sentimental Miss Grampus? Ferdinand, Ferdinand," cried she, "is this true? can I credit my eyes?"

"D—— your eyes!" said the Signor, angrily, as he darted at her a withering look, and retired down the street. His curses might be heard long after he had passed. He never appeared more at Bulgaria House, for he received his dismissal the next day.

That night all the front windows of the Miss Pidges' seminary were smashed to shivers.

* * * * * * * *

On the following Thursday, *two* places were taken in the coach to town. On the back seat sat the usher; on the front, the wasted and miserable Adeliza Grampus.

* * * * * * * *

CHAPTER II.

BUT the matter did not end here. Miss Grampus's departure elicited from her a disclosure of several circumstances which, we must say, in no degree increased the reputation of Miss Zela Pidge. The discoveries which she made were so awkward, the tale of crime and licentiousness revealed by her so deeply injurious to the character of the establishment, that the pupils emigrated from it in scores. Miss Binx retired to her friends at Wandsworth, Miss Jacobs to her relations in Houndsditch, and other young ladies, not mentioned in this history, to other and more moral schools; so that absolutely, at the end of a single half-year, such had been the scandal of the story, the Misses Pidge were left with only two pupils—Miss Dibble, the articled young lady, and Miss Bole, the grocer's daughter, who came in exchange for tea, candles, and other requisites supplied to the establishment by her father.

"I knew it! I knew it!" cried Zela, passionately, as she trod the echoing and melancholy schoolroom; "he told me that none ever prospered who loved him—that every flower was blighted upon which he shone! Ferdinand! Ferdinand, you have caused ruin there!"

(pointing to the empty cupboards and forms); "but what is that to the blacker ruin *here*?" and the poor creature slapped her heart, and the big tears rolled down her chin, and so into her tucker.

A very very few weeks after this, the plate on Bulgaria House was removed for ever. That mansion is now designated "Moscow Hall, by Mr. Swishtail and assistants:"—the bankrupt and fugitive Misses Pidge have fled, Heaven knows whither! for the steamers to Boulogne cost more than five shillings in those days

Alderman Grampus, as may be imagined, did not receive his daughter with any extraordinary degree of courtesy. "He was as grumpy," Mrs. G. remarked, "on the occasion as a sow with the measles." But had he not reason? A lovely daughter who had neglected her education, forgotten her morals for the second time, and fallen almost a prey to villains! Miss Grampus for some months was kept in close confinement, nor ever suffered to stir, except occasionally to Bunhill Row for air, and to church for devotion. Still, though she knew him to be false,—though she knew that under a different, perhaps a prettier name, he had offered the same vows to another—she could not but think of Roderick.

That *professor* (as well—too well—he may be called!) knew too well her father's name and reputation to experience any difficulty in finding his abode. It was, as every City man knows, in Cheapside; and thither Dandolo constantly bent his steps; but though he marched unceasingly about the mansion, he never (mysteriously) would pass it. He watched Adeliza walking, he followed her to church; and many and many a time as she jostled out at the gate of the Artillery-ground or the beadle-flanked portal at Bow, a tender hand would meet hers, an active foot would press upon hers, a billet discreetly delivered was as adroitly seized, to hide in the recesses of her pocket-handkerchief or to nestle in the fragrance of her bosom! Love! Love! how ingenious thou art! thou canst make a ladder of a silken thread, or a weapon of a straw; thou peerest like sunlight into a dungeon; thou scalest, like forlorn hope, a castle wall; the keep is taken!—the foeman has fled!—the banner of love floats triumphantly over the corpses of the slain!*

Thus, though denied the comfort of personal intercourse, Adeliza and her lover maintained a frequent and tender correspondence. Nine times at least in a week, she, by bribing her maid-servant, managed to convey letters to the professor, to which he at rarer intervals, though with equal warmth, replied.

* We cannot explain this last passage; but it is so beautiful that the reader will pardon the omission of sense, which the author certainly could have put in if he liked.

"Why, said the young lady in the course of this correspondence, "why when I cast my eyes upon my Roderick, do I see him so wofully changed in outward guise? He wears not the dress which formerly adorned him. Is he poor?—is he in disguise?—do debts oppress him, or traitors track him for his blood? Oh that my arms might shield him!—Oh that my purse might aid him! It is the fondest wish of "ADELIZA G.

"P.S.—Aware of your fondness for shell-fish, Susan will leave a barrel of oysters at the Swan with Two Necks, directed to you, as per desire.
"AD. G.

"P.S.—Are you partial to kippered salmon? The girl brings three pounds of it wrapped in a silken handkerchief. 'Tis marked with the hair of
"ADELIZA.

"P.S.—I break open my note to say that you will find in it a small pot of anchovy paste: may it prove acceptable. Heigho! I would that I could accompany it. "A. G."

It may be imagined, from the text of this note, that Adeliza had profited not a little by the perusal of Miss Swipes's novels; and it also gives a pretty clear notion of the condition of her lover. When that gentleman was a professor at Bulgaria House, his costume had strictly accorded with his pretensions. He wore a black German coat loaded with frogs and silk trimming, a white broad-brimmed beaver, hessians, and nankeen tights. His costume at present was singularly changed for the worse; a rough brown frock-coat dangled down to the calves of his brawny legs, where likewise ended a pair of greasy shepherd's-plaid trousers; a dubious red waistcoat, a blue or bird's-eye neckerchief, and bluchers (or half-boots), remarkable for thickness and for mud, completed his attire. But he looked superior to his fortune; he wore his grey hat very much on one ear; he incessantly tugged at his smoky shirt-collar, and walked jingling the halfpence (when he had any) in his pocket. He was, in fact, no better than an adventurer, and the innocent Adeliza was his prey.

Though the professor read the first part of this letter with hope and pleasure, it may be supposed that the three postscripts were still more welcome to him—in fact, he literally did what is often done in novels, *he devoured* them; and Adeliza, on receiving a note from him the next day, after she had eagerly broken the seal, and with panting bosom and flashing eye glanced over the contents —Adeliza, we say, was not altogether pleased when she read the following:—

"Your goodness, dearest, passes belief; but never did poor fellow need it more than your miserable faithful Roderick. Yes! I *am* poor—I *am* tracked

by hell-hounds—I *am* changed in looks, and dress, and happiness—in all but love for thee!

"Hear my tale! I come of a noble Italian family—the noblest, ay, in Venice. We were free once, and rich, and happy; but the Prussian autograph has planted his banner on our towers—the talents of his haughty heagle have seized our wealth, and consigned most of our race to dungeons. I am not a prisoner, only an exile. A mother, a bed-ridden grandmother, and five darling sisters escaped with me from Venice, and now share my poverty and my home. But I have wrestled with misfortune in vain; I have struggled with want, till want has overcome me. Adeliza, I WANT BREAD!

"The kippered salmon was very good, the anchovies admirable. But, oh my love! how thirsty they make those who have no means of slaking thirst. My poor grandmother lies delirious in her bed, and cries in vain for drink. Alas! our water is cut off; I have none to give her. The oysters was capital. Bless thee, bless thee! angel of bounty! Have you any more sich, and a few srimps? My sisters are *very* fond of them.

"Half-a-crown would oblige. But thou art too good to me already, and I blush to ask thee for more. Adieu, Adeliza,

"The wretched but faithful

"RODERICK FERDINAND

"(38th Count of Dandolo).

"BELL YARD: *June* —."

A shade of dissatisfaction, we say, clouded Adeliza's fair features as she perused this note; and yet there was nothing in it which the tenderest lover might not write. But the shrimps, the half-crown, the horrid picture of squalid poverty presented by the Count, sickened her young heart; the innate delicacy of the woman revolted at the thought of all this misery.

But better thoughts succeeded: her breast heaved as she read and re-read the singular passage concerning the Prussian autograph, who had planted his standard at Venice. "I knew it!" she cried, "I knew it!—he is of noble race! Oh Roderick, I will perish, but I will help thee!"

Alas! she was not well enough acquainted with history to perceive that the Prussian autograph had nothing to do with Venice, and had forgotten altogether that she herself had coined the story which this adventurer returned to her.

But a difficulty presented itself to Adeliza's mind. Her lover asked for money—where was she to find it? The next day the till of the shop was empty, and a weeping apprentice dragged before the Lord Mayor. It is true that no signs of the money were found upon him; it is true that he protested his innocence; but he was dismissed the

alderman's service, and passed a month at Bridewell because Adeliza Grampus had a needy lover.

"Dearest," she wrote, "will three-and-twenty and sevenpence suffice? 'Tis all I have: take it, and with it the fondest wishes of your Adeliza.

"A sudden thought! Our apprentice is dismissed. My father dines abroad; I shall be in the retail establishment all the night, *alone*. "A. G."

No sooner had the professor received this note than his mind was made up. "I will see her," he said; "I will enter that accursed shop." He did, and *to his ruin*.

* * * * * * * *

That night Mrs. Grampus and her daughter took possession of the bar or counter, in the place which Adeliza called the retail establishment, and which is commonly denominated the shop. Mrs. Grampus herself operated with the oyster-knife, and served the Milton morsels to the customers. Age had not diminished her skill, nor had wealth rendered her too proud to resume at need a profession which she had followed in early days. Adeliza flew gracefully to and fro with the rolls, the vinegar-bottle with perforated cork, and the little pats of butter. A little boy ran backwards and forwards to the "Blue Lion" over the way, for the pots of porter, or for the brandy and water, which some gentlemen take after the play.

Midnight arrived. Miss Grampus was looking through the window, and contrasting the gleaming gas which shone upon the ruby lobsters with the calm moon which lightened up the Poultry, and threw a halo round the Royal Exchange. She was lost in maiden meditation, when her eye fell upon a pane of glass in her own window: squeezed against this, flat and white, was the nose of a man!—that man was Roderick Dandolo! He seemed to be gazing at the lobsters more intensely than at Adeliza; he had his hands in his pockets, and was whistling "Jim Crow."*

Miss Grampus felt sick with joy: she staggered to the counter and almost fainted. The professor concluded his melody, and entered at once into the shop. He pretended to have no knowledge of Miss Grampus, but *aborded* the two ladies with easy elegance and irresistible good-humour.

"Good evening, ma'am," said he, bowing profoundly to the *elder* lady. "What a precious hot evening *to* be sure!—hot, ma'am, and hungry, as they say. I could not resist them lobsters, 'specially when I saw the lady behind 'em."

* I know this is an anachronism; but I only mean that he was performing one of the popular melodies of the time.—M. A. T.

At this gallant speech Mrs. Grampus blushed, or looked as if she would blush, and said—

"Law, sir!"

"Law, indeed, ma'am," playfully continued the professor: "you're a precious deal better than law—you're *divinity*, ma'am; and this, I presume, is your sister?"

He pointed to Adeliza as he spoke, who, pale and mute, stood fainting against a heap of ginger-beer bottles. The old lady was quite won by this stale compliment.

"My daughter, sir," she said. "Addly, lay a cloth for the gentleman. Do you take hoysters, sir, hor lobsters? Both is very fine."

"Why, ma'am," said he, "to say truth, I have come forty miles since dinner, and don't care if I have a little of both. I'll begin, if you please, with that there (Lord bless its claws, they're as red as your lips!) and we'll astonish a few of the natives afterwards, *by* your leave."

Mrs. Grampus was delighted with the manners and the appetite of the stranger. She proceeded forthwith to bisect the lobster, while the professor, in a *dégagé* manner, his cane over his shoulder, and a cheerful whistle upon his lips, entered the little parlour, and took possession of a box and a table.

He was no sooner seated than, from a scuffle, a giggle, and a smack, Mrs. Grampus was induced to suspect that something went wrong in the oyster-room.

"Hadeliza!" cried she: and that young woman returned blushing now like a rose, who had been as pale before as a lily.

Mrs. G. herself took in the lobster, bidding her daughter sternly to stay in the shop. She approached the stranger with an angry air, and laid the lobster before him.

"For shame, sir!" said she solemnly; but all of a sudden she began to giggle like her daughter, and her speech ended with an "*Have done now!*"

We were not behind the curtain, and cannot of course say what took place; but it is evident that the professor was a general lover of the sex.

Mrs. Grampus returned to the shop, rubbing her lips with her fat arms, and restored to perfect good-humour. The little errand-boy was despatched over the way for a bottle of Guinness and a glass of brandy and water.

"HOT WITH!" shouted a manly voice from the eating-room, and Adeliza was pained to think that in her presence her lover could eat so well.

He ate indeed as if he had never eaten before: here is the bill as written by Mrs. Grampus herself.

	£.	s.	d.
"Two lobsters at 3s. 6d.		7	0
Salit		1	3
2 Bottils Doubling Stott . . .		2	4
11 Doz. Best natifs		7	4
14 Pads of Botter		1	2
4 Glasses B. & W.		4	0
Bredd (love & ½)		1	2
Brakitch of tumler		1	6
	1	5	9

"*To Samuel Grampus,*
"*At the Mermaid in Cheapside.*

"Shell-fish in all varieties. N.B.—A great saving in taking a quantity."

"A saving in *taking a quantity*," said the stranger archly. "Why, ma'am, you ought to let me off *very cheap*;" and the professor, the potboy, Adeliza, and her mamma, grinned equally at this pleasantry.

"However, never mind the pay, missis," continued he; "we an't a-going to quarrel about *that*. Hadd another glass of brandy and water to the bill, and bring it me, when it shall be as I am now."

"Law, sir," simpered Mrs. Grampus, "how's that?"

"*Reseated*, ma'am, to be sure," replied he, as he sank back upon the table. The old lady went laughing away, pleased with her merry and facetious customer; the little boy picked up the oyster-shells, of which a mighty pyramid was formed at the professor's feet.

"Here, Sammy," cried out shrill Mrs. Grampus from the shop, "go over to the 'Blue Lion' and get the gentleman his glass: but no, you are better where you are, pickin' up them shells. Go you, Hadeliza; it is but across the way."

Adeliza went with a very bad grace; she had hoped to exchange at least a few words with him her soul adored; and her mother's jealousy prevented the completion of her wish.

She had scarcely gone when Mr. Grampus entered from his dinner-party. But, though fond of pleasure, he was equally faithful to business: without a word he hung up his brass-buttoned coat, put on his hairy cap, and stuck his sleeves through his apron.

As Mrs. Grampus was tying it (an office which this faithful lady regularly performed), he asked her what business had occurred during his absence.

"Not so bad," said she; "two pound ten to-night, besides one pound eight to receive," and she handed Mr. Grampus the bill.

"How many are there on 'em?" said that gentleman smiling, as his eye gladly glanced over the items of the account.

"Why, that's the best of all : how many do you think?"

"If four did it," said Mr. Grampus, "they wouldn't have done badly neither."

"What do you think of *one*?" cried Mrs. G. laughing, "and he an't done yet. Haddy is gone to fetch him another glass of brandy and water."

Mr. Grampus looked very much alarmed. "Only one, and you say he an't paid ?"

"No," said the lady.

Mr. Grampus seized the bill, and rushed wildly into the dining-room : the little boy was picking up the oyster-shells still, there were so many of them ; the professor was seated on the table, laughing as if drunk, and picking his teeth with his fork.

Grampus, shaking in every joint, held out the bill : a horrid thought crossed him ; he had seen that face before !

The professor kicked sneeringly into the air the idle piece of paper, and swung his legs recklessly to and fro.

"What a flat you are," shouted he, in a voice of thunder, "to think I'm a-goin' to pay ! Pay ! I never pay—I'M DANDO !"

The people in the other boxes crowded forward to see the celebrated stranger ; the little boy grinned as he dropped two hundred and forty-four oyster-shells, and Mr. Grampus rushed madly into his front shop, shrieking for a watchman.

As he ran, he stumbled over something on the floor—a woman and a glass of brandy and water lay there extended. Like Tarquinia reversed, Elijah Grampus was trampling over the lifeless body of Adeliza.

Why enlarge upon the miserable theme ? The confiding girl, in returning with the grog from the "Blue Lion," had arrived at the shop only in time to hear the fatal name of DANDO. She saw him, tipsy and triumphant, bestriding the festal table, and yelling with horrid laughter ! The truth flashed upon her—she fell !

Lost to worldly cares in contemplating the sorrows of their idolised child, her parents forgot all else beside. Mrs. G. held the vinegar-cruet to her nostrils ; her husband brought the soda-water fountain to play upon her ; it restored her to life, but not to sense. When Adeliza Grampus rose from that trance she was a MANIAC !

But what became of *the deceiver* ? The gormandising ruffian, the lying renegade, the fiend in human shape, escaped in the midst of this scene of desolation. He walked unconcerned through the shop, his hat cocked on one side as before, swaggering as before, whistling

as before: far in the moonlight might you see his figure; long, long in the night-silence rang his demoniac melody of "Jim Crow"!

* * * * * * * *

When Samuel the boy cleaned out the shop in the morning, and made the inventory of the goods, a silver fork, a plated ditto, a dish, and a pewter-pot were found to be wanting. Ingenuity will not be long in guessing the name of *the thief.*

Gentles, my tale is told. If it may have deterred one soul from vice, my end is fully answered: if it may have taught to schoolmistresses carefulness, to pupils circumspection, to youth the folly of sickly sentiment, the pain of bitter deception; to manhood the crime, the *meanness* of gluttony, the vice which it occasions, and the wicked passions it fosters; if these, or any of these, have been taught by the above tale, the writer seeks for no other reward.

NOTE.—Please send the proceeds as requested per letter; the bearer being directed not to give up the manuscript without.

(*First published in* 1841 *in a volume entitled "Comic Tales and Sketches," edited and illustrated by Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh.*)

MISS LÖWE.

MINNA LÖWE was the daughter of Moses Löwe, banker at Bonn. I passed through the town last year, fifteen years after the events I am about to relate, and heard that Moses was imprisoned for forgery and fraudulent bankruptcy. He merited the punishment which the merciful Prussian law inflicted on him.

Minna was the most beautiful creature that my eyes ever lighted on. Sneer not, ye Christian maidens; but the fact was so. I saw her for the first time seated at a window covered with golden vine-leaves, with grapes just turning to purple, and tendrils twisting in the most fantastical arabesques. The leaves cast a pretty chequered shadow over her sweet face, and the simple, thin, white muslin gown in which she was dressed. She had bare white arms, and a blue ribbon confined her little waist. She was knitting, as all German women do, whether of the Jewish sort or otherwise; and in the shadow of the room sat her sister Emma, a powerful woman with a powerful voice. Emma was at the piano, singing, "Herz, mein Herz, warum so trau-au-rig,"—singing much out of tune.

I had come to change one of Coutts's circulars at Löwe s bank, and was looking for the door of the caisse.

"Links, mein Herr!" said Minna Löwe, making the gentlest inclination with her pretty little head; and blushing ever so little, and raising up tenderly a pair of heavy blue eyes, and then dropping them again, overcome by the sight of the stranger. And no wonder; I was a sight worth contemplating then—I had golden hair which fell gracefully over my shoulders, and a slim waist (where are you now, slim waist and golden hair?), and a pair of brown mustachios that curled gracefully under a firm Roman nose, and a tuft to my chin that could not but vanquish *any* woman. "Links, mein Herr," said lovely Minna Löwe.

That little word *links* dropped upon my wounded soul like balm. There is nothing in *links*; it is not a pretty word. Minna Löwe simply told me to turn to the left, when I was debating between that side and its opposite, in order to find the cash-room door. Any other person might have said *links* (or *rechts* for that matter), and would not have made the slightest impression upon me; but Minna's full red lips, as they let slip the monosyllable, wore a smile so tender, and uttered it with such inconceivable sweetness, that I was overcome at once. "Sweet bell! I could have said, tinkle that dulcet note for ever—links, clinks, linx! I love the chime. It soothes and blesses me." All this I could have said, and much more, had I had my senses about me, and had I been a proficient in the German language; but I could not speak, both from ignorance and emotion. I blushed, stuttered, took off my cap, made an immensely foolish bow, and began forthwith fumbling at the door-handle.

The reason why I have introduced the name of this siren is to show that if tobacco in a former unlucky instance* has proved my enemy, in the present case it was my firmest friend. I, the descendant of the Norman Fitz-Boodle, the relative of kings and emperors, might, but for tobacco, have married the daughter of Moses Löwe, the Jew forger and convict of Bonn. I would have done it; for I hold the man a slave who calculates in love, and who thinks about prudence when his heart is in question. Men marry their cookmaids and the world looks down upon them. *Ne sit ancillæ amor pudori!* I exclaim with a notorious poet: if you heartily and entirely love your cookmaid, you are a fool and a coward not to wed her. What more can you want than to have yo r heart filled up? Can a duchess do more? You talk of the difference of rank and the decencies of society. Away, sir! love is divine, and knows not your paltry worldly calcula-

* See "The Fitz-Boodle Papers."

tions. It is not love you worship, O heartless silly calculator! it is the interest of thirty thousand pounds in the Three per Cents, and the blessing of a genteel mother-in-law in Harley Street, and the ineffable joy of snug dinners, and the butler behind your chair. Fool! love is eternal, butlers and mothers-in-law are perishable: you have but the enjoyment of your Three per Cents for forty years; and *then*, what do they avail you? But if you believe that she whom you choose, and to whom your heart clings, is to be your soul's companion, not now merely, but for *ever and ever*; then what a paltry item of money or time has deterred you from your happiness, what a miserable penny-wise economist you have been!

And here, if, as a man of the world, I might be allowed to give advice to fathers and mothers of families, it would be this: young men fall in love with people of a lower rank, and they are not strong enough to resist the dread of disinheritance, or of the world's scorn, or of the cursed tyrant gentility, and dare not marry the woman they love above all But, if prudence is strong, passion is strong too, and principle is not, and women (Heaven keep them!) are weak. We all know what happens then. Prudent papas and mammas say, "George will sow his wild oats soon, he will be tired of that odious woman one day, and we'll get a good marriage for him: meanwhile it is best to hush the matter up and pretend to know nothing about it." But suppose George does the only honest thing in his power, and marries the woman he loves above all; *then* what a cry you have from parents and guardians, what shrieks from aunts and sisters, what excommunications and disinheriting! "What a weak fool George is!" say his male friends in the clubs; and no hand of sympathy is held out to poor *Mrs.* George, who is never forgiven, but shunned like a plague, and sneered at by a relentless pharisaical world until death sets her free. As long as she is *unmarried*, avoid her if you will; but as soon as she is married, go! be kind to her, and comfort her, and pardon and forget if you can! And lest some charitable people should declare that I am setting up here an apology for vice, let me here, and by the way of precaution, flatly contradict them, and declare that I only would offer a *plea for marriage.*

But where has Minna Löwe been left during this page of disquisition? Gazing through a sunny cluster of vine-leaves upon a young and handsome stranger, of noble face and exquisite proportions, who was trying to find the door of her father's bank. That entrance being through her amiable directions discovered, I entered and found Messrs. Moses and Solomon Löwe in the counting-house, Herr Solomon being the son of Moses, and head clerk or partner in the business. That I was cheated in my little matter of exchange stands to reason. A Jew

banker (or such as I have had the honour to know) cannot forego the privilege of cheating; no, if it be but for a shilling. What do I say,—a shilling?—a penny! He will cheat you, in the first place, in the exchanging your note; he will then cheat you in giving gold for your silver; and though very likely he will invite you to a splendid repast afterwards that shall have cost him a score of thalers to procure, he will have had the satisfaction of robbing you of your *groschen*, as no doubt he would rob his own father or son.

Herr Moses Löwe must have been a very sharp Israelite, indeed, to rob Herr Solomon, or *vice versâ*. The poor fellows are both in prison for a matter of forgery, as I heard last year when passing through Bonn; and I confess it was not without a little palpitation of the heart (it is a sausage-merchant's now) that I went and took one look at the house where I had at first beheld the bright eyes of Minna Löwe.

For let them say as they will, that woman whom a man has once loved *cannot* be the same to him as another. Whenever one of my passions comes into a room, my cheeks flush,—my knees tremble,—I look at her with pleased tenderness and (for the objects of my adoration do not once in forty times know their good fortune) with melancholy secret wonder. There they are, the same women, and yet not the same; it is the same nose and eyes, if you will, but not the same looks; the same voice, but not the same sweet words as of old. The figure moves, and looks and talks to you; you know how dear and how different its speech and actions once were; 'tis the hall with all the lights put out and the garlands dead (as I have said in one of my poems). Did you ever have a pocket-book that once contained five thousand pounds? Did you ever look at that pocket-book with the money lying in it? Do you remember how you respected and admired that pocket-book, investing it with a secret awe, imagining it had a superiority to other pocket-books? I have such a pocket-book; I keep it now, and often look at it rather tenderly. It cannot be as other portfolios to me. I remember that it once held five thousand pounds.

Thus it is with love. I have empty pocket-books scattered all over Europe of this kind; and I always go and look at them just for a moment, and the spirit flies back to days gone by; kind eyes look at me as of yore, and echoes of old gentle voices fall tenderly upon the ear. Away! to the true heart the past *never* is past; and some day when Death has cleared our dull faculties, and past and future shall be rolled into one, we shall——

Well, you were quite right, my good sir, to interrupt me; I can't help it, I am too apt to grow sentimental, and always on the most absurd pretexts. I never know when the fit will come on me, or *à propos* of what. I never was so jolly in my whole life as one day coming

home from a funeral; and once went to a masked ball at Paris, the gaiety of which made me so profoundly miserable, that, egad! I wept like Xerxes (wasn't that the fellow's name?), and was sick—sick at heart. This premised, permit me, my friend, to indulge in sentiment *à propos* of Minna Löwe; for three weeks, at least, I adored the wench, and could give any person curious that way a complete psychological history of the passion's rise, progress, and decay;—decay, indeed, why do I say decay? A man does not "decay" when he tumbles down a well, he drowns there; so is love choked sometimes by abrupt conclusions, falls down wells, and, oh, the dismal truth at the bottom of them!

"If, my lord," said Herr Moses, counting out the gold fredericks to me, "you intend to shtay in our town, I hope my daughtersh and I vill have shometimesh de pleashure of your high vell-born shoshiety?"

"The town is a most delightful one, Mr. Löwe," answered I. "I am myself an Oxford man, and exceedingly interested about—ahem—about the Byzantine historians, of which I see the University is producing an edition; and I shall make I think a considerable stay." Heaven bless us! 'twas Miss Minna's eyes that had done the business. But for them I should have slept at Coblentz that very night; where, by the way, the Hôtel de la Poste is one of the very best inns in Europe.

A friend had accompanied me to Bonn,—a jolly dragoon, who was quite versed in the German language, having spent some time in the Austrian service before he joined us; or in the "Awthtwian thervith," as he would call it, with a double distilled gentility of accent, very difficult to be acquired out of Regent Street. We had quarrelled already thrice on the passage from England—viz. at Rotterdam, at Cologne, and once here; so that when he said he intended to go to Mayence, I at once proclaimed that I intended to stay where I was; and, with Miss Minna Löwe's image in my heart, went out and selected lodgings for myself as near as possible to her father's house. Wilder said I might go to—any place I liked; he remained in his quarters at the hotel, as I found a couple of days afterwards, when I saw the fellow smoking at the gateway in the company of a score of Prussian officers, with whom he had made acquaintance.

I for my part have never been famous for that habit of extemporaneous friendship-making which some lucky fellows possess. Like most of my countrymen, when I enter a room I always take care to look about with an air as if I heartily despised every one, and wanted to know what the d—l they did there! Among foreigners I feel this especially; for the truth is, right or wrong, I can't help despising the rogues, and feeling manifestly my own superiority. In consequence of

this amiable quality, then (in this particular instance of my life), I gave up the *table-d'hôte* dinner at the "Star" as something low and ungentlemanlike, made a point of staring and not answering when people spoke to me, and thus I have no doubt impressed all the world with a sense of my dignity. Instead of dining at the public place, then, I took my repasts alone; though, as Wilder said with some justice, though with a good deal too much *laisser-aller* of tongue, "You gweat fool, if it'th only becauth you want to be thilent, why don't you thtill dine with uth? You'll get a wegular good dinner inthtead of a bad one; and ath for *thpeaking* to you, depend on it every man in the room will thee you hanged futht!"

"Pray allow me to dine in my own way, Wilder," says I, in the most dignified way.

"Dine and be d——d!" said the lieutenant, and so I lived solitary and had my own way.

I proposed to take some German lessons; and for this purpose asked the banker, Mr. Löwe, to introduce me to a master. He procured one, a gentleman of his own persuasion; and, further, had the kindness to say that his clerk, Mr. Hirsch, should come and sit with me every morning and perfect me in the tongue; so that, with the master I had and the society I kept, I might acquire a very decent German pronunciation.

This Hirsch was a little albino of a creature with pinkish eyes, white hair, flame-coloured whiskers, and earrings. His eyes jutted out enormously from his countenance, as did his two large swollen red lips, which had the true Israelitish coarseness. He was always, after a short time, in and out of my apartments. He brought a dozen messages and ran as many errands for me in the course of the day. My way of addressing him was, "Hirsch, you scoundrel get my boots!" "Hirsch, my Levite, brush my coat for me!" "Run you stag of Israel, and put this letter in the post!" and with many similar compliments. The little rascal was, to do him justice, as willing as possible, never minded by what name I called him, and above all,—came from Minna. He was not the rose; no, indeed, nor anything like it; but, as the poet says, "he had lived beside it;" and was there in all Sharon such a rose as Minna Löwe?

If I did not write with a moral purpose, and because my unfortunate example may act wholesomely upon other young men of fashion, and induce them to learn wisdom, I should not say a single syllable about Minna Löwe, nor all the blunders I committed, nor the humiliation I suffered. There is about a young Englishman of twenty a degree of easy self-confidence, hardly possessed even by a Frenchman. The latter swaggers and bullies about his superiority, taking

all opportunities to shriek it into your ears, and to proclaim the infinite merits of himself and his nation; but, upon my word, the bragging of the Frenchman is not so conceited or intolerable as that calm, silent, contemptuous conceit of us young Britons, who think our superiority so well established that it is really not worth arguing upon, and who take upon us to despise thoroughly the whole world through which we pass. We are hated on the Continent, they say, and no wonder. If any other nation were to attempt to domineer over us as we do over Europe, we would hate them as heartily and furiously as many a Frenchman and Italian does us.

Now when I went abroad I fancied myself one of the finest fellows under the sun. I patronised a banker's dinners as if I did him honour in eating them; I took my place before grave professors and celebrated men, and talked vapid nonsense to them in infamous French, laughing heartily in return at their own manner of pronouncing that language. I set down as a point beyond question that their customs were inferior to our own, and would not in the least scruple, in a calm way, to let my opinion be known. What an agreeable young fellow I must have been!

With these opinions, and my pleasant way of expressing them, I would sit for hours by the side of lovely Minna Löwe, ridiculing with much of that elegant satire for which the English are remarkable, every one of the customs of the country,—the dinners, with the absurd un-English pudding in the very midst of them; the dresses of the men, with their braided coats and great seal-rings. As for little Hirsch, he formed the constant subject of my raillery with Mademoiselle Minna; and I gave it as my fixed opinion, that he was only fit to sell sealing-wax and oranges to the coaches in Piccadilly.

"O fous afez tant d'esprit, fous autres jeunes Anglais," would she say; and I said, "Oui, nous avons beaucoup d'esprit, beaucoup plus que les Allemands," with the utmost simplicity; and then would half close my eyes, and give her a look that I thought must kill her.

Shall I tell the result of our conversation? In conversation 1, Minna asked me if I did not think the tea remarkably good, with which she and her sister treated me. She said it came overland from China, that her papa's correspondent at Petersburg forwarded it to them, and that no such tea was to be had in Germany. On this I seriously believed the tea to be excellent; and next morning at breakfast little Hirsch walked smirking into my room, with a parcel of six pounds of Congo, for which I had the honour of paying eighteen Prussian thalers, being two pounds fourteen shillings of our money.

The next time I called, Herr Moses insisted on regaling me with a

glass of Cyprus wine. His brother Löwe of Constantinople was the only person in the world who possessed this precious liquor. Four days afterwards Löwe came to know how I liked the Cyprus wine which I had ordered, and would I like another dozen? On saying that I had not ordered any, that I did not like sweet wine, he answered, "*Pardon!*" it had been in my cellar three days, and he would send some excellent Médoc at a moderate price, and would take no refusal. A basket of Médoc came that very night in my absence, with a bill directed to the "High Well-born Count von Fitz-Boodle." This excessive desire of the Löwe family to serve me made me relax my importunities somewhat. "Ah!" says Minna, with a sigh, the next time I saw her, "have we offended you, Herr George? You don't come to see us any more now!"

"I'll come to-morrow," says I; and she gave me a look and a smile which, oh!—"I am a fool, I know I am!" as the honourable member for Montrose said t'other day. And was not Samson ditto? Was not Hercules another? Next day she was seated at the vine-leaves as I entered the court. She smiled, and then retreated. She had been on the look-out for me, I knew she had. She held out her little hand to me as I came into the room. Oh, how soft it was and how round! and with a little apricot-coloured glove that—that I have to this day! I had been arranging a little compliment as I came along, something quite new and killing. I had only the heart to say, "Es ist sehr warm."

"Oh, Herr George!" says she; "*Lieber* Herr George, what a progress have you made in German! You speak it like a native!"

But somehow I preferred to continue the conversation in French; and it was made up, as I am bound to say, of remarks equally brilliant and appropriate with that one above given. When old Löwe came in I was winding a skein of silk, seated in an enticing attitude, gazing with all my soul at Delilah, who held down her beautiful eyes.

That day they did not sell me any bargains at all; and the next found me, you may be very sure, in the same parlour again, where, in his *schlafrock*, the old Israelite was smoking his pipe.

"Get away, papa," said Minna, "English lords can't bear smoke. I'm sure Herr George dislikes it."

"Indeed I smoke occasionally myself," answered your humble servant.

"Get his lordship a pipe, Minna, my soul's darling!" exclaimed the banker.

"Oh yes! the beautiful long Turkish one," cried Minna, springing up, and presently returned, bearing a long cherry-stick covered with a

scarlet and gold cloth, at one end an enamelled amber mouthpiece, a gilded pipe at the other. In she came dancing, wand in hand, and looking like a fairy!

"Stop!" she said; "I must light it for Herr George." (By Jupiter! there was a way that girl had of pronouncing my name, "George," which I never heard equalled before or since.) And accordingly, bidding her sister get fire, she put herself in the prettiest attitude ever seen; with one little foot put forward, and her head thrown back, and a little hand holding the pipe-stick between finger and thumb, and a pair of red lips kissing the amber mouthpiece with the sweetest smile ever mortal saw. Her sister, giggling, lighted the tobacco, and presently you saw issuing from between those beautiful, smiling, red lips of Minna's a little curling, graceful white smoke, which rose soaring up to the ceiling. I swear, I felt quite faint with the fragrance of it.

When the pipe was lighted, she brought it to me with quite as pretty an attitude and a glance that—— Psha! I gave old Moses Löwe fourteen pounds sterling for that pipe that very evening; and as for the mouthpiece, I would not part with it away from me, but I wrapped it up in a glove that I took from the table, and put both into my breast-pocket; and next morning when Charley Wilder burst suddenly into my room, he found me sitting up in bed in a green silk nightcap, a little apricot-coloured glove lying on the counterpane before me, your humble servant employed in mumbling the mouthpiece as if it were a bit of barley-sugar.

He stopped, stared, burst into a shriek of laughter, and made a rush at the glove on the counterpane; but, in a fury, I sent a large single-volumed Tom Moore (I am not a poetical man, but I must confess I was reading some passages in "Lalla Rookh" that I found applicable to my situation)—I sent, I say, a Tom Moore at his head, which, luckily, missed him; and to which he responded by seizing a bolster and thumping me outrageously. It was lucky that he was a good-natured fellow, and had only resorted to that harmless weapon, for I was in such a fury that I certainly would have murdered him at the least insult.

I did not murder him then; but if he peached a single word upon the subject, I swore I would, and Wilder knew I was a man of my word. He was not unaware of my *tendre* for Minna Löwe, and was for passing some of his delicate light-dragoon jokes upon it and her; but these, too, I sternly cut short.

"Why, cuth me, if I don't think you want to mawwy her?" blurted out Wilder.

"Well, sir," said I, "and suppose I do?"

"What! mawwy the daughter of that thwindling old clotheman? I tell you what, Fitth-Boodle, they alwayth thaid you were mad in the weg'ment, and, run me thwough, if I don't think you are."

"The man," says I, "sir, who would address Mademoiselle Löwe in any but an honourable way is a scoundrel; and the man who says a word against her character is a liar!"

After a little further parley (which Wilder would not have continued but that he wanted to borrow money of me), that gentleman retired, declaring that "I wath ath thulky ath a bear with a thaw head," and left me to my apricot-coloured glove and my amber mouthpiece.

Wilder's assertion that I was going to act up to opinions which I had always professed, and to marry Minna Löwe, certainly astounded me, and gave me occasion for thought. Marry the daughter of a Jew banker! I, George Fitz-Boodle! That would never do; not unless she had a million to her fortune, at least, and it was not probable that a humble dealer at Bonn could give her so much. But, marry her or not, I could not refrain from the sweet pleasure of falling in love with her, and shut my eyes to the morrow that I might properly enjoy the day. Shortly after Wilder's departure, little Hirsch paid his almost daily visit to me. I determined—and wondered that I had never thought of the scheme before—sagely to sound him regarding Minna's fortune, and to make use of him as my letter and message-carrier.

"Ah, Hirsch! my lion of Judah!" says I, "you have brought me the pipe-stick, have you?"

"Yes, my lord, and seven pounds of the tobacco you said you liked. 'Tis real Syrian, and a great bargain you get it, I promise."

"Egad!" replied I, affecting an air of much careless ingenuousness. "Do you know, Hirsch, my boy, that the youngest of the Miss Löwes —Miss Anna, I think you call her——"

"Minna," said Hirsch, with a grin.

"Well, Minna—Minna, Hirsch, is a devilish fine girl; upon my soul now, she is."

"Do you really think so?" says Hirsch.

"'Pon my honour, I do. And yesterday, when she was lighting the pipe-stick, she looked so confoundedly handsome that I—I quite fell in love with her; really I did."

"Ho! Vell, you do our people great honour, I'm sure," answered Hirsch.

"Father a warm man?"

"Varm! How do you mean varm?"

"Why, *rich*. We call a rich man *warm* in England; only you don't understand the language. How much will he give his daughter?"

"Oh! very little. Not a veek of your income, my lord," said Hirsch.

"Pooh, pooh! You always talk of me as if I'm rich; but I tell you I am poor—exceedingly poor."

"Go away vid you!" said Hirsch, incredulously. "*You* poor! I vish I had a year of your income; that I do" (and I have no doubt he did, or of the revenue of anyone else). "I'd be a rich man, and have de best house in Bonn."

"Are you so very poor yourself, Hirsch, that you talk in this way?" asked I.

To which the young Israelite replied, that he had not one dollar to rub against another; that Mr. Löwe was a close man; and finally (upon my pressing the point, like a cunning dog as I was!), that he would do anything to earn a little money.

Hirsch," said I, like a wicked young reprobate and Don Juan, "will you carry a letter to Miss Minna Löwe?"

Now there was no earthly reason why I should have made a two-penny postman of Mr. Hirsch. I might with just as much ease have given Minna the letter myself. I saw her daily and for hours, and it would be hard if I could not find her for a minute alone, or at least slip a note into her glove or pocket-handkerchief, if secret the note must be. But, I don't mind owning it, I was as ignorant of any love-making which requires mystery as any bishop on the bench, and pitched upon Hirsch, as it were, because in comedies and romances that I had read the hero has always a go-between—a valet, or humble follower—who performs the intrigue of the piece. So I asked Hirsch the above question, "Would he carry a letter to Miss Minna Löwe?"

"Give it me," said he, with a grin.

But the deuce of it was, it wasn't written. Rosina, in the opera, has hers ready in her pocket, and says "Eccolo quà" when Figaro makes the same request, so I told Hirsch that I would get it ready. And a very hard task I found it too, in sitting down to compose the document. It shall be in verse, thought I, for Minna understands some English; but there is no rhyme to Minna, as everybody knows, except a Cockney, who might make "thinner, dinner, winner," &c. answer to it. And as for Löwe, it is just as bad. Then it became, as I thought, my painful duty to send her a note in French; and in French finally it was composed, and I blush now when I think of the nonsense and bad grammar it contained—the conceit above all. The easy vulgar assurance of victory with which I, a raw lad from the stupidest country in Europe, assailed one of the most beautiful women in the world!

Hirsch took the letter, and to bribe the fellow to silence, I agreed

to purchase a great hideous amethyst brooch, which he had offered me a dozen times for sale, and which I had always refused till now. He said it had been graciously received, but as all the family were present in the evening when I called, of course no allusion could be made to the note; but I thought Minna looked particularly kind, as I sat and lost a couple of fredericks at *écarté* to a very stout Israelite lady, Madame Löwe, junior, the wife of Monsieur Solomon Löwe. I think it was on this night, or the next, that I was induced to purchase a bale of remarkably fine lawn for shirts, for old Löwe had everything to sell, as is not uncommon with men of his profession and persuasion; and had I expressed a fancy for a coffin or a hod of mortar, I have no doubt Hirsch would have had it at my door next morning.

I went on sending letters to Minna, copying them out of a useful little work called "Le Petit Sécrétaire Français," and easily adapting them to circumstances by altering a phrase here and there. Day and night I used to dangle about the house. It was provoking, to be sure, that Minna was never alone now; her sister or Madame Solomon was always with her, and as they naturally spoke German, of which language I knew but few words, my evenings were passed in sighing, ogling, and saying nothing. I must have been a very charming companion. One evening was pretty much like another. Four or five times in the week old Löwe would drop in and sell me a bargain. Berlin-iron chains and trinkets for my family at home; Naples soap, a case of *eau de Cologne*; a beautiful dressing-gown, lined with fur for the winter; a rifle, one of the famous Frankfort make; a complete collection of the German classics; and finally, to my awful disgust, a set of the Byzantine historians.

I must tell you that, although my banking friend had furnished me with half a stone of Syrian tobacco from his brother at Constantinople, and though the most beautiful lips in the world had first taught me to smoke it, I discovered, after a few pipes of the weed, that it was not so much to my taste as that grown in the West Indies; and as his Havannah cigars were also not to my liking, I was compelled, not without some scruples of conscience at my infidelity, to procure my smoking supplies elsewhere.

And now I come to the fatal part of my story. Wilder, who was likewise an amateur of the weed, once came to my lodgings in the company of a tobacconist whom he patronised, and who brought several boxes and samples for inspection. Herr Rohr, which was the gentleman's name, sat down with us. His wares were very good, and —must I own it?—I thought it would be a very clever and prudent thing on my part to exchange some of my rare Syrian against his canaster and Havannahs. I vaunted the quality of the goods to him,

and, going into the inner room, returned with a packet of the real Syrian. Herr Rohr looked at the parcel rather contemptuously, I thought.

"I have plenty of these goods in my shop," said he.

"Why, you don't thay tho," says Wilder, with a grin; "ith the weal wegular Thywian. My friend Fitth-Boodle got it from hith bankerth, and no mithtake!"

"Was it from Mr. Löwe?" says Rohr, with another provoking sneer.

"Exactly. His brother Israel sent it from Constantinople."

"Bah!" says Rohr. "I sold this very tobacco, seven pounds of it, at fourteen groschen a pound, to Miss Minna Löwe and little Mr. Hirsch, who came express to my shop for it. Here's my seal," says Mr. Rohr. And sure enough he produced, from a very fat and dirty forefinger, a seal, which bore the engraving on the packet.

"You sold that to Miss Minna Löwe?" groaned poor George Fitz-Boodle.

"Yes, and she bated me down half a gros in the price. Heaven help you, sir! she *always* makes the bargains for her father. There's something so pretty about her that we can't resist her."

"And do you thell *wineth*, too—Thypwuth and Médoc, hay?" continued the brute Wilder, enjoying the joke.

"No," answered Mr. Rohr, with another confounded sneer. "He makes those himself; but I *have* some very fine Médoc and Greek wine, if his high well-born lordship would like a few dozen. Shall I send a panier?"

"*Leave the room*, sir!" here shouted I, in a voice of uncontrollable ferocity, and looked so wildly that little Rohr rushed away in a fright, and Wilder burst into one of his demoniacal laughs again.

"Don't you thee, my good fwiend," continued he, how wegularly thethe people have been doing you? I tell you their chawacterth are known all over the town. There'th not a thtudent in the place but can give you a hithtory of the family. Löwe ith an infarnal old uthuwer, and hith daughterth wegular mantwapth. At the Thtar, where I dine with the officerth of the garrithon, you and Minna are a thtandard joke. Captain Heerpauk wath caught himthelf for near thix weekth; young Von Twommel wath wemoved by hith fwiendth; old Colonel Blitz wath at one time tho nearly gone in love with the elder, that he would have had a divorce from hith lady. Among the thtudentth the mania hath been jutht the thame. Whenever one wath worth plucking, Löwe uthed to have him to hith houthe and wob him, until at latht the wathcal'th chawacter became tho well known, that the thtudentth in a body have detherted him, and you will find that

not one of them will dance with hith daughterth, handthome ath they are. Go down to Godesberg to-night and thee."

"I *am* going," answered I; "the young ladies asked me to drive down in their carriage;" and I flung myself back on the sofa, and puffed away volumes of smoke, and tossed and tumbled the live-long day, with a horrible conviction that something of what Wilder had told me might be true, and with a vow to sacrifice, at least, one of the officers who had been laughing at me.

There they were, the scoundrels! in their cursed tight frock-coats and hay-coloured mustachios, twirling round in the waltzes with the citizens' daughters, when, according to promise, I arrived with the Israelitish ladies at the garden at Godesberg, where dancing is carried on twice or thrice in a week. There were the students with their long pipes, and little caps, and long hair, tippling at the tables under the leaves, or dancing that absurd waltz which has always been the object of my contempt. The fact is, I am not a dancing man.

Students and officers, I thought, every eye was looking at me, as I entered the garden with Miss Minna Löwe on my arm. Wilder tells me that I looked blue with rage, and as if I should cut the throat of any man I met.

We had driven down in old Löwe's landau, the old gentleman himself acting as coachman, with Mr. Hirsch in his best clothes by his side. In the carriage came Madame Solomon, in yellow satin; Miss Löwe, in light green (it is astonishing how persons of a light complexion will wear this detestable colour); Miss Minna was in white muslin, with a pair of black knit gloves on her beautiful arms, a pink riband round her delicate waist, and a pink scarf on her shoulders, for in those days—and the fashion exists still somewhat on the Rhine—it was the custom of ladies to dress themselves in what we call an evening costume for dinner-time; and so was the lovely Minna attired. As I sat by her on the back seat, I did not say one single word, I confess, but looked unutterable things, and forgot in her beauty all the suspicions of the morning. I hadn't asked her to waltz—for, the fact is, I didn't know how to waltz, and so only begged her hand for a quadrille.

We entered thus Mr. Blintzner's garden as I have described, the men staring at us, the lovely Minna on my arm. I ordered refreshments for the party; and we sat at a table near the boarded place where the people were dancing. No one came up to ask Minna to waltz, and I confess I was not sorry for it—for I own to that dog-in-the-manger jealousy which is common to love—no one came but poor little Hirsch, who had been absent to get sandwiches for the ladies, and came up making his bow just as I was asking Minna whether

she would give no response to my letters. She looked surprised—looked at Hirsch, who looked at me, and laying his hand (rather familiarly) upon my arm, put the other paw to his great red blubber lips, as if enjoining silence; and, without a word, carries off Minna, and began twisting her round in the waltz.

The little brute had assumed his best clothes for the occasion. He had a white hat and a pair of white gloves; a green satin stock, with profuse studs of jewels in his shirt; a yellow waistcoat, with one of pink Cashmere underneath; very short nankeen trousers, and striped silk stockings; and a swallow-tailed, short-waisted, light-brown coat, with brass buttons; the tails whirled in the wind as he and his partner spun round to a very quick waltz—not without agility, I confess, on the little scoundrel's part—and oh, with what incomparable grace on Minna's! The other waltzers cleared away, doubtless to look at her performance; but though such a reptile was below my jealousy, I felt that I should have preferred to the same music to kick the little beast round the circle rather than see his hand encircling such a waist as that.

They only made one or two turns, however, and came back. Minna was blushing very red, and very much agitated.

"Will you take one turn, Fräulein Emma?" said the active Hirsch; and after a little to-do on the part of the elder sister, she got up, and advanced to the dancing place.

What was my surprise when the people again cleared off, and left the pair to perform alone! Hirsch and his partner enjoyed their waltz, however, and returned, looking as ill-humoured as possible. The band struck up presently a quadrille tune. I would not receive any of Minna's excuses. She did not wish to dance; she was faint—she had no *vis-à-vis*. "Hirsch," said I, with much courtesy, "take out Madame Solomon, and come and dance." We advanced—big Mrs. Solomon and Hirsch, Minna and I—Miss Emma remaining with her papa over the Rhine wine and sandwiches.

There were at least twenty couple, who were mustering to make a quadrille when we advanced. Minna blushed scarlet, and I felt her trembling on my arm; no doubt 'twas from joy at dancing with the fashionable young Englander. Hirsch, with a low bow and scrape, led Madame Solomon opposite us, and put himself in the fifth position. It *was* rather disgusting, certainly, for George Savage Fitz-Boodle to be dancing *vis-à-vis* with such an animal as that!

Mr. Hirsch clapped his hands with a knowing air, to begin. I looked up from Minna (what I had been whispering to her must not be concealed—in fact, I had said so previously, *es ist sehr warm*; but I said it with an accent that must have gone to her heart),—when

I say I looked up from her lovely face, I found that every one of the other couple had retired, and that we four were left to dance the quadrille by ourselves!

Yes, by heavens! it was so! Minna, from being scarlet, turned ghastly pale, and would have fallen back had I not encircled her with my arm. "I'm ill," said she; "let me go back to my father." "You *must dance*," said I, and held up my clenched fist at Hirsch, who I thought would have moved off too; on which the little fellow was compelled to stop. And so we four went through the quadrille.

The first figure seemed to me to last a hundred thousand years. I don't know how it was that Minna did not fall down and faint; but gathering courage all of a sudden, and throwing a quick fierce look round about her, as if in defiance, and a frown which made my little angel for a moment look like a little demon, she went through the dance with as much gracefulness as a duchess. As for me,—at first the whole air seemed to be peopled with grinning faces, and I moved about almost choked with rage and passion. Then gradually the film of fury wore off, and I became wonderfully calm,—nay, had the leisure to look at Monsieur Hirsch, who performed all the steps with wonderful accuracy; and at every one of the faces round about, officers, students, and citizens. None of the gentlemen, probably, liked my face,—for theirs wore, as I looked at them, a very grave and demure expression. But as Minna was dancing, I heard a voice behind her cry, sneeringly, "Brava!" I turned quickly round and caught the speaker. He turned very red, and so betrayed himself. Our eyes met—it was a settled thing. There was no need of any further arrangement, and it was then, as I have said, that the film cleared off; and I have to thank Captain Heerpauk for getting through the quadrille without an apoplexy.

"Did you hear that—that voice, Herr George?" said Miss Minna, looking beseechingly in my face, and trembling on my arm, as I led her back to her father. Poor soul! I saw it all at once. She loved me,—I knew she did, and trembled lest I should run into any danger. I stuttered, stammered, vowed I did not hear it; at the same time swearing inwardly an oath of the largest dimensions, that I would cut the throat whence that "Brava" issued. I left my lady for a moment, and finding Wilder, pointed out the man to him.

"Oh, Heerpauk," says he. "What do you want with him?"

"Charley," says I, with much heroism and ferocity, "*I want to shoot him*; just tell him so." And when, on demurring, I swore I would go and pull the captain's nose on the ground, Wilder agreed to settle the business for me; and I returned to our party.

It was quite clear that we could not stay longer in the gardens. Löwe's carriage was not to come for an hour yet; for the banker would not expend money in stabling his horses at the inn, and had accordingly sent them back to Bonn. What should we do? There is a ruined castle at Godesberg, which looks down upon the fair green plain of the Rhine, where Mr. Blintzner's house stands (and let the reader be thankful that I don't give a description of scenery here): there is, I say, a castle at Godesberg. "Explorons le shatto," says I; which elegant French Hirsch translated; and this suggestion was adopted by the five Israelites, to the fairest of whom I offered my arm. The lovely Minna took it, and away we went; Wilder, who was standing at the gate, giving me a nod, to say all was right. I saw him presently strolling up the hill after me, with a Prussian officer, with whom he was talking. Old Löwe was with his daughter, and as the old banker was infirm, the pair walked but slowly. Monsieur Hirsch had given his arm to Madame Solomon. She was a fat woman; the consequence was that Minna and I were soon considerably ahead of the rest of the party, and were ascending the hill alone. I said several things to her, such as only lovers say. "Com il fay bo issy," says I, in the most insinuating way. No answer. "Es ist etwas kalt," even I continued, admirably varying my phrase. She did not speak; she was agitated by the events of the evening, and no wonder.

That fair round arm resting on mine,—that lovely creature walking by my side in the calm moonlight,—the silver Rhine flashing before us, with Drachenfels and the Seven Mountains rising clear in the distance,—the music of the dance coming up to us from the plain below,—the path winding every now and then into the darkest foliage, and at the next moment giving us rich views of the moonlit river and plain below. Could any man but feel the influence of a scene so exquisitely lovely?

"Minna," says I, as she wouldn't speak,—"Minna, I love you; you have known it long, long ago, I know you have. Nay, do not withdraw your hand; your heart has spoken for me. Be mine then!" and taking her hand, I kissed it rapturously, and should have proceeded to her cheek, no doubt, when——she gave me a swinging box on the ear, started back, and incontinently fell a-screaming as loudly as any woman ever did.

"Minna, Minna!" I heard the voice of that cursed Hirsch shouting. "Minna, *meine Gattin*!" and he rushed up the hill; and Minna flung herself in his arms, crying, "Lorenzo, my husband, save me!"

The Löwe family, Wilder, and his friend, came skurrying up the

hill at the same time; and we formed what in the theatres is called a tableau.

"You coward!" says Minna, her eyes flashing fire, "who could see a woman insulted, and never defend her!"

"You coward!" roared Hirsch; "coward as well as profligate! You communicated to me your lawless love for this angel,—to me her affianced husband; and you had the audacity to send her letters, not one of which, so help me Heaven, has been received. Yes, you will laugh at Jews,—will you, you brutal Englishman? You will insult our people,—will you, you stupid islander? Psha! I spit upon you!" and here Monsieur Hirsch snapped his fingers in my face, holding Minna at the same time round the waist, who thus became the little monster's buckler.

* * * * * * * *

They presently walked away, and left me in a pleasant condition. I was actually going to fight a duel on the morrow for the sake of this fury, and it appeared that she had flung me off for cowardice. I had allowed myself to be swindled by her father, and insulted by her filthy little bridegroom, and for what? All the consolation I got from Wilder was,—"I told you tho, my boy, but you wouldn't lithn, you gweat thtoopid blundewing ignowamuth; and now I shall have to thee you shot and buwied to-mowow; and I dare thay you won't even remember me in your will. Captain Schläger," continued he, presenting me to his companion, "Mr. Fitz-Boodle; the Captain acts for Heerpauk in the morning, and we were just talking matters over, when Webecca yonder quied out, and we found her in the armth of Bwian de Bois-Guilbert here."

Captain Schläger was a little, social, good-humoured man, with a mustachio of straw and silver mixed, and a brilliant purple sabre-cut across a rose-coloured nose. He had the Iron Cross at his buttonhole, and looked, as he was, a fierce little fighter. But he was too kind-hearted to allow of two boys needlessly cutting each other's throats; and much to the disappointment of Wilder, doubtless, who had been my second in the Martingale affair, and enjoyed no better sport, he said in English, laughing, "Vell, make your mint easy, my goot young man, I tink you af got into enough sgrabes about dis tam Shewess; and dat you and Heerpauk haf no need to blow each other's brains off."

"Ath for Fitth apologithing," burst out Wilder, "that'th out of the quethtion. He gave the challenge, you know; and how the *dooth* ith he to apologithe now?"

"He gave the challenge, and you took it, and you are de greatest fool of de two. I say the two young men shall not fight;" and then

the honest Captain entered into a history of the worthy family of Israel, which would have saved me at least fifty pounds had I known it sooner. It did not differ in substance from what Rohr and Wilder had both told me in the morning. The venerable Löwe was a great thief and extortioner; the daughters were employed as decoy-ducks, in the first place, for the University and the garrison, and afterwards for young strangers, such as my wise self, who visited the place. There was some very sad story about the elder Miss Löwe and a tutor from Saint John's College, Cambridge, who came to Bonn on a reading tour; but I am not at liberty to set down here the particulars. And with regard to Minna, there was a still more dismal history. A fine handsome young student, the pride of the University, had first ruined himself through the offices of the father, and then shot himself for love of the daughter; from which time the whole town had put the family into Coventry; nor had they appeared for two years in public until upon the present occasion with me. As for Monsieur Hirsch, he did not care. He was of a rich Frankfort family of the people, serving his apprenticeship with Löwe, a cousin, and the destined husband of the younger daughter. He traded as much as he could on his own account, and would run upon any errand, and buy or sell anything for a consideration. And so, instead of fighting Captain Heerpauk, I agreed, willingly enough, to go back to the hotel at Godesberg, and shake hands with that officer. The reconciliation, or, rather, the acquaintance between us, was effected over a bottle of wine, at Mr. Blintzner's hotel; and we rode comfortably back in a drosky together to Bonn, where the friendship was still more closely cemented by a supper. At the close of the repast, Heerpauk made a speech on England, fatherland, and German truth and love, and kindly saluted me with a kiss, which is at any lady's service who peruses this little narrative.

As for Mr. Hirsch, it must be confessed, to my shame, that the next morning a gentleman having the air of an old clothesman off duty presented me with an envelope, containing six letters of my composition addressed to Miss Minna Löwe (among them was a little poem in English, which has since called tears from the eyes of more than one lovely girl); and, furthermore, a letter from himself, in which he, Baron Hirsch, of Hirschenwald (the scoundrel, like my friend Wilder, purchased his title in the "Awthtwian Thervith")—in which he, I say, Baron Hirsch, of Hirschenwald, challenges me for insulting Miss Minna Löwe, or demands an apology.

This, I said, Mr. Hirsch might have whenever he chose to come and fetch it, pointing to a horsewhip which lay in a corner; but that he must come early, as I proposed to quit Bonn the next morning.

The Baron's friend, hearing this, asked whether I would like some remarkably fine cigars for my excursion, which he could give me a great bargain? He was then shown to the door by my body-servant; nor did Hirsch von Hirschenwald come for the apology.

Twice every year, however, I get a letter from him, dated Frankfort, and proposing to make me a present of a splendid palace in Austria or Bohemia, or 200,000 florins, should I prefer money. I saw his lady at Frankfort only last year, in a front box at the theatre loaded with diamonds, and at least sixteen stone in weight.

Ah! Minna, Minna! thou mayest grow to be as ugly as sin, and as fat as Daniel Lambert, but I have the amber mouthpiece still, and swear that the prettiest lips in Jewry have kissed it!

[The MS. here concludes with a rude design of a young lady smoking a pipe.]

("*Fitz-Boodle's Confessions*," *Fraser's Magazine*, October 1842.)

BLUEBEARD'S GHOST.

FOR some time after the fatal accident which deprived her of her husband, Mrs. Bluebeard was, as may be imagined, in a state of profound grief.

There was not a widow in all the country who went to such an expense for black bombazeen. She had her beautiful hair confined in crimped caps, and her weepers came over her elbows. Of course she saw no company except her sister Anne (whose company was anything but pleasant to the widow); as for her brothers, their odious mess-table manners had always been disagreeable to her. What did she care for jokes about the major, or scandal concerning the Scotch surgeon of the regiment? If they drank their wine out of black bottles or crystal, what did it matter to her? Their stories of the stable, the parade, and the last run with the hounds, were perfectly odious to her; besides, she could not bear their impertinent mustachios and filthy habit of smoking cigars.

They were always wild vulgar young men at the best; but *now*, oh! their presence to her delicate soul was horror! How could she bear to look on them after what had occurred? She thought of the best of husbands ruthlessly cut down by their cruel heavy cavalry

sabres ; the kind friend, the generous landlord, the spotless justice of peace, in whose family differences these rude cornets of dragoons had dared to interfere, whose venerable blue hairs they had dragged down with sorrow to the grave !

She put up a most splendid monument to her departed lord over the family vault of the Bluebeards. The rector, Doctor Sly, who had been Mr. Bluebeard's tutor at college, wrote an epitaph in the most pompous yet pathetic Latin :—" Siste, viator ! mœrens conjux, heu ! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse ;" in a word, everything that is usually said in epitaphs. A bust of the departed saint, with Virtue mourning over it, stood over the epitaph, surrounded by medallions of his wives, and one of these medallions had as yet no name in it, nor (the epitaph said) could the widow ever be consoled until her own name was inscribed there. " For then I shall be with him. In cœlo quies," she would say, throwing up her fine eyes to heaven, and quoting the enormous words of the hatchment which was put up in the church and over Bluebeard's Hall, where the butler, the housekeeper, the footman, the housemaid, and scullions, were all in the profoundest mourning. The keeper went out to shoot birds in a crape band ; nay, the very scarecrows in the orchard and fruit-garden were ordered to be dressed in black.

Sister Anne was the only person who refused to wear black. Mrs. Bluebeard would have parted with her, but she had no other female relative. Her father, it may be remembered by readers of the former part of her Memoirs, had married again ; and the mother-in-law and Mrs. Bluebeard, as usual, hated each other furiously. Mrs. Shacabac had come to the Hall on a visit of condolence ; but the widow was so rude to her on the second day of the visit that the stepmother quitted the house in a fury. As for the Bluebeards, of course *they* hated the widow. Had not Mr. Bluebeard settled every shilling upon her ? and, having no children by his former marriage, her property, as I leave you to fancy, was pretty handsome. So sister Anne was the only female relative whom Mrs. Bluebeard would keep near her, and, as we all know, a woman *must* have a female relative under any circumstances of pain, or pleasure, or profit—when she is married, or when she is in a delicate situation. But let us continue our story.

" I will never wear mourning for that odious wretch, sister !" Anne would cry.

" I will trouble you, Miss Anne, not to use such words in my presence regarding the best of husbands, or to quit the room at once !" the widow would answer.

" I'm sure it's no great pleasure to sit in it. I wonder you don't make use of the closet, sister, where the *other* Mrs. Bluebeards are."

"Impertinence! they were all embalmed by Monsieur Gannal. How dare you repeat the monstrous calumnies regarding the best of men? Take down the family Bible and read what my blessed saint says of his wives—read it written in his own hand:—

"'*Friday, June* 20.—Married my beloved wife, Anna Maria Scrogginsia.

"'*Saturday. August* 1.—A bereaved husband has scarcely strength to write down in this chronicle that the dearest of wives, Anna Maria Scrogginsia, expired this day of sore throat.'

"There! can anything be more convincing than that? Read again:—

"'*Tuesday, Sept.* 1.—This day I led to the hymeneal altar my soul's blessing, Louisa Matilda Hopkinson. May this angel supply the place of her I have lost!

"'*Wednesday, October* 5.—Oh, heavens! pity the distraction of a wretch who is obliged to record the ruin of his dearest hopes and affections! This day my adored Louisa Matilda Hopkinson gave up the ghost! A complaint of the head and shoulders was the sudden cause of the event which has rendered the unhappy subscriber the most miserable of men.

"'BLUEBEARD.'

"Every one of the women are calendared in this delightful, this pathetic, this truly virtuous and tender way; and can you suppose that a man who wrote such sentiments could be a *murderer*, miss?"

"Do you mean to say that he did not *kill* them, then?" said Anne.

"Gracious goodness, Anne, kill them! they died all as naturally as I hope you will. My blessed husband was an angel of goodness and kindness to them. Was it *his* fault that the doctors could not cure their maladies? No, that it wasn't! and when they died the inconsolable husband had their bodies embalmed, in order that on this side of the grave he might never part from them."

"And why did he take you up in the tower, pray? and why did you send me in such a hurry to the leads? and why did he sharpen his long knife, and roar out to you to COME DOWN?"

"Merely to punish me for my curiosity—the dear, good, kind, excellent creature!" sobbed the widow, overpowered with affectionate recollections of her lord's attentions to her.

"I wish," said sister Anne, sulkily, "that I had not been in such a hurry in summoning my brothers."

"Ah!" screamed Mrs. Bluebeard, with a harrowing scream, "don't—don't recall that horrid fatal day, miss! If you had not misled your brothers, my poor dear darling Bluebeard would still be in life, still—still the soul's joy of his bereaved Fatima!"

Whether it is that all wives adore husbands when the latter are no

more, or whether it is that Fatima's version of the story is really the correct one, and that the common impression against Bluebeard is an odious prejudice, and that he no more murdered his wives than you and I have, remains yet to be proved, and indeed does not much matter for the understanding of the rest of Mrs. B.'s adventures. And though people will say that Bluebeard's settlement of his whole fortune on his wife, in event of survivorship, was a mere act of absurd mystification, seeing that he was fully determined to cut her head off after the honeymoon, yet the best test of his real intentions is the profound grief which the widow manifested for his death, and the fact that he left her mighty well to do in the world.

If anyone were to leave you or me a fortune, my dear friend, would we be too anxious to rake up the how and the why? Pooh! pooh! we would take it and make no bones about it, and Mrs. Bluebeard did likewise. Her husband's family, it is true, argued the point with her, and said, "Madam, you must perceive that Mr. Bluebeard never intended the fortune for you, as it was his fixed intention to chop off your head! it is clear that he meant to leave his money to his blood relations, therefore you ought in equity to hand it over." But she sent them all off with a flea in their ears, as the saying is, and said, "Your argument may be a very good one, but I will, if you please, keep the money." And she ordered the mourning as we have before shown, and indulged in grief, and exalted everywhere the character of the deceased. If anyone would but leave me a fortune, what a funeral and what a character I would give him!

Bluebeard Hall is situated, as we all very well know, in a remote country district, and although a fine residence, is remarkably gloomy and lonely. To the widow's susceptible mind, after the death of her darling husband, the place became intolerable. The walk, the lawn, the fountain, the green glades of park over which frisked the dappled deer, all—all recalled the memory of her beloved. It was but yesterday that, as they roamed through the park in the calm summer evening, her Bluebeard pointed out to the keeper the fat buck he was to kill. "Ah!" said the widow, with tears in her fine eyes, "the artless stag was shot down, the haunch was cut and roasted, the jelly had been prepared from the currant-bushes in the garden that he loved, bu my Bluebeard never ate of the venison! Look, Anna sweet, pass we the old oak hall; 'tis hung with trophies won by him in the chase, with pictures of the noble race of Bluebeard! Look! by the fireplace there is the gig-whip, his riding-whip, the spud with which you know he used to dig the weeds out of the terrace-walk; in that drawer are his spurs, his whistle, his visiting-cards, with his dear dear name engraven upon them! There are the bits of string that he used to cut off the

parcels and keep because string was always useful ; his button-hook, and there is the peg on which he used to hang his h—h—*hat!*"

Uncontrollable emotions, bursts of passionate tears, would follow these tender reminiscences of the widow ; and the long and short of the matter was that she was determined to give up Bluebeard Hall and live elsewhere ; her love for the memory of the deceased, she said, rendered the place too wretched.

Of course an envious and sneering world said that she was tired of the country and wanted to marry again ; but she little heeded its taunts, and Anne, who hated her stepmother and could not live at home, was fain to accompany her sister to the town where the Bluebeards have had for many years a very large, genteel, old-fashioned house. So she went to the town-house, where they lived and quarrelled pretty much as usual ; and though Anne often threatened to leave her and go to a boarding-house, of which there were plenty in the place, yet after all, to live with her sister, and drive out in the carriage with the footman and coachman in mourning, and the lozenge on the panels, with the Bluebeard and Shacabac arms quartered on it, was far more respectable, and so the lovely sisters continued to dwell together.

For a lady under Mrs. Bluebeard's circumstances, the town-house had other and peculiar advantages. Besides being an exceedingly spacious and dismal brick building, with a dismal iron railing in front, and long dismal thin windows with little panes of glass, it looked out into the churchyard where, time out of mind, between two yew trees, one of which is cut into the form of a peacock, while the other represents a dumb-waiter—it looked into the churchyard where the monument of the late Bluebeard was placed over the family vault. It was the first thing the widow saw from her bedroom window in the morning, and 'twas sweet to watch at night from the parlour the pallid moonlight lighting up the bust of the departed, and Virtue throwing great black shadows athwart it. Polyanthuses, rhododendra, ranunculuses, and other flowers with the largest names and of the most delightful odours, were planted within the little iron railing that enclosed the last resting-place of the Bluebeards ; and the beadle was instructed to half-kill any little boys who might be caught plucking these sweet testimonies of a wife's affection.

Over the sideboard in the dining-room hung a full-length of Mr. Bluebeard, by Ticklegill, R.A., in a militia uniform, frowning down upon the knives and forks and silver trays. Over the mantelpiece he was represented in a hunting costume on his favourite horse ; there was a sticking-plaster silhouette of him in the widow's bedroom, and

a miniature in the drawing-room, where he was drawn in a gown of black and gold, holding a gold-tasselled trencher-cap with one hand, and with the other pointing to a diagram of Pons Asinorum. This likeness was taken when he was a fellow-commoner at Saint John's College, Cambridge, and before the growth of that blue beard which was the ornament of his manhood, and a part of which now formed a beautiful blue neck-chain for his bereaved wife.

Sister Anne said the town-house was even more dismal than the country-house, for there was pure air at the Hall, and it was pleasanter to look out on a park than on a churchyard, however fine the monuments might be. But the widow said she was a light-minded hussy, and persisted as usual in her lamentations and mourning. The only male whom she would admit within her doors was the parson of the parish, who read sermons to her; and, as his reverence was at least seventy years old, Anne, though she might be ever so much minded to fall in love, had no opportunity to indulge her inclination; and the townspeople, scandalous as they might be, could not find a word to say against the *liaison* of the venerable man and the heart-stricken widow.

All other company she resolutely refused. When the players were in the town, the poor manager, who came to beg her to bespeak a comedy, was thrust out of the gates by the big butler. Though there were balls, card-parties, and assemblies, Widow Bluebeard would never subscribe to one of them; and even the officers, those all-conquering heroes who make such ravages in ladies' hearts, and to whom all ladies' doors are commonly open, could never get an entry into the widow's house. Captain Whiskerfield strutted for three weeks up and down before her house, and had not the least effect upon her. Captain O'Grady (of an Irish regiment) attempted to bribe the servants, and one night actually scaled the garden wall; but all that he got was his foot in a man-trap, not to mention being dreadfully scarified by the broken glass; and so *he* never made love any more. Finally, Captain Blackbeard, whose whiskers vied in magnitude with those of the deceased Bluebeard himself, although he attended church regularly every week—he who had not darkened the doors of a church for ten years before—even Captain Blackbeard got nothing by his piety; and the widow never once took her eyes off her book to look at him. The barracks were in despair; and Captain Whiskerfield's tailor, who had supplied him with new clothes in order to win the widow's heart, ended by clapping the Captain into gaol.

His reverence the parson highly applauded the widow's conduct to the officers; but, being himself rather of a social turn, and fond of a good dinner and a bottle, he represented to the lovely mourner that

she should endeavour to divert her grief by a little respectable society, and recommended that she should from time to time entertain a few grave and sober persons whom he would present to her. As Doctor Sly had an unbounded influence over the fair mourner, she acceded to his desires; and accordingly he introduced to her house some of the most venerable and worthy of his acquaintance—all married people, however, so that the widow should not take the least alarm.

It happened that the Doctor had a nephew, who was a lawyer in London, and this gentleman came dutifully in the long vacation to pay a visit to his reverend uncle. "He is none of your roystering dashing young fellows," said his reverence; "he is the delight of his mamma and sisters; he never drinks anything stronger than tea; he never missed church thrice a Sunday for these twenty years; and I hope, my dear and amiable madame, that you will not object to receive this pattern of young men for the sake of your most devoted friend, his uncle."

The widow consented to receive Mr. Sly. He was not a handsome man certainly. "But what does that matter?" said the Doctor; "he is *good*, and virtue is better than all the beauty of all the dragoons in the Queen's service."

Mr. Sly came there to dinner, and he came to tea; and he drove out with the widow in the carriage with the lozenge on it; and at church he handed the psalm-book; and, in short, he paid her every attention which could be expected from so polite a young gentleman.

At this the town began to talk, as people in towns will. "The Doctor kept all bachelors out of the widow's house," said they, "in order that that ugly nephew of his may have the field entirely to himself." These speeches were of course heard by sister Anne, and the little minx was not a little glad to take advantage of them, in order to induce her sister to see some more cheerful company. The fact is, the young hussy loved a dance or a game at cards much more than a humdrum conversation over a tea-table; and so she plied her sister day and night with hints as to the propriety of opening her house, receiving the gentry of the county, and spending her fortune.

To this point the widow at length, though with many sighs and vast unwillingness, acceded; and she went so far as to order a very becoming half-mourning, in which all the world declared she looked charming. "I carry," said she, "my blessed Bluebeard in my heart —*that* is in the deepest mourning for him, and when the heart grieves there is no need of outward show."

So she issued cards for a little quiet tea and supper, and several of the best families in the town and neighbourhood attended her entertainment. It was followed by another and another; and at last

Captain Blackbeard was actually introduced, though, of course, he came in plain clothes.

Dr. Sly and his nephew never could abide the Captain. "They had heard some queer stories," they said, "about proceedings in barracks. Who was it that drank three bottles at a sitting? who had a mare that ran for the plate? and why was it that Dolly Coddlins left the town so suddenly?" Mr. Sly turned up the whites of his eyes as his uncle asked these questions, and sighed for the wickedness of the world. But for all that he was delighted, especially at the anger which the widow manifested when the Dolly Coddlins affair was hinted at. She was furious, and vowed she would never see the wretch again. The lawyer and his uncle were charmed. O short-sighted lawyer and parson, do you think Mrs. Bluebeard would have been so angry if she had not been jealous?—do you think she would have been jealous if she had not——had not what? She protested that she no more cared for the Captain than she did for one of her footmen; but the next time he called she would not condescend to say a word to him.

"My dearest Miss Anne," said the Captain, as he met her in Sir Roger de Coverley (she was herself dancing with Ensign Trippet), "what is the matter with your lovely sister?"

"Dolly Coddlins is the matter," said Miss Anne. "Mr. Sly has told all;" and she was down the middle in a twinkling.

The Captain blushed so at this monstrous insinuation that anyone could see how incorrect it was. He made innumerable blunders in the dance, and was all the time casting such ferocious glances at Mr. Sly (who did not dance, but sat by the widow and ate ices), that his partner thought he was mad, and that Mr. Sly became very uneasy.

When the dance was over, he came to pay his respects to the widow, and, in so doing, somehow trod so violently on Mr. Sly's foot that that gentleman screamed with pain, and presently went home. But though he was gone the widow was not a whit more gracious to Captain Blackbeard. She requested Mr. Trippet to order her carriage that night, and went home without uttering one single word to Captain Blackbeard.

The next morning, and with a face of preternatural longitude, the Reverend Doctor Sly paid a visit to the widow. "The wickedness and bloodthirstiness of the world," said he, "increase every day. O my dear madam, what monsters do we meet in it—what wretches, what assassins, are allowed to go abroad! Would you believe it, that this morning, as my nephew was taking his peaceful morning meal, one of the ruffians from the barracks presented himself with a challenge from Captain Blackbeard!"

"Is he hurt?" screamed the widow.

"No, my dear friend, my dear Frederick is not hurt. And oh, what a joy it will be to him to think you have that tender solicitude for his welfare!"

"You know I have always had the highest respect for him," said the widow; who, when she screamed, was in truth thinking of somebody else. But the Doctor did not choose to interpret her thoughts in that way, and gave all the benefit of them to his nephew.

"That anxiety, dearest madam, which you express for him emboldens me, encourages me, authorises me, to press a point on you which I am sure must have entered your thoughts ere now. The dear youth in whom you have shown such an interest lives but for you! Yes, fair lady, start not at hearing that his sole affections are yours; and with what pride shall I carry to him back the news that he is not indifferent to you!"

"Are they going to fight?" continued the lady, in a breathless state of alarm. "For Heaven's sake, dearest Doctor, prevent the horrid horrid meeting. Send for a magistrate's warrant; do anything; but do not suffer those misguided young men to cut each other's throats!"

"Fairest lady, I fly!" said the Doctor, and went back to lunch quite delighted with the evident partiality Mrs. Bluebeard showed for his nephew. And Mrs. Bluebeard, not content with exhorting him to prevent the duel, rushed to Mr. Pound, the magistrate, informed him of the facts, got out warrants against both Mr. Sly and the Captain, and would have put them into execution; but it was discovered that the former gentleman had abruptly left town, so that the constable could not lay hold of him.

It somehow, however, came to be generally known that the widow Bluebeard had declared herself in favour of Mr. Sly, the lawyer; that she had fainted when told her lover was about to fight a duel; finally, that she had accepted him, and would marry him as soon as the quarrel between him and the Captain was settled. Doctor Sly, when applied to, hummed and ha'd, and would give no direct answer; but he denied nothing, and looked so knowing, that all the world was certain of the fact; and the county paper next week stated:—

"We understand that the lovely and wealthy Mrs. Bl—b—rd is about once more to enter the bands of wedlock with our distinguished townsman, Frederick S-y, Esquire, of the Middle Temple, London. The learned gentleman left town in consequence of a dispute with a gallant son of Mars which was likely to have led to warlike results, had not a magistrate's warrant intervened, when the Captain was bound over to keep the peace."

In fact, as soon as the Captain was so bound over, Mr. Sly came back, stating that he had quitted the town not to avoid a duel—far from it, but to keep out of the way of the magistrates, and give the Captain every facility. *He* had taken out no warrant; *he* had been perfectly ready to meet the Captain; if others had been more prudent, it was not his fault. So he held up his head, and cocked his hat with the most determined air; and all the lawyers' clerks in the place were quite proud of their hero.

As for Captain Blackbeard, his rage and indignation may be imagined; a wife robbed from him, his honour put in question by an odious, lanky, squinting lawyer! He fell ill of a fever incontinently; and the surgeon was obliged to take a quantity of blood from him, ten times the amount of which he swore he would have out of the veins of the atrocious Sly.

The announcement in the *Mercury*, however, filled the widow with almost equal indignation. "The widow of the gallant Bluebeard," she said, "marry an odious wretch who lives in dingy chambers in the Middle Temple! Send for Doctor Sly." The Doctor came; she rated him soundly, asked him how he dared set abroad such calumnies concerning her; ordered him to send his nephew back to London at once; and, as he valued her esteem, as he valued the next presentation to a fat living which lay in her gift, to contradict everywhere, and in the fullest terms, the wicked report concerning her.

"My dearest madam," said the Doctor, pulling his longest face, "you shall be obeyed. The poor lad shall be acquainted with the fatal change in your sentiments!"

"Change in my sentiments, Doctor Sly!"

"With the destruction of his hopes, rather let me say; and Heaven grant that the dear boy have strength to bear up against the misfortune which comes so suddenly upon him!"

The next day sister Anne came with a face full of care to Mrs. Bluebeard. "Oh that unhappy lover of yours!" said she.

"Is the Captain unwell?" exclaimed the widow.

"No, it is the other," answered sister Anne. "Poor, poor Mr. Sly! He made a will leaving you all, except five pounds a year to his laundress: he made his will, locked his door, took heart-rending leave of his uncle at night, and this morning was found hanging at his bed-post when Sambo, the black servant, took him up his water to shave. 'Let me be buried,' he said, 'with the pincushion she gave me and the locket containing her hair.' *Did* you give him a pincushion, sister? *did* you give him a locket with your hair?"

"It was only silver-gilt!" sobbed the widow; "and now, O heavens! I have killed him!" The heart-rending nature of her

sobs may be imagined; but they were abruptly interrupted by her sister.

"Killed him?—no such thing! Sambo cut him down when he was as black in the face as the honest negro himself. He came down to breakfast, and I leave you to fancy what a touching meeting took place between the nephew and uncle."

"So much love!" thought the widow. "What a pity he squints so! If he would but get his eyes put straight, I might perhaps——" She did not finish the sentence: ladies often leave this sort of sentence in a sweet confusion.

But hearing some news regarding Captain Blackbeard, whose illness and blood-letting were described to her most pathetically, as well as accurately, by the Scotch surgeon of the regiment, her feelings of compassion towards the lawyer cooled somewhat; and when Doctor Sly called to know if she would condescend to meet the unhappy youth, she said, in rather a *distrait* manner, that she wished him every happiness; that she had the highest regard and respect for him; that she besought him not to think any more of committing the dreadful crime which would have made her unhappy for ever; *but* that she thought, for the sake of both parties, they had better not meet until Mr. Sly's feelings had grown somewhat more calm.

"Poor fellow! poor fellow!" said the Doctor, "may he be enabled to bear his frightful calamity! I have taken away his razors from him, and Sambo, my man, never lets him out of his sight."

The next day Mrs. Bluebeard thought of sending a friendly message to Doctor Sly's, asking for news of the health of his nephew; but, as she was giving her orders on that subject to John Thomas the footman, it happened that the Captain arrived, and so Thomas was sent downstairs again. And the Captain looked so delightfully interesting with his arm in a sling, and his beautiful black whiskers curling round a face which was paler than usual, that at the end of two hours the widow forgot the message altogether, and indeed, I believe, asked the Captain whether he would not stop and dine. Ensign Trippet came, too, and the party was very pleasant; and the military gentlemen laughed hugely at the idea of the lawyer having been cut off the bed-post by the black servant, and were so witty on the subject, that the widow ended by half believing that the bed-post and hanging scheme on the part of Mr. Sly was only a feint—a trick to win her heart. Though this, to be sure, was not agreed to by the lady without a pang, for *entre nous*, to hang oneself for a lady is no small compliment to her attractions, and, perhaps, Mrs. Bluebeard was rather disappointed at the notion that the hanging was not a *bonâ fide* strangulation.

However, presently her nerves were excited again; and she was

consoled or horrified, as the case may be (the reader must settle the point according to his ideas and knowledge of womankind)—she was at any rate dreadfully excited by the receipt of a billet in the well-known clerk-like hand of Mr. Sly. It ran thus :—

"I saw you through your dining-room windows. You were hobnobbing with Captain Blackbeard. You looked rosy and well. You smiled. You drank off the champagne at a single draught.

"I can bear it no more. Live on, smile on, and be happy. My ghost shall repine, perhaps, at your happiness with another—but in life I should go mad were I to witness it.

"It is best that I should be gone.

"When you receive this, tell my uncle to drag the fish-pond at the end of Bachelor's Acre. His black servant Sambo accompanies me, it is true. But Sambo shall perish with me should his obstinacy venture to restrain me from my purpose. I know the poor fellow's honesty well, but I also know my own despair.

"Sambo will leave a wife and seven children. Be kind to those orphan mulattoes for the sake of

"FREDERICK."

The widow gave a dreadful shriek, and interrupted the two Captains, who were each just in the act of swallowing a bumper of claret. "Fly—fly—save him," she screamed; "save him, monsters, ere it is too late! Drowned!—Frederick!—Bachelor's Wa——" Syncope took place, and the rest of the sentence was interrupted.

Deucedly disappointed at being obliged to give up their wine, the two heroes seized their cocked-hats, and went towards the spot which the widow in her wild exclamations of despair had sufficiently designated.

Trippet was for running to the fish-pond at the rate of ten miles an hour. "Take it easy, my good fellow," said Captain Blackbeard; "running is unwholesome after dinner. And if that squinting scoundrel of a lawyer *does* drown himself, I shan't sleep any the worse." So the two gentlemen walked very leisurely on towards the Bachelor's Walk; and, indeed, seeing on their way thither Major Macabaw looking out of the window at his quarters and smoking a cigar, they went upstairs to consult the Major, as also a bottle of Schiedam he had.

"They come not!" said the widow, when restored to herself. "O heavens! grant that Frederick is safe! Sister Anne, go up to the leads and look if anybody is coming." And up, accordingly, to the garrets sister Anne mounted. "Do you see anybody coming, sister Anne?"

"I see Doctor Drench's little boy," said sister Anne; "he is leaving a pill and draught at Miss Molly Grub's."

"Dearest sister Anne, don't you see anyone coming?" shouted the widow once again.

"I see a flock of dust,—no! a cloud of sheep. Pshaw! I see the London coach coming in. There are three outsides, and the guard has flung a parcel to Mrs. Jenkins's maid."

"Distraction! Look once more, sister Anne."

"I see a crowd—a shutter—a shutter with a man on it—a beadle—forty little boys—Gracious goodness! what *can* it be?" and downstairs tumbled sister Anne, and was looking out of the parlour-window by her sister's side, when the crowd she had perceived from the garret passed close by them.

At the head walked the beadle, slashing about at the little boys.

Two scores of these followed and surrounded

A SHUTTER carried by four men.

On the shutter lay *Frederick*! He was ghastly pale; his hair was draggled over his face; his clothes stuck tight to him on account of the wet; streams of water gurgled down the shutter sides. But he was not dead! He turned one eye round towards the window where Mrs. Bluebeard sat, and gave her a look which she never could forget.

Sambo brought up the rear of the procession. He was quite wet through; and, if anything would have put his hair out of curl, his ducking would have done so. But, as he was not a gentleman, he was allowed to walk home on foot, and, as he passed the widow's window, he gave her one dreadful glance with his goggling black eyes, and moved on pointing with his hands to the shutter.

John Thomas, the footman, was instantly despatched to Doctor Sly's to have news of the patient. There was no shilly-shallying now. He came back in half-an-hour to say that Mr. Frederick flung himself into Bachelor's Acre fishpond with Sambo, had been dragged out with difficulty, had been put to bed, and had a pint of white wine whey, and was pretty comfortable. "Thank Heaven!" said the widow, and gave John Thomas a seven-shilling piece, and sat down with a lightened heart to tea. "What a heart!" said she to sister Anne. "And, oh, what a pity it is that he squints!"

Here the two Captains arrived. They had not been to the Bachelor's Walk; they had remained at Major Macabaw's consulting the Schiedam. They had made up their minds what to say. "Hang the fellow! he will never have the pluck to drown himself," said Captain Blackbeard. "Let us argue on that, as we may safely."

"My sweet lady" said he, accordingly, "we have had the pond

dragged. No Mr. Sly. And the fisherman who keeps the punt assures us that he has not been there all day."

"Audacious falsehood!" said the widow, her eyes flashing fire "Go, heartless man! who dares to trifle thus with the feelings of a respectable and unprotected woman. Go, sir, you're only fit for the love of a—Dolly—Coddlins!" She pronounced the *Coddlins* with a withering sarcasm that struck the Captain aghast; and sailing out of the room, she left her tea untasted, and did not wish either of the military gentlemen good-night.

But, gentles, an ye know the delicate fibre of woman's heart, ye will not in very sooth believe that such events as those we have described—such tempests of passion—fierce winds of woe—blinding lightnings of tremendous joy and tremendous grief—could pass over one frail flower and leave it all unscathed. No! Grief kills as joy doth. Doth not the scorching sun nip the rose-bud as well as the bitter wind? As Mrs. Sigourney sweetly sings—

> "Ah! the heart is a soft and a delicate thing;
> Ah! the heart is a lute with a thrilling string;
> A spirit that floats on a gossamer's wing!"

Such was Fatima's heart. In a word, the preceding events had a powerful effect upon her nervous system, and she was ordered much quiet and sal-volatile by her skilful medical attendant, Doctor Glauber.

To be so ardently, passionately loved as she was, to know that Frederick had twice plunged into death from attachment to her, was to awaken in her bosom "a thrilling string" indeed! Could she witness such attachment, and not be touched by it? She *was* touched by it—she was influenced by the virtues, by the passion, by the misfortunes of Frederick; but then he was so abominably ugly that she could not—she could not consent to become his bride!

She told Doctor Sly so. "I respect and esteem your nephew," said she; "but my resolve is made. I will continue faithful to that blessed saint, whose monument is ever before my eyes" (she pointed to the churchyard as she spoke). "Leave this poor tortured heart in quiet. It has already suffered more than most hearts could bear. I will repose under the shadow of that tomb until I am called to rest within it—to rest by the side of my Bluebeard!"

The ranunculuses, rhododendra, and polyanthuses, which ornamented that mausoleum, had somehow been suffered to run greatly to seed during the last few months, and it was with no slight self-accusation that she acknowledged this fact on visiting the "garden of the grave," as she called it; and she scolded the beadle soundly

for neglecting his duty towards it. He promised obedience for the future, dug out all the weeds that were creeping round the family vault, and (having charge of the key) entered that awful place, and swept and dusted the melancholy contents of the tomb.

Next morning the widow came down to breakfast looking very pale. She had passed a bad night; she had had awful dreams; she had heard a voice call her thrice at midnight. "Pooh! my dear; it's only nervousness," said sceptical sister Anne.

Here John Thomas the footman entered, and said the beadle was in the hall, looking in a very strange way. He had been about the house since daybreak, and insisted on seeing Mrs. Bluebeard. "Let him enter," said that lady, prepared for some great mystery. The beadle came; he was pale as death; his hair was dishevelled, and his cocked-hat out of order. "What have you to say?" said the lady trembling.

Before beginning, he fell down on his knees.

"Yesterday," said he, "according to your ladyship's orders, I dug up the flower-beds of the family vault—dusted the vault and the—the coffins" (added he, trembling) "inside. Me and John Sexton did it together, and polished up the plate quite beautiful."

"For Heaven's sake, don't allude to it," cried the widow, turning pale.

"Well, my lady, I locked the door, came away, and found in my hurry—for I wanted to beat two little boys what was playing at marbles on Alderman Paunch's monyment—I found, my lady, I'd forgot my cane. I couldn't get John Sexton to go back with me till this morning, and I didn't like to go alone, and so we went this morning, and what do you think I found? I found his honour's coffin turned round, and the cane broke in two. Here's the cane!"

"Ah!" screamed the widow, "take it away—take it away!"

"Well, what does this prove," said sister Anne, "but that somebody moved the coffin, and broke the cane?"

"Somebody! *who's somebody?*" said the beadle, staring round about him. And all of a sudden he started back with a tremendous roar, that made the ladies scream, and all the glasses on the sideboard jingle, and cried, "*That's the man!*"

He pointed to the portrait of Bluebeard, which stood over the jingling glasses on the sideboard. "That's the man I saw last night walking round the vault, as I'm a living sinner. I saw him a-walking round and round, and, when I went up to speak to him, I'm blessed if he didn't go in at the iron gate, which opened afore him like—like winking, and then in at the vault door, which I'd double-locked, my lady, and bolted inside, I'll take my oath on it!"

"Perhaps you had given him the key?" suggested sister Anne.

"It's never been out of my pocket. Here it is," cried the beadle, "I'll have no more to do with it;" and he flung down the ponderous key, amidst another scream from widow Bluebeard.

"At what hour did you see him?" gasped she.

"At twelve o'clock, of course."

"It must have been at that very hour," said she, "I heard the voice."

"What voice?" said Anne.

"A voice that called 'Fatima! Fatima! Fatima!' three times as plain as ever voice did."

"It didn't speak to me," said the beadle; "it only nodded its head and wagged its head and beard."

"W—w—was it a *bl—ue beard*?" said the widow.

"Powder-blue, ma'am, as I've a soul to save!"

Doctor Drench was of course instantly sent for. But what are the medicaments of the apothecary in a case where the grave gives up its dead? Doctor Sly arrived, and he offered ghostly—ah! too ghostly—consolation. He said he believed in them. His own grandmother had appeared to his grandfather several times before he married again. He could not doubt that supernatural agencies were possible, even frequent.

"Suppose he were to appear to me alone," ejaculated the widow, "I should die of fright."

The Doctor looked particularly arch. "The best way in these cases, my dear madam," said he—"the best way for unprotected ladies is to get a husband. I never heard of a first husband's ghost appearing to a woman and her second husband in my life. In all history there is no account of one."

"Ah! why should I be afraid of seeing my Bluebeard again?" said the widow; and the Doctor retired quite pleased, for the lady was evidently thinking of a second husband.

"The Captain would be a better protector for me certainly than Mr. Sly," thought the lady, with a sigh; "but Mr. Sly will certainly kill himself, and will the Captain be a match for two ghosts? Sly will kill himself; but ah! the Captain won't;" and the widow thought with pangs of bitter mortification of Dolly Coddlins. How, how should these distracting circumstances be brought to an end?

She retired to rest that night not without a tremor—to bed, but not to sleep. At midnight a voice was heard in her room crying "Fatima! Fatima! Fatima!" in awful accents. The doors banged to and fro, the bells began to ring, the maids went up and down

stairs skurrying and screaming, and gave warning in a body. John Thomas, as pale as death, declared that he found Bluebeard's yeomanry sword, that hung in the hall, drawn and on the ground; and the sticking-plaster miniature in Mr. Bluebeard's bedroom was found turned topsy-turvy!

"It is some trick," said the obstinate and incredulous sister Anne. "To-night I will come and sleep with you, sister." And the night came, and the sisters retired together.

'Twas a wild night. The wind howling without went crashing through the old trees of the old rookery round about the old church. The long bedroom windows went thump—thumping; the moon could be seen through them lighting up the graves with their ghastly shadows; the yew-tree, cut into the shape of a bird, looked particularly dreadful, and bent and swayed as if it would peck something off that other yew-tree which was of the shape of a dumb-waiter. The bells at midnight began to ring as usual, the doors clapped, jingle jingle down came a suit of armour in the hall, and a voice came and cried, "Fatima! Fatima! Fatima! look, look, look; the tomb, the tomb, the tomb!"

She looked. The vault door was open; and there in the moonlight stood Bluebeard, exactly as he was represented in the picture in his yeomanry dress, his face frightfully pale and his great blue beard curling over his chest, as awful as Mr. Muntz's.

Sister Anne saw the vision as well as Fatima. We shall spare the account of their terrors and screams. Strange to say, John Thomas, who slept in the attic above his mistress's bedroom, declared he was on the watch all night and had seen nothing in the churchyard, and heard no sort of voices in the house.

And now the question came, What could the ghost want by appearing? "Is there anything," exclaimed the unhappy and perplexed Fatima, "that he would have me do? It is well to say 'Now, now, now,' and to show himself; but what is it that makes my blessed husband so uneasy in his grave?" And all parties consulted agreed that it was a very sensible question.

John Thomas, the footman, whose excessive terror at the appearance of the ghost had procured him his mistress's confidence, advised Mr. Screw, the butler, who communicated with Mrs. Baggs, the housekeeper, who condescended to impart her observations to Mrs. Bustle, the lady's-maid—John Thomas, I say, decidedly advised that my lady should consult a cunning man. There was such a man in town; he had prophesied who should marry his (John Thomas's) cousin; he had cured Farmer Horn's cattle, which were evidently bewitched; he could raise ghosts, and make them speak, and he

therefore was the very person to be consulted in the present juncture.

"What nonsense is this you have been talking to the maids, John Thomas, about the conjurer who lives in—in——"

"In Hangman's Lane, ma'am, where the old gibbet used to stand," replied John, who was bringing in the muffins. "It's no nonsense, my lady. Every word as that man says comes true, and he knows everything."

"I desire you will not frighten the girls in the servants' hall with any of those silly stories," said the widow; and the meaning of this speech may, of course, at once be guessed. It was that the widow meant to consult the conjurer that very night. Sister Anne said that she would never, under such circumstances, desert her dear Fatima. John Thomas was summoned to attend the ladies with a dark lantern, and forth they set on their perilous visit to the conjurer at his dreadful abode in Hangman's Lane.

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What took place at that frightful interview has never been entirely known. But there was no disturbance in the house on the night after. The bells slept quietly, the doors did not bang in the least, twelve o'clock struck and no ghost appeared in the churchyard, and the whole family had a quiet night. The widow attributed this to a sprig of rosemary which the wizard gave her, and a horseshoe which she flung into the garden round the family vault, and which would keep *any* ghost quiet.

It happened the next day that, going to her milliner's, sister Anne met a gentleman who has been before mentioned in this story, Ensign Trippet by name; and, indeed, if the truth must be known, it somehow happened that she met the Ensign somewhere every day of the week.

"What news of the ghost, my dearest Miss Shacabac?" said he (you may guess on what terms the two young people were by the manner in which Mr. Trippet addressed the lady); "has Bluebeard's ghost frightened your sister into any more fits, or set the bells a-ringing?"

Sister Anne, with a very grave air, told him that he must not joke on so awful a subject; that the ghost had been laid for awhile; that a cunning man had told her sister things so wonderful that *any* man must believe in them; that, among other things, he had shown to Fatima her future husband.

"Had," said the Ensign, "he black whiskers and a red coat?"

"No," answered Anne, with a sigh, "he had red whiskers and a black coat."

"It can't be that rascal Sly!" cried the Ensign. But Anne only sighed more deeply, and would not answer yes or no. "You may tell the poor Captain," she said, "there is no hope for him, and all he has left is to hang himself."

"He shall cut the throat of Sly first, though," replied Mr. Trippet, fiercely. But Anne said things were not decided as yet. Fatima was exceedingly restive and unwilling to acquiesce in the idea of being married to Mr. Sly; she had asked for further authority. The wizard said he could bring her own husband from the grave to point out her second bridegroom, who shall be, can be, must be, no other than Frederick Sly.

"It's a trick," said the Ensign. But Anne was too much frightened by the preceding evening's occurrences to say so. "To-night," she said, "the grave will tell all." And she left Ensign Trippet in a very solemn and affecting way.

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At midnight three figures were seen to issue from widow Bluebeard's house and pass through the churchyard turnstile and so away among the graves.

"To call up a ghost is bad enough," said the wizard; "to make him speak is awful. I recommend you, ma'am, to beware, for such curiosity has been fatal to many. There was one Arabian necromancer of my acquaintance who tried to make a ghost speak, and was torn in pieces on the spot. There was another person who *did* hear a ghost speak certainly, but came away from the interview deaf and dumb. There was another——"

"Never mind," says Mrs. Bluebeard, all her old curiosity aroused, "see him and hear him I will. Haven't I seen him and heard him, too, already? When he's audible *and* visible, *then's* the time."

"But when you heard him," said the necromancer, "he was invisible, and when you saw him he was inaudible; so make up your mind what you will ask him, for ghosts will stand no shilly-shallying. I knew a stuttering man who was flung down by a ghost, and——"

"I *have* made up my mind," said Fatima, interrupting him.

"To ask him what husband you shall take," whispered Anne.

Fatima only turned red, and sister Anne squeezed her hand; they passed into the graveyard in silence.

There was no moon; the night was pitch-dark. They threaded their way through the graves, stumbling over them here and there. An owl was too-whooing from the church tower, a dog was howling somewhere, a cock began to crow, as they will sometimes at twelve o'clock at night.

"Make haste," said the wizard. "Decide whether you will go on or not."

"Let us go back, sister," said Anne.

"I *will* go on," said Fatima. "I should die if I gave it up, I feel I should."

"Here's the gate; kneel down," said the wizard. The women knelt down.

"Will you see your first husband or your second husband?"

"I will see Bluebeard first," said the widow; "I shall know then whether this be a mockery, or you have the power you pretend to."

At this the wizard uttered an incantation, so frightful and of such incomprehensible words, that it is impossible for any mortal to repeat them. And at the end of what seemed to be a versicle of his chant he called "Bluebeard!" There was no noise but the moaning of the wind in the trees, and too-whooing of the owl in the tower.

At the end of the second verse he paused again and called "Bluebeard!" The cock began to crow, the dog began to howl, a watchman in the town began to cry out the hour, and there came from the vault within a hollow groan, and a dreadful voice said, "Who wants me?"

Kneeling in front of the tomb, the necromancer began the third verse: as he spoke, the former phenomena were still to be remarked. As he continued a number of ghosts rose from their graves and advanced round the kneeling figures in a circle. As he concluded, with a loud bang the door of the vault flew open, and there in blue light stood Bluebeard in his blue uniform, waving his blue sword and flashing his blue eyes round about!

"Speak now, or you are lost," said the necromancer to Fatima. But, for the first time in her life, she had not a word to say. Sister Anne, too, was dumb with terror. And, as the awful figure advanced towards them as they were kneeling, the sister thought all was over with them, and Fatima once more had occasion to repent her fatal curiosity.

The figure advanced, saying, in dreadful accents, "Fatima! Fatima! Fatima! wherefore am I called from my grave?" when all of a sudden down dropped his sword, down the ghost of Bluebeard went on his knees, and, clasping his hands together, roared out "Mercy, mercy!" as loud as man could roar.

Six other ghosts stood round the kneeling group. "Why do you call me from the tomb?" said the first. "Who dares disturb my grave?' said the second. "Seize him and away with him!" cried

the third. "Murder, mercy!" still roared the ghost of Bluebeard, as the white-robed spirits advanced and caught hold of him.

"It's only Tom Trippet," said a voice at Anne's ear.

"And your very humble servant," said a voice well known to Mrs. Bluebeard; and they helped the ladies to rise, while the other ghosts seized Bluebeard. The necromancer took to his heels and got off; he was found to be no other than Mr. Claptrap, the manager of the theatre.

It was some time before the ghost of Bluebeard could recover from the fainting fit into which he had been plunged when seized by the opposition ghosts in white; and while they were ducking him at the pump his blue beard came off, and he was discovered to be—who do you think? Why, Mr. Sly, to be sure; and it appears that John Thomas, the footman, had lent him the uniform, and had clapped the doors, and rung the bells, and spoken down the chimney; and it was Mr. Claptrap who gave Mr. Sly the blue fire and the theatre gong, and he went to London next morning by the coach; and, as it was discovered that the story concerning Miss Coddlins was a shameful calumny, why, of course, the widow married Captain Blackbeard. Doctor Sly married them, and has always declared that he knew nothing of his nephew's doings, and wondered that he has not tried to commit suicide since his last disappointment.

Mr. and Mrs. Trippet are likewise living happily together, and this, I am given to understand, is the ultimate fate of a family in whom we were all very much interested in early life.

You will say that the story is not probable. Psha! Isn't it written in a book? and is it a whit less probable than the first part of the tale?

(*Fraser's Magazine*, October 1843.)

LECTURE

LECTURE.

*CHARITY AND HUMOUR.**

SEVERAL charitable ladies of this city, to some of whom I am under great personal obligation, having thought that a Lecture of mine would advance a benevolent end which they had in view, I have preferred, in place of delivering a Discourse, which many of my hearers no doubt know already, upon a subject merely literary or biographical, to put together a few thoughts which may serve as a supplement to the former Lectures, if you like, and which have this at least in common with the kind purpose which assembles you here, that they rise out of the same occasion, and treat of charity.

Besides contributing to our stock of happiness, to our harmless laughter and amusement, to our scorn for falsehood and pretension, to our righteous hatred of hypocrisy, to our education in the perception of truth, our love of honesty, our knowledge of life, and shrewd guidance through the world, have not our humorous writers, our gay

* This lecture was first delivered in New York on behalf of a charity at the time of Mr. Thackeray's visit to America in 1852, when he had been giving his series of lectures on the English Humourists. It was subsequently repeated with slight variations in London (once under the title of "Weekday Preachers") for the benefit of the families of Angus B. Reach and Douglas Jerrold. The lecture on behalf of the Jerrold Fund was given on July 22, 1857, the day after the declaration of the poll in the Oxford election, when Mr. Thackeray was a candidate for Parliament, and was defeated by Mr. Cardwell. The *Times*, in its account of the lecture, says: "The opening words of the discourse, uttered with a comical solemnity, of which Mr. Thackeray alone is capable, ran thus:—'Walking yesterday in the High Street of a certain ancient city.' So began the lecturer, and was interrupted by a storm of laughter that deferred for some moments the completion of the sentence."

and kind weekday preachers, done much in support of that holy cause which has assembled you in this place; and which you are all abetting—the cause of love and charity, the cause of the poor, the weak, and the unhappy; the sweet mission of love and tenderness, and peace and good will towards men? That same theme which is urged upon you by the eloquence and example of good men to whom you are delighted listeners on Sabbath-days, is taught in his way and according to his power by the humorous writer, the commentator on every-day life and manners.

And as you are here assembled for a charitable purpose, giving your contributions at the door to benefit deserving people who need them, I like to hope and think that the men of our calling have done something in aid of the cause of charity, and have helped, with kind words and kind thoughts at least, to confer happiness and to do good. If the humorous writers claim to be weekday preachers, have they conferred any benefit by their sermons? Are people happier, better, better disposed to their neighbours, more inclined to do works of kindness, to love, forbear, forgive, pity, after reading in Addison, in Steele, in Fielding, in Goldsmith, in Hood, in Dickens? I hope and believe so, and fancy that in writing they are also acting charitably, contributing with the means which Heaven supplies them to forward the end which brings you too together.

A love of the human species is a very vague and indefinite kind of virtue, sitting very easily on a man, not confining his actions at all, shining in print, or exploding in paragraphs, after which efforts of benevolence the philanthropist is sometimes said to go home and be no better than his neighbours. Tartuffe and Joseph Surface, Stiggins and Chadband, who are always preaching fine sentiments, and are no more virtuous than hundreds of those whom they denounce and whom they cheat, are fair objects of mistrust and satire; but their hypocrisy—the homage, according to the old saying, which vice pays to virtue—has this of good in it, that its fruits are good: a man may preach good morals, though he may be himself but a lax practitioner; a Pharisee may put pieces of gold into the charity-plate out of mere hypocrisy and ostentation, but the bad man's gold feeds the widow and the fatherless as well as the good man's. The butcher and baker must needs look, not to motives, but to money, in return for their wares.

I am not going to hint that we of the Literary calling resemble Monsieur Tartuffe or Monsieur Stiggins, though there may be such men in our body, as there are in all.

A literary man of the humoristic turn is pretty sure to be of a philanthropic nature, to have a great sensibility, to be easily moved to

pain or pleasure, keenly to appreciate the varieties of temper of people round about him, and sympathise in their laughter, love, amusement, tears. Such a man is philanthropic, man-loving by nature, as another is irascible, or red-haired, or six feet high. And so I would arrogate no particular merit to literary men for the possession of this faculty of doing good which some of them enjoy. It costs a gentleman no sacrifice to be benevolent on paper; and the luxury of indulging in the most beautiful and brilliant sentiments never makes any man a penny the poorer. A literary man is no better than another, as far as my experience goes; and a man writing a book, no better nor no worse than one who keeps accounts in a ledger, or follows any other occupation. Let us, however, give him credit for the good, at least, which he is the means of doing, as we give credit to a man with a million for the hundred which he puts into the plate at a charity-sermon. He never misses them. He has made them in a moment by a lucky speculation, and parts with them, knowing that he has an almost endless balance at his bank, whence he can call for more. But in esteeming the benefaction, we are grateful to the benefactor, too, somewhat; and so of men of genius, richly endowed, and lavish in parting with their mind's wealth, we may view them at least kindly and favourably, and be thankful for the bounty of which Providence has made them the dispensers.

I have said myself somewhere, I do not know with what correctness (for definitions never are complete), that humour is wit and love; I am sure, at any rate, that the best humour is that which contains most humanity, that which is flavoured throughout with tenderness and kindness. This love does not demand constant utterance or actual expression, as a good father, in conversation with his children or wife, is not perpetually embracing them, or making protestations of his love; as a lover in the society of his mistress is not, at least as far as I am led to believe, for ever squeezing her hand, or sighing in her ear, "My soul's darling, I adore you!" He shows his love by his conduct, by his fidelity, by his watchful desire to make the beloved person happy; it lightens from his eyes when she appears, though he may not speak it; it fills his heart when she is present or absent; influences all his words and actions; suffuses his whole being; it sets the father cheerily to work through the long day, supports him through the tedious labour of the weary absence or journey, and sends him happy home again, yearning towards the wife and children. This kind of love is not a spasm, but a life. It fondles and caresses at due seasons, no doubt; but the fond heart is always beating fondly and truly, though the wife is not sitting hand-in-hand with him, or the children hugging at his knee. And so with a loving

humour: I think, it is a genial writer's habit of being; it is the kind gentle spirit's way of looking out on the world—that sweet friendliness, which fills his heart and his style. You recognise it, even though there may not be a single point of wit, or a single pathetic touch in the page; though you may not be called upon to salute his genius by a laugh or a tear. That collision of ideas, which provokes the one or the other, must be occasional. They must be like papa's embraces, which I spoke of anon, who only delivers them now and again, and cannot be expected to go on kissing the children all night. And so the writer's jokes and sentiment, his ebullitions of feeling, his outbreaks of high spirits, must not be too frequent. One tires of a page of which every sentence sparkles with points, of a sentimentalist who is always pumping the tears from his eyes or your own. One suspects the genuineness of the tear, the naturalness of the humour; these ought to be true and manly in a man, as everything else in his life should be manly and true; and he loses his dignity by laughing or weeping out of place, or too often.

When the Reverend Laurence Sterne begins to sentimentalise over the carriage in Monsieur Dessein's courtyard, and pretends to squeeze a tear out of a rickety old shandrydan; when presently he encounters the dead donkey on his road to Paris, and snivels over that asinine corpse, I say: "Away, you drivelling quack: do not palm off these grimaces of grief upon simple folk who know no better, and cry misled by your hypocrisy." Tears are sacred. The tributes of kind hearts to misfortune, the mites which gentle souls drop into the collections made for God's poor and unhappy, are not to be tricked out of them by a whimpering hypocrite, handing round a begging-box for your compassion, and asking your pity for a lie. When that same man tells me of Lefevre's illness and Uncle Toby's charity; of the noble at Rennes coming home and reclaiming his sword, I thank him for the generous emotion which, springing genuinely from his own heart, has caused mine to admire benevolence and sympathise with honour; and to feel love, and kindness, and pity.

If I do not love Swift, as, thank God, I do not, however immensely I may admire him, it is because I revolt from the man who placards himself as a professional hater of his own kind; because he chisels his savage indignation on his tombstone, as if to perpetuate his protest against being born of our race—the suffering, the weak, the erring, the wicked, if you will, but still the friendly, the loving children of God our Father: it is because, as I read through Swift's dark volumes, I never find the aspect of nature seems to delight him; the smiles of children to please him; the sight of wedded love to soothe him. I do not remember in any line of his writing a passing

allusion to a natural scene of beauty. When he speaks about the families of his comrades and brother clergymen, it is to assail them with gibes and scorn, and to laugh at them brutally for being fathers and for being poor. He does mention in the Journal to Stella a sick child, to be sure—a child of Lady Masham, that was ill of the small-pox—but then it is to confound the brat for being ill, and the mother for attending to it, when she should have been busy about a court intrigue in which the Dean was deeply engaged. And he alludes to a suitor of Stella's, and a match she might have made, and would have made, very likely, with an honourable and faithful and attached man, Tisdall, who loved her, and of whom Swift speaks, in a letter to this lady, in language so foul that you would not bear to hear it. In treating of the good the humorists have done, of the love and kindness they have taught and left behind them, it is not of this one I dare speak. Heaven help the lonely misanthrope! be kind to that multitude of sins, with so little charity to cover them!

Of Mr. Congreve's contributions to the English stock of benevolence, I do not speak; for, of any moral legacy to posterity, I doubt whether that brilliant man ever thought at all. He had some money, as I have told; every shilling of which he left to his friend the Duchess of Marlborough, a lady of great fortune and the highest fashion. He gave the gold of his brains to persons of fortune and fashion, too. There is no more feeling in his comedies than in as many books of Euclid. He no more pretends to teach love for the poor, and goodwill for the unfortunate, than a dancing master does; he teaches pirouettes and flic-flacs; and how to bow to a lady, and to walk a minuet. In his private life Congreve was immensely liked—more so than any man of his age, almost; and, to have been so liked, must have been kind and good-natured. His good-nature bore him through extreme bodily ills and pain, with uncommon cheerfulness and courage. Being so gay, so bright, so popular, such a grand seigneur, be sure he was kind to those about him, generous to his dependents, serviceable to his friends. Society does not like a man so long as it liked Congreve, unless he is likeable; it finds out a quack very soon; it scorns a poltroon or a curmudgeon: we may be certain that this man was brave, good-tempered, and liberal; so, very likely, is Monsieur Pirouette, of whom we spoke; he cuts his capers, he grins, bows, and dances to his fiddle. In private he may have a hundred virtues; in public, he teaches dancing. His business is cotillons, not ethics.

As much may be said of those charming and lazy Epicureans, Gay and Prior, sweet lyric singers, comrades of Anacreon, and disciples of love and the bottle. "Is there any moral shut within the bosom of a rose?" sings our great Tennyson. Does a nightingale

preach from a bough, or the lark from his cloud? Not knowingly; yet we may be grateful, and love larks and roses, and the flower-crowned minstrels, too, who laugh and who sing.

Of Addison's contributions to the charity of the world I have spoken before, in trying to depict that noble figure; and say now, as then, that we should thank him as one of the greatest benefactors of that vast and immeasurably spreading family which speaks our common tongue. Wherever it is spoken, there is no man that does not feel, and understand, and use the noble English word "gentleman." And there is no man that teaches us to be gentlemen better than Joseph Addison. Gentle in our bearing through life; gentle and courteous to our neighbour; gentle in dealing with his follies and weaknesses; gentle in treating his opposition; deferential to the old; kindly to the poor, and those below us in degree; for people above us and below us we must find, in whatever hemisphere we dwell, whether kings or presidents govern us; and in no republic or monarchy that I know of is a citizen exempt from the tax of befriending poverty and weakness, of respecting age, and of honouring his father and mother. It has just been whispered to me—I have not been three months in the country, and, of course, cannot venture to express an opinion of my own—that, in regard to paying this latter tax of respect and honour to age, some very few of the Republican youths are occasionally a little remiss. I have heard of young Sons of Freedom publishing their Declaration of Independence before they could well spell it; and cutting the connection with father and mother before they had learned to shave. My own time of life having been stated, by various enlightened organs of public opinion, at almost any figure from forty-five to sixty, I cheerfully own that I belong to the Fogy interest, and ask leave to rank in, and plead for, that respectable class. Now a gentleman can but be a gentleman, in Broadway or the backwoods, in Pall Mall or California; and where and whenever he lives, thousands of miles away in the wilderness, or hundreds of years hence, I am sure that reading the writings of this true gentleman, this true Christian, this noble Joseph Addison, must do him good. He may take Sir Roger de Coverley to the diggings with him, and learn to be gentle and good-humoured, and urbane, and friendly in the midst of that struggle in which his life is engaged. I take leave to say that the most brilliant youth of this city may read over this delightful memorial of a bygone age, of fashions long passed away; of manners long since changed and modified; of noble gentlemen, and a great and a brilliant and polished society; and find in it much to charm and polish, to refine and instruct him: a courteousness, which can be out of place at no time, and under no flag; a politeness and simplicity, a

truthful manhood, a gentle respect and deference, which may be kept as the unbought grace of life, and cheap defence of mankind, long after its old artificial distinctions, after periwigs, and small-swords, and ruffles, and red-heeled shoes, and titles, and stars and garters have passed away. I will tell you when I have been put in mind of two of the finest gentlemen books bring us any mention of. I mean *our* books (not books of history, but books of humour). I will tell you when I have been put in mind of the courteous gallantry of the noble knight, Sir Roger de Coverley of Coverley Manor, of the noble Hidalgo Don Quixote of La Mancha: here in your own omnibus-carriages and railway-cars, when I have seen a woman step in, handsome or not, well dressed or not, and a workman in hobnail shoes, or a dandy in the height of the fashion, rise up and give her his place. I think Mr. Spectator, with his short face, if he had seen such a deed of courtesy, would have smiled a sweet smile to the doer of that gentleman-like action, and have made him a low bow from under his great periwig, and have gone home and written a pretty paper about him.

I am sure Dick Steele would have hailed him, were he dandy or mechanic, and asked him to a tavern to share a bottle, or perhaps half-a-dozen. Mind, I do not set down the five last flasks to Dick's score for virtue, and look upon them as works of the most questionable supererogation.

Steele, as a literary benefactor to the world's charity, must rank very high, indeed, not merely from his givings, which were abundant, but because his endowments are prodigiously increased in value since he bequeathed them, as the revenues of the lands, bequeathed to our Foundling Hospital at London by honest Captain Coram, its founder, are immensely enhanced by the houses since built upon them. Steele was the founder of sentimental writing in English, and how the land has been since occupied, and what hundreds of us have laid out gardens and built up tenements on Steele's ground! Before his time readers or hearers were never called upon to cry except at a tragedy, and compassion was not expected to express itself otherwise than in blank verse, or for personages much lower in rank than a dethroned monarch, or a widowed or a jilted empress. He stepped off the high-heeled cothurnus, and came down into common life; he held out his great hearty arms, and embraced us all; he had a bow for all women; a kiss for all children; a shake of the hand for all men, high or low; he showed us Heaven's sun shining every day on quiet homes; not gilded palace-roofs only, or Court processions, or heroic warriors fighting for princesses, and pitched battles. He took away comedy from behind the fine lady's alcove, or the screen where the libertine was watching her. He ended all that wretched business of wives jeering

at their husbands; of rakes laughing wives, and husbands too, to scorn. That miserable rouged, tawdry, sparkling, hollow-hearted comedy of the Restoration fled before him, and, like the wicked spirit in the Fairy-books, shrank, as Steele let the daylight in, and shrieked, and shuddered, and vanished. The stage of humorists has been common life ever since Steele's and Addison's time; the joys and griefs, the aversions and sympathies, the laughter and tears of nature.

And here, coming off the stage, and throwing aside the motley-habit, or satiric disguise, in which he had before entertained you, mingling with the world, and wearing the same coat as his neighbour, the humorist's service became straightway immensely more available; his means of doing good infinitely multiplied; his success, and the esteem in which he was held, proportionately increased. It requires an effort, of which all minds are not capable, to understand "Don Quixote;" children and common people still read "Gulliver" for the story merely. Many more persons are sickened by "Jonathan Wild" than can comprehend the satire of it. Each of the great men who wrote those books was speaking from behind the satiric mask I anon mentioned. Its distortions appal many simple spectators; its settled sneer or laugh is unintelligible to thousands, who have not the wit to interpret the meaning of the vizored satirist preaching from within. Many a man was at fault about Jonathan Wild's greatness, who could feel and relish Allworthy's goodness in "Tom Jones," and Doctor Harrison's in "Amelia," and dear Parson Adams, and Joseph Andrews. We love to read—we may grow ever so old, but we love to read of them still—of love and beauty, of frankness and bravery and generosity. We hate hypocrites and cowards; we long to defend oppressed innocence, and to soothe and succour gentle women and children. We are glad when vice is foiled and rascals punished; we lend a foot to kick Blifil downstairs; and as we attend the brave bridegroom to his wedding on the happy marriage day, we ask the groomsman's privilege to salute the blushing cheek of Sophia. A lax morality in many a vital point I own in Fielding, but a great hearty sympathy and benevolence; a great kindness for the poor; a great gentleness and pity for the unfortunate; a great love for the pure and good; these are among the contributions to the charity of the world with which this erring but noble creature endowed it.

As for Goldsmith, if the youngest and most unlettered person here has not been happy with the family at Wakefield; has not rejoiced when Olivia returned, and been thankful for her forgiveness and restoration; has not laughed with delighted good-humour over Moses's gross of green spectacles; has not loved with all his heart

the good Vicar, and that kind spirit which created these charming figures, and devised the beneficent fiction which speaks to us so tenderly—what call is there for me to speak? In this place, and on this occasion, remembering these men, I claim from you your sympathy for the good they have done, and for the sweet charity which they have bestowed on the world.

When humour joins with rhythm and music, and appears in song, its influence is irresistible, its charities are countless, it stirs the feelings to love, peace, friendship, as scarce any moral agent can. The songs of Béranger are hymns of love and tenderness; I have seen great whiskered Frenchmen warbling the "Bonne Vieille," the "Soldats, au pas, au pas," with tears rolling down their mustachios. At a Burns's Festival I have seen Scotchmen singing Burns, while the drops twinkled on their furrowed cheeks; while each rough hand was flung out to grasp its neighbour's; while early scenes and sacred recollections, and dear and delightful memories of the past came rushing back at the sound of the fam liar words and music, and the softened heart was full of love, and friendship, and home. Humour! if tears are the alms of gentle spirits, and may be counted, as sure they may, among the sweetest of life's charities,—of that kindly sensibility, and sweet sudden emotion, which exhibits itself at the eyes, I know no such provocative as humour. It is an irresistible sympathiser; it surprises you into compassion: you are laughing and disarmed, and suddenly forced into tears. I heard a humorous balladist not long since, a minstrel with wool on his head, and an ultra-Ethiopian complexion, who performed a negro ballad that I confess moistened these spectacles in the most unexpected manner. They have gazed at dozens of tragedy-queens, dying on the stage, and expiring in appropriate blank verse, and I never wanted to wipe them. They have looked up, with deep respect be it said, at many scores of clergymen in pulpits, and without being dimmed; and behold a vagabond with a corked face and a banjo sings a little song, strikes a wild note which sets the whole heart thrilling with happy pity. Humour! humour is the mistress of tears; she knows the way to the *fons lachrymarum*, strikes in dry and rugged places with her enchanting wand, and bids the fountain gush and sparkle. She has refreshed myriads more from her natural springs than ever tragedy has watered from her pompous old urn.

Popular humour, and especially modern popular humour, and the writers, its exponents, are always kind and chivalrous, taking the side of the weak against the strong. In our plays, and books, and entertainments for the lower classes in England, I scarce remember a story or theatrical piece in which a wicked aristocrat is not

bepummelled by a dashing young champion of the people. There was a book which had an immense popularity in England, and I believe has been greatly read here, in which the Mysteries of the Court of London were said to be unveiled by a gentleman who, I suspect, knows about as much about the Court of London as he does of that of Pekin. Years ago I treated myself to sixpennyworth of this performance at a railway station, and found poor dear George IV., our late most religious and gracious king, occupied in the most flagitious designs against the tradesmen's families in his metropolitan city. A couple of years after, I took sixpennyworth more of the same delectable history: George IV. was still at work, still ruining the peace of tradesmen's families; he had been at it for two whole years, and a bookseller at the Brighton station told me that this book was by many many times the most popular of all periodical tales then published, because, says he, "it lashes the aristocracy!" Not long since I went to two penny theatres in London; immense eager crowds of people thronged the buildings, and the vast masses thrilled and vibrated with the emotion produced by the piece represented on the stage, and burst into applause or laughter, such as many a polite actor would sigh for in vain. In both these pieces there was a wicked Lord kicked out of the window—there is always a wicked Lord kicked out of the window. First piece:—"Domestic drama—Thrilling interest!—Weaver's family in distress!—Fanny gives away her bread to little Jacky, and starves!—Enter wicked Lord: tempts Fanny with offer of Diamond Necklace, Champagne Suppers, and Coach to ride in!—Enter sturdy Blacksmith.—Scuffle between Blacksmith and Aristocratic minion: exit wicked Lord out of the window." Fanny, of course, becomes Mrs. Blacksmith.

The second piece was a nautical drama, also of thrilling interest, consisting chiefly of hornpipes, and acts of most tremendous oppression on the part of certain Earls and Magistrates towards the people. Two wicked Lords were in this piece the atrocious scoundrels: one Aristocrat, a deep-dyed villain, in short duck trousers and Berlin cotton gloves; while the other minion of wealth enjoyed an eyeglass with a blue ribbon, and whisked about the stage with a penny cane. Having made away with Fanny Forester's lover, Tom Bowling, by means of a pressgang, they meet her all alone on a common, and subject her to the most opprobrious language and behaviour: "Release me, villains!" says Fanny, pulling a brace of pistols out of her pockets, and crossing them over her breast so as to cover wicked Lord to the right, wicked Lord to the left; and they might have remained in that position ever so much longer (for the aristocratic rascals had pistols too), had not Tom Bowling returned from sea at

the very nick of time, armed with a great marlinespike, with which—whack! whack! down goes wicked Lord No. 1—wicked Lord No. 2. Fanny rushes into Tom's arms with an hysterical shriek, and I dare say they marry, and are very happy ever after. Popular fun is always kind: it is the champion of the humble against the great. In all popular parables, it is little Jack that conquers, and the Giant that topples down. I think our popular authors are rather hard upon the great folks. Well, well! their lordships have all the money, and can afford to be laughed at.

In our days, in England, the importance of the humorous preacher has prodigiously increased; his audiences are enormous; every week or month his happy congregations flock to him; they never tire of such sermons. I believe my friend Mr. Punch is as popular to-day as he has been any day since his birth; I believe that Mr. Dickens's readers are even more numerous than they have ever been since his unrivalled pen commenced to delight the world with its humour. We have among us other literary parties; we have Punch, as I have said, preaching from his booth; we have a Jerrold party very numerous, and faithful to that acute thinker and distinguished wit; and we have also—it must be said, and it is still to be hoped—a Vanity-Fair party, the author of which work has lately been described by the London *Times* newspaper as a writer of considerable parts, but a dreary misanthrope, who sees no good anywhere, who sees the sky above him green, I think, instead of blue, and only miserable sinners round about him. So we are; so is every writer and every reader I ever heard of; so was every being who every trod this earth, save One. I cannot help telling the truth as I view it, and describing what I see. To describe it otherwise than it seems to me would be falsehood in that calling in which it has pleased Heaven to place me; treason to that conscience which says that men are weak; that truth must be told; that fault must be owned; that pardon must be prayed for; and that love reigns supreme over all.

I look back at the good which of late years the kind English Humorists have done; and if you are pleased to rank the present speaker among that class, I own to an honest pride at thinking what benefits society has derived from men of our calling. That "Song of the Shirt," which *Punch* first published, and the noble, the suffering, the melancholy, the tender Hood sang, may surely rank as a great act of charity to the world, and call from it its thanks and regard for its teacher and benefactor. That astonishing poem, which you all know, of the "Bridge of Sighs," who can read it without tenderness, without reverence to Heaven, charity to man, and thanks to the beneficent genius which sang for us nobly?

I never saw the writer but once; but shall always be glad to think that some words of mine, printed in a periodical of that day, and in praise of these amazing verses (which, strange to say, appeared almost unnoticed at first in the magazine in which Mr. Hood published them)—I am proud, I say, to think that some words of appreciation of mine reached him on his death-bed, and pleased and soothed him in that hour of manful resignation and pain.

As for the charities of Mr. Dickens, multiplied kindnesses which he has conferred upon us all; upon our children; upon people educated and uneducated; upon the myriads here and at home, who speak our common tongue; have not you, have not I, all of us reason to be thankful to this kind friend, who soothed and charmed so many hours, brought pleasure and sweet laughter to so many homes; made such multitudes of children happy; endowed us with such a sweet store of gracious thoughts, fair fancies, soft sympathies, hearty enjoyments? There are creations of Mr. Dickens's which seem to me to rank as personal benefits; figures so delightful, that one feels happier and better for knowing them, as one does for being brought into the society of very good men and women. The atmosphere in which these people live is wholesome to breathe in; you feel that to be allowed to speak to them is a personal kindness; you come away better for your contact with them; your hands seem cleaner from having the privilege of shaking theirs. Was there ever a better charity sermon preached in the world than Dickens's "Christmas Carol"? I believe it occasioned immense hospitality throughout England; was the means of lighting up hundreds of kind fires at Christmas-time; caused a wonderful outpouring of Christmas good feeling; of Christmas punch-brewing; an awful slaughter of Christmas turkeys, and roasting and basting of Christmas beef. As for this man's love of children, that amiable organ at the back of his honest head must be perfectly monstrous. All children ought to love him. I know two that do, and read his books ten times for once that they peruse the dismal preachments of their father. I know one who, when she is happy, reads "Nicholas Nickleby;" when she is unhappy, reads "Nicholas Nickleby;" when she is tired, reads "Nicholas Nickleby;" when she is in bed, reads "Nicholas Nickleby;" when she has nothing to do, reads "Nicholas Nickleby;" and when she has finished the book, reads "Nicholas Nickleby" over again. This candid young critic, at ten years of age, said, "I like Mr. Dickens's books much better than your books, papa;" and frequently expressed her desire that the latter author should write a book like one of Mr. Dickens's books. Who can? Every man must say his own thoughts in his own voice, in his own way; lucky is he who has such a charm-

ing gift of nature as this, which brings all the children in the world trooping to him, and being fond of him.

I remember, when that famous "Nicholas Nickleby" came out, seeing a letter from a pedagogue in the north of England, which, dismal as it was, was immensely comical. "Mr. Dickens's ill-advised publication," wrote the poor schoolmaster, "has passed like a whirlwind over the schools of the North." He was a proprietor of a cheap school; Dotheboys Hall was a cheap school. There were many such establishments in the northern counties. Parents were ashamed that never were ashamed before until the kind satirist laughed at them; relatives were frightened; scores of little scholars were taken away; poor schoolmasters had to shut their shops up; every pedagogue was voted a Squeers, and many suffered, no doubt unjustly; but afterwards schoolboys' backs were not so much caned; schoolboys' meat was less tough and more plentiful; and schoolboys' milk was not so sky-blue. What a kind light of benevolence it is that plays round Crummles and the Phenomenon, and all those poor theatre people in that charming book! What a humour! and what a good-humour! I coincide with the youthful critic, whose opinion has just been mentioned, and own to a family admiration for "Nicholas Nickleby."

One might go on, though the task would be endless and needless, chronicling the names of kind folk with whom this kind genius has made us familiar. Who does not love the Marchioness, and Mr. Richard Swiveller? Who does not sympathise, not only with Oliver Twist, but his admirable young friend the Artful Dodger? Who has not the inestimable advantage of possessing a Mrs. Nickleby in his own family? Who does not bless Sairey Gamp and wonder at Mrs. Harris? Who does not venerate the chief of that illustrious family who, being stricken by misfortune, wisely and greatly turned his attention to "coals," the accomplished, the Epicurean, the dirty, the delightful Micawber?

I may quarrel with Mr. Dickens's art a thousand and a thousand times; I delight and wonder at his genius; I recognise in it—I speak with awe and reverence—a commission from that Divine Beneficence, whose blessed task we know it will one day be to wipe every tear from every eye. Thankfully I take my share of the feast of love and kindness which this gentle, and generous, and charitable soul has contributed to the happiness of the world. I take and enjoy my share, and say a Benediction for the meal.

VARIOUS ESSAYS, LETTERS, SKETCHES, ETC.

VARIOUS ESSAYS, LETTERS, SKETCHES, ETC.

MEMORIALS OF GORMANDISING.

IN A LETTER TO OLIVER YORKE, ESQUIRE, BY M. A. TITMARSH.

PARIS : *May* 1841.

SIR,—The man who makes the best salads in London, and whom, therefore, we have facetiously called Sultan Saladin,—a man who is conspicuous for his love and practice of all the polite arts—music, to wit, architecture, painting, and cookery—once took the humble personage who writes this into his library, and laid before me two or three volumes of manuscript year-books, such as, since he began to travel and to observe, he has been in the habit of keeping.

Every night, in the course of his rambles, his highness the sultan (indeed, his port is sublime, as, for the matter of that, are all the wines in his cellar) sets down with an iron pen, and in the neatest hand-writing in the world, the events and observations of the day ; with the same iron pen he illuminates the leaf of his journal by the most faithful and delightful sketches of the scenery which he has witnessed in the course of the four-and-twenty hours ; and if he has dined at an inn or restaurant, gasthaus, posada, albergo, or what not, invariably inserts into his log-book the bill of fare. The sultan leads a jolly life—a tall stalwart man, who every day about six o'clock in London and Paris, at two in Italy, in Germany and Belgium at an hour after noon, feels the noble calls of hunger agitating his lordly bosom (or its neighbourhood, that is), and replies to the call by a good dinner. Ah ! it is wonderful to think how the healthy and philosophic mind can accommodate itself in all cases to the varying circumstances of the time—how, in its travels through the world, the liberal and cosmopolite stomach recognises

the national dinner-hour! Depend upon it that, in all countries, nature has wisely ordained and suited to their exigencies THE DISHES OF A PEOPLE. I mean to say that olla podrida is good in Spain (though a plateful of it, eaten in Paris, once made me so dreadfully ill that it is a mercy I was spared ever to eat another dinner); I mean to say, and have proved it, that sauerkraut is good in Germany; and I make no doubt that whale's blubber is a very tolerable dish in Kamtschatka, though I have never visited the country. Cannibalism in the South Seas, and sheepsheadism in Scotland, are the only practices that one cannot, perhaps, reconcile with this rule—at least, whatever a man's private opinions may be, the decencies of society oblige him to eschew the expression of them upon subjects which the national prejudice has precluded from free discussion.

Well, after looking through three or four of Saladin's volumes, I grew so charmed with them, that I used to come back every day and study them. I declare there are bills of fare in those books over which I have cried; and the reading of them, especially about an hour before dinner, has made me so ferociously hungry, that, in the first place, the sultan (a kind-hearted generous man, as every man is who loves his meals) could not help inviting me to take potluck with him; and, secondly, I could eat twice as much as upon common occasions, though my appetite is always good.

Lying awake, then, of nights, or wandering solitary abroad on wide commons, or by the side of silent rivers, or at church when Doctor Snufflem was preaching his favourite sermon, or stretched on the flat of my back smoking a cigar at the club when X was talking of the corn-laws, or Y was describing that famous run they had with the Z hounds—at all periods, I say, favourable to self-examination, those bills of fare have come into my mind, and often and often I have thought them over. "Titmarsh," I have said to myself, "if ever you travel again, do as the sultan has done, and *keep your dinner-bills*. They are always pleasant to look over; they always will recall happy hours and actions, be you ever so hard pushed for a dinner, and fain to put up with an onion and a crust: of the past fate cannot deprive you. Yesterday is the philosopher's property; and by thinking of it, and using it to advantage, he may gaily go through to-morrow, doubtful and dismal though it be. Try this lamb stuffed with pistachio-nuts; another handful of this pillau. Ho, you rascals! bring round the sherbet there, and never spare the jars of wine—'tis true Persian, on the honour of a Barmecide!" Is not that dinner in the "Arabian Nights" a right good dinner? Would you have had Bedreddin to refuse and turn sulky at the windy repast, or to sit down grinning in the face of his grave entertainer, and gaily take what came? Remem-

ber what came of the honest fellow's philosophy. He slapped the grim old prince in the face; and the grim old prince, who had invited him but to laugh at him, did presently order a real and substantial repast to be set before him—great pyramids of smoking rice and pillau (a good pillau is one of the best dishes in the world), savoury kids, snow-cooled sherbets, luscious wine of Schiraz; with an accompaniment of moon-faced beauties from the harem, no doubt, dancing, singing, and smiling in the most ravishing manner. Thus should we, my dear friends, laugh at Fate's beard, as we confront him—thus should we, if the old monster be insolent, fall to and box his ears. He has a spice of humour in his composition; and be sure he will be tickled by such conduct.

Some months ago, when the expectation of war between England and France grew to be so strong, and there was such a talk of mobilising national guards, and arming three or four hundred thousand more French soldiers—when such ferocious yells of hatred against perfidious Albion were uttered by the liberal French press, that I did really believe the rupture between the two countries was about immediately to take place; being seriously alarmed, I set off for Paris at once. My good sir, what could we do without our Paris? I came here first in 1815 (when the Duke and I were a good deal remarked by the inhabitants); I proposed but to stay a week; stopped three months, and have returned every year since. There is something fatal in the place—a charm about it—a wicked one very likely—but it acts on us all; and perpetually the old Paris man comes hieing back to his quarters again, and is to be found, as usual, sunning himself in the Rue de la Paix. Painters, princes, gourmands, officers on half-pay—serious old ladies even acknowledge the attraction of the place—are more at ease here than in any other place in Europe; and back they come, and are to be found sooner or later occupying their old haunts.

My darling city improves, too, with each visit, and has some new palace, or church, or statue, or other gimcrack, to greet your eyes withal. A few years since, and lo! on the column of the Place Vendôme, instead of the shabby tri-coloured rag, shone the bronze statue of Napoleon. Then came the famous triumphal arch; a noble building indeed!—how stately and white, and beautiful and strong, it seems to dominate over the whole city! Next was the obelisk; a huge bustle and festival being made to welcome it to the city. Then came the fair asphaltum terraces round about the obelisk; then the fountains to decorate the terraces. I have scarcely been twelve months absent, and behold they have gilded all the Naiads and Tritons; they have clapped a huge fountain in the very midst of the Champs Elysées—a

great, glittering, frothing fountain, that to the poetic eye looks like an enormous shaving-brush; and all down the avenue they have placed hundreds of gilded flaring gas-lamps, that make this gayest walk in the world look gayer still than ever. But a truce to such descriptions, which might carry one far, very far, from the object proposed in this paper.

I simply wish to introduce to public notice a brief dinner-journal. It has been written with the utmost honesty and simplicity of purpose; and exhibits a picture or table of the development of the human mind under a series of gastronomic experiments, diversified in their nature, and diversified, consequently, in their effects. A man in London has not, for the most part, the opportunity to make these experiments. You are a family man, let us presume, and you live in that metropolis for half a century. You have on Sunday, say, a leg of mutton and potatoes for dinner. On Monday you have cold mutton and potatoes. On Tuesday, hashed mutton and potatoes; the hashed mutton being flavoured with little damp triangular pieces of toast, which always surround that charming dish. Well, on Wednesday, the mutton ended, you have beef: the beef undergoes the same alternations of cookery, and disappears. Your life presents a succession of joints, varied every now and then by a bit of fish and some poultry. You drink three glasses of a brandyfied liquor called sherry at dinner; your excellent lady imbibes one. When she has had her glass of port after dinner, she goes upstairs with the children, and you fall asleep in your arm-chair. Some of the most pure and precious enjoyments of life are unknown to you. You eat and drink, but you do not know the *art* of eating and drinking; nay, most probably you despise those who do. "Give me a slice of meat," say you, very likely, "and a fig for your gourmands." You fancy it is very virtuous and manly all this. Nonsense, my good sir; you are indifferent because you are ignorant, because your life is passed in a narrow circle of ideas, and because you are bigotedly blind and pompously callous to the beauties and excellences beyond you.

Sir, RESPECT YOUR DINNER; idolise it, enjoy it properly. You will be by many hours in the week, many weeks in the year, and many years in your life the happier if you do.

Don't tell us that it is not worthy of a man. All a man's senses are worthy of employment, and should be cultivated as a duty. The senses are the arts. What glorious feasts does Nature prepare for your eye in animal form, in landscape, and painting! Are you to put out your eyes and not see? What royal dishes of melody does her bounty provide for you in the shape of poetry, music, whether windy or wiry, notes of the human voice, or ravishing song of birds! Are

you to stuff your ears with cotton, and vow that the sense of hearing is unmanly?—you obstinate dolt you! No, surely; nor must you be so absurd as to fancy that the art of eating is in any way less worthy than the other two. You like your dinner, man; never be ashamed to say so. If you don't like your victuals, pass on to the next article; but remember that every man who has been worth a fig in this world, as poet, painter, or musician, has had a good appetite and a good taste. Ah, what a poet Byron would have been had he taken his meals properly, and allowed himself to grow fat—if nature intended him to grow fat—and not have physicked his intellect with wretched opium pills and acrid vinegar, that sent his principles to sleep, and turned his feelings sour! If that man had respected his dinner, he never would have written "Don Juan."

Allons donc! enough sermonising; let us sit down and fall to at once.

I dined soon after my arrival at a very pleasant Paris club, where daily is provided a dinner for ten persons, that is universally reported to be excellent. Five men in England would have consumed the same amount of victuals, as you will see by the bill of fare:—

A beef, with carrots and vegetables, very good;		Poulets à la Marengo;
removed by	Soupe, purée aux croûtons.	removed by
A brace of roast pheasants.		Cardons à la moelle.

Dessert of cheese, pears and Fontainebleau grapes.
Bordeaux red, and excellent Chablis at discretion.

This dinner was very nicely served. A venerable *maître d'hôtel* in black cutting up neatly the dishes on a trencher at the side-table, and several waiters attending in green coats, red plush tights, and their hair curled. There was a great quantity of light in the room; some handsome pieces of plated ware; the pheasants came in with their tails to their backs; and the smart waiters, with their hair dressed and parted down the middle, gave a pleasant, lively, stylish appearance to the whole affair.

Now, I certainly dined (by the way, I must not forget to mention that we had with the beef some boiled kidney potatoes, very neatly dished up in a napkin)—I certainly dined, I say; and half-an-hour

afterwards felt, perhaps, more at my ease than I should have done had I consulted my own inclinations, and devoured twice the quantity that on this occasion came to my share. But I would rather, as a man not caring for appearances, dine, as a general rule, off a beefsteak for two at the Café Foy, than sit down to take a tenth part of such a meal every day. There was only one man at the table besides your humble servant who did not put water into his wine; and he—I mean the other—was observed by his friends, who exclaimed, "Comment! vous buvez sec," as if to do so was a wonder. The consequence was, that half-a-dozen bottles of wine served for the whole ten of us; and the guests, having despatched their dinner in an hour, skipped lightly away from it, did not stay to ruminate, and to feel uneasy, and to fiddle about the last and penultimate waistcoat button, as we do after a house-dinner at an English club. What was it that made the charm of this dinner?—for pleasant it was. It was the neat and comfortable manner in which it was served; the pheasant-tails had a considerable effect; that snowy napkin coquettishly arranged round the kidneys gave them a *distingué* air; the light and glittering service gave an appearance of plenty and hospitality that sent everybody away contented.

I put down this dinner just to show English and Scotch housekeepers what may be done, and for what price. Say,

		s.	*d.*
Soup and fresh bread, Beef and carrots	prime cost	2	6
Fowls and sauce		3	6
Pheasants (hens)		5	0
Grapes, pears, cheese, vegetables		3	0
		14	0

For fifteenpence *par tête* a company of ten persons may have a dinner set before them—nay, and be made to fancy that they dine well, provided the service is handsomely arranged, that you have a good stock of side-dishes, &c., in your plate-chest, and don't spare the spermaceti.

As for the wine, that depends on yourself. Always be crying out to your friends, "Mr. So-and-so, I don't drink myself, but pray pass the bottle. Tomkins, my boy, help your neighbour, and never mind me. What! Hopkins, are there two of us on the doctor's list? Pass the wine; *Smith* I'm sure won't refuse it;" and so on. A very good plan is to have the butler (or the fellow in the white waistcoat who "behaves as sich") pour out the wine when wanted (in half-glasses, of course), and to make a deuced great noise and shouting "John, John,

why the devil, sir, don't you help Mr. Simkins to another glass of wine?" If you point out Simkins once or twice in this way, depend upon it, *he* won't drink a great quantity of your liquor. You may thus keep your friends from being dangerous, by a thousand innocent manœuvres; and as I have said before, you may very probably make them believe that they have had a famous dinner. There was only one man in our company of ten the other day who ever thought he had not dined; and what was he? a foreigner—a man of a discontented inquiring spirit, always carping at things, and never satisfied.

Well, next day I dined *au cinquième* with a family (of Irish extraction, by the way), and what do you think was our dinner for six persons? Why, simply,

Nine dozen Ostend oysters;
Soup à la mulligatawny;
Boiled turkey, with celery sauce;
Saddle of mutton rôti.
Removes: Plompouding; croûte de macaroni.
Vin: Beaune ordinaire, volnay, bordeaux, champagne, eau chaude, cognac.

I forget the dessert. Alas! in moments of prosperity and plenty one is often forgetful: I remember the dessert at the Cercle well enough.

A person whom they call in this country an *illustration littéraire*—the editor of a newspaper, in fact—with a very pretty wife, were of the party, and looked at the dinner with a great deal of good-humoured superiority. I declare, upon my honour, that I helped both the illustration and his lady twice to saddle of mutton; and as for the turkey and celery sauce, you should have seen how our host dispensed it to them! They ate the oysters, they ate the soup ("Diable! mais il est poivré!" said the illustration, with tears in his eyes), they ate the turkey, they ate the mutton, they ate the pudding; and what did our hostess say? Why, casting down her eyes gently, and with the modestest air in the world, she said—"There is such a beautiful piece of cold beef in the larder; do somebody ask for a little slice of it."

Heaven bless her for that speech! I loved and respected her for it; it brought the tears to my eyes. A man who could sneer at such a sentiment could have neither heart nor good breeding. Don't you see that it shows

Simplicity,
Modesty,
Hospitality?

Put these against

> Waiters with their hair curled,
> Pheasants roasted with their tails on,
> A dozen spermaceti candles.

Add them up, I say, oh candid reader, and answer in the sum of human happiness, which of the two accounts makes the better figure?

I declare, I know few things more affecting than that little question about the cold beef; and considering calmly our national characteristics, balancing in the scale of quiet thought our defects and our merits, am daily more inclined to believe that there is something in the race of Britons which renders them usually superior to the French family. This is but one of the traits of English character that has been occasioned by the use of roast beef.

It is an immense question, that of diet. Look at the two bills of fare just set down; the relative consumption of ten animals and six. What a profound physical and moral difference may we trace here! How distinct, from the cradle upwards, must have been the thoughts, feelings, education of the parties who ordered those two dinners! It is a fact which does not admit of a question, that the French are beginning, since so many English have come among them, to use beef much more profusely. Everybody at the restaurateur's orders beefsteak and pommes. Will the national character slowly undergo a change under the influence of this dish? Will the French be more simple? broader in the shoulders? less inclined to brag about military glory and such humbug? All this in the dark vista of futurity the spectator may fancy is visible to him, and the philanthropist cannot but applaud the change. This brings me naturally to the consideration of the manner of dressing beefsteaks in this country, and of the merit of that manner.

I dined on a Saturday at the Café Foy, on the Boulevard, in a private room, with a friend. We had

> Potage julienne, with a little purée in it;
> Two entrecôtes aux épinards;
> One perdreau truffé;
> One fromage roquefort;
> A bottle of nuits with the beef;
> A bottle of sauterne with the partridge.

And perhaps a glass of punch, with a cigar, afterwards: but that is neither here nor there. The insertion of the purée into the julienne was not of my recommending; and if this junction is effected at all

the operation should be performed with the greatest care. If you put too much purée, both soups are infallibly spoiled. A much better plan it is to have your julienne by itself, though I will not enlarge on this point, as the excellent friend with whom I dined may chance to see this notice, and may be hurt at the renewal in print of a dispute which caused a good deal of pain to both of us. By the way, we had half-a-dozen sardines while the dinner was getting ready, eating them with delicious bread and butter, for which this place is famous. Then followed the soup. Why the deuce *would* he have the pu—— but never mind. After the soup, we had what I do not hesitate to call the very best beefsteak I ever ate in my life. By the shade of Heliogabalus! as I write about it now, a week after I have eaten it, the old, rich, sweet, piquant, juicy taste comes smacking on my lips again; and I feel something of that exquisite sensation I then had. I am ashamed of the delight which the eating of that piece of meat caused me. G—— and I had quarrelled about the soup (I said so, and don't wish to return to the subject); but when we began on the steak, we looked at each other, and loved each other. We did not speak,—our hearts were too full for that; but we took a bit, and laid down our forks, and looked at one another, and understood each other. There were no two individuals on this wide earth,—no two lovers billing in the shade,—no mother clasping baby to her heart, more supremely happy than we. Every now and then we had a glass of honest, firm, generous Burgundy, that nobly supported the meat. As you may fancy, we did not leave a single morsel of the steak; but when it was done, we put bits of bread into the silver dish, and wistfully sopped up the gravy. I suppose I shall never in this world taste anything so good again. But what then? What if I *did* like it excessively? Was my liking unjust or unmanly? Is my regret now puling or unworthy? No. "Laudo manentem!" as Titmouse says. When it is eaten, I resign myself, and can eat a two-franc dinner at Richard's without ill-humour and without a pang.

Any dispute about the relative excellence of the beefsteak cut from the filet, as is usual in France, and of the *entrecôte*, must henceforth be idle and absurd. Whenever, my dear young friend, you go to Paris, call at once for the *entrecôte*; the filet in comparison to it is a poor *fade* lady's meat. What folly, by the way, is that in England which induces us to attach an estimation to the part of the sirloin that is called the Sunday side,—poor, tender, stringy stuff, not comparable to the manly meat on the other side, handsomely garnished with crisp fat, and with a layer of horn! Give the Sunday side to misses and ladies'-maids, for men be the Monday's side, or, better

still, a thousand times more succulent and full of flavour—the *ribs of beef*. This is the meat I would eat were I going to do battle with any mortal foe. Fancy a hundred thousand Englishmen, after a meal of stalwart beef ribs, encountering a hundred thousand Frenchmen who had partaken of a trifling collation of soup, turnips, carrots, onions, and Gruyère cheese. Would it be manly to engage at such odds? I say, no.

Passing by Véry's one day, I saw a cadaverous cook with a spatula, thumping a poor beefsteak with all his might. This is not only a horrible cruelty, but an error. They not only beat the beef, moreover, but they soak it in oil. Absurd, disgusting barbarity! Beef so beaten loses its natural spirit; it is too noble for corporal punishment. You may by these tortures and artifices make it soft and greasy, but tender and juicy never.

The landlord of the Café Foy (I have received no sort of consideration from him) knows this truth full well, and follows the simple honest plan; first, to have good meat, and next to hang it a long time. I have instructed him how to do the steaks to a turn, not raw, horribly livid and blue in the midst, as I have seen great flaps of meat (what a shame to think of our fine meat being so treated!), but *cooked* all the way through. Go to the Café Foy then, ask for a BEEFSTEAK À LA TITMARSH, and you will see what a dish will be set before you. I have dwelt upon this point at too much length, perhaps, for some of my readers; but it can't be helped. The truth is, beef is my weakness; and I do declare that I derive more positive enjoyment from the simple viand than from any concoction whatever in the whole cook's cyclopædia.

Always drink red wine with beefsteaks; port, if possible; if not, Burgundy, of not too high a flavour,—good Beaune, say. This fact, which is very likely not known to many persons who, forsooth, are too magnificent to care about their meat and drink,—this simple fact I take to be worth the whole price I shall get for this article.

But to return to dinner. We were left, I think, G—— and I, sopping up the gravy with bits of bread, and declaring that no power on earth could induce us to eat a morsel more that day. At one time, we thought of countermanding the perdreau aux truffes, that to my certain knowledge had been betruffed five days before.

Poor blind mortals that we were; ungrateful to our appetites, needlessly mistrustful and cowardly. A man may do what he dares; nor does he know, until he tries, what the honest appetite will bear. We were kept waiting between the steak and the partridge some ten minutes or so. For the first two or three minutes we lay back in our chairs quite exhausted indeed. Then we began to fiddle with a dish

of toothpicks, for want of anything more savoury; then we looked out of the window; then G—— got in a rage, rang the bell violently, and asked, "Pourquoi diable nous fait-on attendre si longtemps?" The waiter grinned. He is a nice good-humoured fellow, Auguste; and I heartily trust that some reader of this may give him a five-franc piece for my sake. Auguste grinned and disappeared.

Presently, we were aware of an odour gradually coming towards us, something musky, fiery, savoury, mysterious,—a hot drowsy smell, that lulls the senses, and yet inflames them,—the *truffes* were coming! Yonder they lie, caverned under the full bosom of the red-legged bird. My hand trembled as, after a little pause, I cut the animal in two. G—— said I did not give him his share of the truffes; I don't believe I did. I spilled some salt into my plate, and a little cayenne pepper--very little: we began, as far as I can remember, the following conversation:—

Gustavus. Chop, chop, chop.

Michael Angelo. Globlobloblob.

G. Gobble.

M. A. Obble.

G. Here's a big one.

M. A. Hobgob. What wine shall we have? I should like some champagne.

G. It's bad here. Have some sauterne.

M. A. Very well. Hobgobglobglob, &c.

Auguste (opening the sauterne). Cloo-oo-oo-oop! The cork is out; he pours it into the glass, glock, glock, glock.

Nothing more took place in the way of talk. The poor little partridge was soon a heap of bones—a very little heap. A trufflesque odour was left in the room, but only an odour. Presently, the cheese was brought; the amber sauterne flask has turned of a sickly green hue; nothing, save half a glass of sediment at the bottom, remained to tell of the light and social spirit that had but one half-hour before inhabited the flask. Darkness fell upon our little chamber; the men in the street began crying, "*Messager! Journal du Soir!*" The bright moon rose glittering over the tiles of the Rue Louis le Grand, opposite, illuminating two glasses of punch that two gentlemen in a small room of the Café Foy did ever and anon raise to their lips. Both were silent; both happy; both were smoking cigars,—for both knew that the soothing plant of Cuba is sweeter to the philosopher after dinner than the prattle of all the women in the world. Women—pshaw! The man who, after dinner—after a good dinner—can think about driving home, and shaving himself by candlelight, and enduing a damp shirt, and a pair of tight glazed pumps to show his

cobweb stockings and set his feet in a flame; and, having undergone all this, can get into a cold cab, and drive off to No. 222 Harley Street, where Mrs. Mortimer Smith is at home; where you take off your cloak in a damp dark back parlour, called Mr. Smith's study, and containing, when you arrive, twenty-four ladies' cloaks and tippets, fourteen hats, two pairs of clogs (belonging to two gentlemen of the Middle Temple, who walk for economy, and think dancing at Mrs. Mortimer Smith's the height of enjoyment);—the man who can do all this, and walk, gracefully smiling, into Mrs. Smith's drawing-rooms, where the brown holland bags have been removed from the chandeliers; a man from Kirkman's is thumping on the piano, and Mrs. Smith is standing simpering in the middle of the room, dressed in red, with a bird of paradise in her turban, a tremulous fan in one hand, and the other clutching hold of her little fat gold watch and seals;—the man who, after making his bow to Mrs. Smith, can advance to Miss Jones, in blue crape, and lead her to a place among six other pairs of solemn-looking persons, and whisper *fadaises* to her (at which she cries, "Oh fie, you naughty man! how can you?"), and look at Miss Smith's red shoulders struggling out of her gown, and her mottled elbows that a pair of crumpled kid gloves leave in a state of delicious nature; and, after having gone through certain mysterious quadrille figures with her, lead her back to her mamma, who has just seized a third glass of muddy negus from the black footman;—the man who can do all this may do it, and go hang, for me! And many such men there be, my Gustavus, in yonder dusky London city. Be it ours, my dear friend, when the day's labour and repast are done, to lie and ruminate calmly; to watch the bland cigar smoke as it rises gently ceiling-wards; to be idle in body as well as mind; not to kick our heels madly in quadrilles, and puff and pant in senseless gallopades: let us appreciate the joys of idleness; let us give a loose to silence; and having enjoyed this, the best dessert after a goodly dinner, at close of eve saunter slowly home.

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As the dinner above described drew no less than three five-franc pieces out of my purse, I determined to economise for the next few days, and either to be invited out to dinner, or else to partake of some repast at a small charge, such as one may have here. I had on the day succeeding the truffled partridge a dinner for a shilling, viz.:—

Bifsteck aux pommes (heu, quantum mutatus ab illo!)
Galantine de volaille,
Fromage de Gruyère,
Demi-bouteille du vin très-vieux de Mâcon ou Chablis,
Pain à discrétion.

This dinner, my young friend, was taken about half-past two o'clock in the day, and was, in fact, a breakfast,—a breakfast taken at a two-franc house, in the Rue Haute Vivienne; it was certainly a sufficient dinner: I certainly was not hungry for all the rest of the day. Nay, the wine was decently good, as almost all wine is in the morning, if one had the courage or the power to drink it. You see many honest English families marching into these two-franc eating houses at five o'clock, and fancy they dine in great luxury. Returning to England, however, they inform their friends that the meat in France is not good; that the fowls are very small, and black; the kidneys very tough; the partridges and fruit have no taste in them, and the soup is execrably thin. A dinner at Williams's, in the Old Bailey, is better than the best of these; and therefore had the English Cockney better remain at Williams's than judge the great nation so falsely.

The worst of these two-franc establishments is a horrid air of shabby elegance which distinguishes them. At some of them, they will go the length of changing your knife and fork with every dish; they have grand chimney-glasses, and a fine lady at the counter, and fine arabesque paintings on the walls; they give you your soup in a battered dish of plated ware, which has served its best time, most likely, in a first-rate establishment, and comes here to *étaler* its second-hand splendour amongst amateurs of a lower grade. I fancy the very meat that is served to you has undergone the same degradation, and that some of the mouldy cutlets that are offered to the two-franc epicures lay once plump and juicy in Véry's larder. Much better is the sanded floor and the iron fork! Homely neatness is the charm of poverty: elegance should belong to wealth alone. There is a very decent place where you dine for thirty-two sous in the Passage Choiseul. You get your soup in china bowls; they don't change your knife and fork, but they give you very fit portions of meat and potatoes, and mayhap a herring with mustard sauce, a dish of apple fritters, a dessert of stewed prunes, and a pint of drinkable wine, as I have proved only yesterday.

After two such banyan days, I allowed myself a little feasting; and as nobody persisted in asking me to dinner, I went off to the "Trois Frères" by myself, and dined in that excellent company.

I would recommend a man who is going to dine by himself here, to reflect well before he orders soup for dinner.

My notion is, that you eat as much after soup as without it, but you *don't eat with the same appetite.*

Especially if you are a healthy man, as I am—deuced hungry at five o'clock. My appetite runs away with me; and if I order soup

(which is always enough for two), I invariably swallow the whole of it; and the greater portion of my *petit pain*, too, before my second dish arrives.

The best part of a pint of julienne, or purée à la Condé, is very well for a man who has only one dish besides to devour; but not for you and me, who like our fish and our *rôti* of game or meat as well.

Oysters you may eat. They do, for a fact, prepare one to go through the rest of a dinner properly. Lemon and cayenne pepper is the word, depend on it, and a glass of white wine braces you up for what is to follow.

French restaurateur dinners are intended, however, for two people, at least; still better for three; and require a good deal of thought before you can arrange them for one.

Here, for instance, is a recent *menu*:—

Trois Frères Provençaux.

	f.	c.
Pain	0	25
Beaune première	3	0
Purée à la Créci	0	75
Turbot aux câpres	1	75
Quart poulet aux truffes	2	25
Champignons à la Provençale	1	25
Gelée aux pommes	1	25
Cognac	0	30
	10	80

A heavy bill for a single man; and a heavy dinner, too; for I have said before I have a great appetite, and when a thing is put before me I eat it. At Brussels I once ate fourteen dishes; and have seen a lady with whom I was in love, at the table of a German grand-duke, eat seventeen dishes. This is a positive, though disgusting fact. Up to the first twelve dishes she had a very good chance of becoming Mrs. Titmarsh, but I have lost sight of her since.

Well, then, I say to you, if you have self-command enough to send away half your soup, order some; but you are a poor creature, if you do, after all. If you are a man, and have *not* that self-command, don't have any. The Frenchmen cannot live without it, but I say to you that you are better than a Frenchman. I would lay even money that you who are reading this are more than five feet seven in height, and weigh eleven stone; while a Frenchman is five feet four, and does not weigh nine. The Frenchman has after his soup a dish of vegetables, where you have one of meat. You are a different and superior animal—a French-beating animal (the history of hundreds [illegible] has shown you to be so); you must have, to keep up that

superior weight and sinew, which is the secret of your superiority—as for public institutions, bah !—you must have, I say, simpler, stronger, more succulent food.

Eschew the soup, then, and have the fish up at once. It is the best to begin with fish, if you like it, as every epicure and honest man should, simply boiled or fried in the English fashion, and not tortured and bullied with oil, onions, wine, and herbs, as in Paris it is frequently done.

Turbot with lobster-sauce is too much; turbot à la Hollandaise vulgar; sliced potatoes swimming in melted butter are a mean concomitant for a noble, simple, liberal fish: turbot with capers is the thing. The brisk little capers relieve the dulness of the turbot; the melted butter is rich, bland, and calm—it *should be*, that is to say; not that vapid watery mixture that I see in London; not oiled butter, as the Hollanders have it, but melted, with plenty of thickening matter: I don't know how to do it, but I know it when it is good.

They melt butter well at the "Rocher de Cancale" and at the "Frères."

Well, this turbot was very good; not so well, of course, as one gets it in London, and dried rather in the boiling; which can't be helped, unless you are a Lucullus or a Cambacérès of a man, and can afford to order one for yourself. This *grandeur d'âme* is very rare; my friend Tom Willows is almost the only man I know who possessed it. Yes, * * * one of the wittiest men in London, I once knew to take the whole *intérieur* of a diligence (six places), because he was a little unwell. Ever since I have admired that man. He understands true economy; a mean extravagant man would have contented himself with a single place, and been unwell in consequence. How I am rambling from my subject, however! The fish was good, and I ate up every single scrap of it, sucking the bones and fins curiously. That is the deuce of an appetite, it *must* be satisfied; and if you were to put a roast donkey before me, with the promise of a haunch of venison afterwards, I believe I should eat the greater part of the long-eared animal.

A pint of purée à la Créci, a pain de gruau, a slice of turbot—a man should think about ordering his bill, for he has had enough dinner; but no, we are creatures of superstition and habit, and must have one regular course of meat. Here comes the poulet à la Marengo: I hope they've given me the wing.

No such thing. The poulet à la Marengo aux truffes is bad—too oily by far; the truffles are not of this year, as they should be, for there are cartloads in town: they are poor in flavour, and have only been cast into the dish a minute before *it* was brought to table, and

what is the consequence? They do not flavour the meat in the least; some faint trufflesque savour you may get as you are crunching each individual root, but that is all, and that all not worth the having; for as nothing is finer than a good truffle, in like manner nothing is meaner than a bad one. It is merely pompous, windy, and pretentious, like those scraps of philosophy with which a certain eminent novelist decks out his meat.

A mushroom, thought I, is better a thousand times than these tough flavourless roots. I finished every one of them, however, and the fine fat capon's thigh which they surrounded. It was a disappointment not to get a wing, to be sure. They *always* give me legs; but after all, with a little good-humour and philosophy, a leg of a fine Mans capon may be found very acceptable. How plump and tender the rogue's thigh is! his very drumstick is as fat as the calf of a London footman; and the sinews, which puzzle one so over the lean black hen-legs in London, are miraculously whisked away from the limb before me. Look at it now! Half-a-dozen cuts with the knife, and yonder lies the bone—white, large, stark naked, without a morsel of flesh left upon it, solitary in the midst of a pool of melted butter.

How good the Burgundy smacks after it! I always drink Burgundy at this house, and that not of the best. It is my firm opinion that a third-rate Burgundy, and a third-rate claret—Beaune and Larose, for instance, are *better* than the best. The Bordeaux enlivens, the Burgundy invigorates; stronger drink only inflames; and where a bottle of good Beaune only causes a man to feel a certain manly warmth of benevolence—a glow something like that produced by sunshine and gentle exercise—a bottle of Chambertin will set all your frame in a fever, swell the extremities, and cause the pulses to throb. Chambertin should *never* be handed round more than twice; and I recollect to this moment the headache I had after drinking a bottle and a half of Romanée-Gélée, for which this house is famous. Somebody else *paid* for the—(no other than you, O Gustavus! with whom I hope to have many a tall dinner on the same charges)—but 'twas in our hot youth, ere experience had taught us that moderation was happiness, and had shown us that it is absurd to be guzzling wine at fifteen francs a bottle.

By the way, I may here mention a story relating to some of Blackwood's men, who dined at this very house. Fancy the fellows trying claret, which they voted sour; then Burgundy, at which they made wry faces, and finished the evening with brandy and *lunel*! This is what men call eating a French dinner. Willows and I dined at the "Rocher," and an English family there feeding ordered—mutton chops and potatoes. Why not, in these cases, stay at home? Chops are

better chops in England (the best chops in the world are to be had at the Reform Club) than in France. What could literary men mean by ordering lunel? I always rather liked the descriptions of eating in the "Noctes." They were gross in all cases, absurdly erroneous in many; but there was manliness about them, and strong evidence of a great, though misdirected and uneducated, genius for victuals.

Mushrooms, thought I, are better than those tasteless truffles, and so ordered a dish to try. You know what a *Provençale* sauce is, I have no doubt?—a rich savoury mixture of garlic and oil; which, with a little cayenne pepper and salt, impart a pleasant taste to the plump little mushrooms, that can't be described, but may be thought of with pleasure.

The only point was, how will they agree with me to-morrow morning? for the fact is, I had eaten an immense quantity of them, and began to be afraid! Suppose we go and have a glass of punch and a cigar! Oh, glorious garden of the Palais Royal! your trees are leafless now, but what matters? Your alleys are damp, but what of that? All the windows are blazing with light and merriment; at least two thousand happy people are pacing up and down the colonnades; cheerful sounds of money chinking are heard as you pass the changers' shops; bustling shouts of "Garçon!" and "V'là, Monsieur!" come from the swinging doors of the restaurateurs. Look at that group of soldiers gaping at Véfour's window, where lie lobsters, pineapples, fat truffle-stuffed partridges, which make me almost hungry again. I wonder whether those three fellows with mustachios and a toothpick apiece have had a dinner, or only a toothpick. When the "Trois Frères" used to be on the first-floor, and had a door leading into the Rue de Valois, as well as one into the garden, I recollect seeing three men with toothpicks mount the stair from the street, descend the stair into the garden, and give themselves as great airs as if they had dined for a napoleon a head. The rogues are lucky if they have had a sixteen-sous dinner; and the next time I dine abroad, I am resolved to have one myself. I never understood why Gil Blas grew so mighty squeamish in the affair of the cat and the hare. Hare is best, but why should not cat be good?

Being on the subject of bad dinners, I may as well ease my mind of one that occurred to me some few days back. When walking in the Boulevard, I met my friend, Captain Hopkinson, of the half-pay, looking very hungry, and indeed going to dine. In most cases one respects the dictum of a half-pay officer regarding a dining-house. He knows as a general rule where the fat of the land lies, and how to take his share of that fat in the most economical manner.

"I tell you what I do," says Hopkinson; "I allow myself fifteen

francs a week for dinner (I count upon being asked out twice a week), and so have a three-franc dinner at Richard's, where, for the extra francs, they give me an excellent bottle of wine, and make me comfortable."

"Why shouldn't they?" I thought. "Here is a man who has served his country, and no doubt knows a thing when he sees it." We made a party of four, therefore, and went to the captain's place to dine.

We had a private room *au second*; a very damp and dirty private room, with a faint odour of stale punch, and dingy glasses round the walls.

We had a soup of purée aux croûtons; a very dingy dubious soup, indeed, thickened, I fancy, with brown paper, and flavoured with the same.

At the end of the soup, Monsieur Landlord came upstairs very kindly, and gave us each a pinch of snuff out of a gold snuff-box.

We had four portions of anguille à la Tartare, very good and fresh (it is best in these places to eat freshwater fish). Each portion was half the length of a man's finger. Dish one was despatched in no time, and we began drinking the famous wine that our guide recommended. I have cut him ever since. It was four-sous wine,—weak, vapid, watery stuff, of the most unsatisfactory nature.

We had four portions of gigot aux haricots—four flaps of bleeding tough meat, cut unnaturally (that is, with the grain; the French gash the meat in parallel lines with the bone). We ate these up as we might, and the landlord was so good as to come up again and favour us with a pinch from his gold box.

With wonderful unanimity, as we were told the place was famous for civet de lièvre, we ordered civet de lièvre for four.

It came up, but we couldn't—really we couldn't. We were obliged to have extra dishes, and pay extra. Gustavus had a mayonnaise of cray-fish, and half a fowl; I fell to work upon my cheese, as usual, and availed myself of the discretionary bread. We went away disgusted, wretched, unhappy. We had had for our three francs bad bread, bad meat, bad wine. And there stood the landlord at the door (and be hanged to him !) grinning and offering his box.

We don't speak to Hopkinson any more now when we meet him. How can you trust or be friendly with a man who deceives you in this miserable way?

What is the moral to be drawn from this dinner? It is evident. Avoid pretence; mistrust shabby elegance; cut your coat according to your cloth; if you have but a few shillings in your pocket, aim only at those humble and honest meats which your small store will purchase. At the Café Foy, for the same money, I might have had—

	f.	s.
A delicious entrecôte and potatoes . . .	1	5
A pint of excellent wine	0	10
A little bread (meaning a great deal) . .	0	5
A dish of stewed kidneys	1	0
	3	0

Or at Paolo's :—

A bread (as before)	0	5
A heap of macaroni, or raviuoli . . .	0	15
A Milanese cutlet	1	0
A pint of wine	0	10

And ten sous for any other luxury your imagination could suggest. The raviuoli and the cutlets are admirably dressed at Paolo's. Does any healthy man need more?

These dinners, I am perfectly aware, are by no means splendid; and I might, with the most perfect ease, write you out a dozen bills of fare, each more splendid and piquant than the other, in which all the luxuries of the season should figure. But the remarks here set down are the result of experience, not fancy, and intended only for persons in the middling classes of life. Very few men can afford to pay more than five francs daily for dinner. Let us calmly, then, consider what enjoyment may be had for those five francs; how, by economy on one day, we may venture upon luxury the next; how, by a little forethought and care, we may be happy on all days. Who knew and studied this cheap philosophy of life better than old Horace before quoted? Sometimes (when in luck) he chirrupped over cups that were fit for an archbishop's supper; sometimes he philosophised over his own *ordinaire* at his own farm. How affecting is the last ode of the first book:—

To his Serving-boy.

Persicos odi,
Puer, apparatus;
Displicent nexæ
Philyrâ coronæ:
Mitte sectari
Rosa quo locorum
Sera moretur.

Simplici myrto
Nihil allabores
Sedulus curæ:
Neque te ministrum
Dedecet myrtus,
Neque me sub arctâ
Vite bibentem.

Ad Ministram.

Dear Lucy, you know what my wish is, —
I hate all your Frenchified fuss:
Your silly entrées and made dishes
Were never intended for us.
No footman in lace and in ruffles
Need dangle behind my arm-chair;
And never mind seeking for truffles,
Although they be ever so rare.

But a plain leg of mutton, my Lucy,
I pr'ythee get ready at three:
Have it smoking, and tender, and juicy,
And what better meat can there be?
And when it has feasted the master,
'Twill amply suffice for the maid;
Meanwhile I will smoke my canaster,
And tipple my ale in the shade.

Not that this is the truth entirely and for ever. Horatius Flaccus was too wise to dislike a good thing; but it is possible that the Persian apparatus was on that day beyond his means, and so he contented himself with humble fare.

A gentleman, by-the-by, has just come to Paris to whom I am very kind; and who will, in all human probability, between this and next month, ask me to a dinner at the "Rocher de Cancale." If so, something may occur worth writing about; or if you are anxious to hear more on the subject, send me over a sum to my address, to be laid out for you exclusively in eating. I give you my honour I will do you justice, and account for every farthing of it.

One of the most absurd customs at present in use is that of giving your friend—when some piece of good-luck happens to him, such as an appointment as Chief Judge of Owhyhee, or King's advocate to Timbuctoo—of giving your friend, because, forsooth, he may have been suddenly elevated from 200*l.* a year to 2,000*l.*, an enormous dinner of congratulation.

Last year, for instance, when our friend, Fred Jowling, got his place of Commissioner at Quashumaboo, it was considered absolutely necessary to give the man a dinner, and some score of us had to pay about fifty shillings apiece for the purpose. I had, so help me Moses! but three guineas in the world at that period; and out of this sum the *bienséances* compelled me to sacrifice five-sixths, to feast myself in company of a man gorged with wealth, rattling sovereigns in his pocket as if they had been so much dross, and capable of treating us all without missing the sum he might expend on us.

Jow himself allowed, as I represented the case to him, that the arrangement *was* very hard; but represented, fairly enough, that this was one of the sacrifices that a man of the world, from time to time, is called to make. "You, my dear Titmarsh," said he, "know very well that I don't care for these grand entertainments" (the rogue, he is a five-bottle man, and just the most finished *gourmet* of my acquaintance!); "you know that I am perfectly convinced of your friendship for me, though you join in the dinner or not, but—it would look rather queer if you backed out,—*it would look rather queer.*" Jow said this in such an emphatic way, that I saw I must lay down my money; and accordingly Mr. Lovegrove of Blackwall, for a certain quantity of iced punch, champagne, cider cup, fish, flesh, and fowl, received the last of my sovereigns.

At the beginning of the year Bolter got a place too—Judge Advocate in the Topinambo Islands, of 3,000*l.* a year, which, he said, was a poor remuneration in consideration of *the practice* which he gave up

in town. He may have practised on his laundress, but for anything else I believe the man never had a client in his life.

However, on his way to Topinambo—by Marseilles, Egypt, the Desert, the Persian Gulf, and so on—Bolter arrived in Paris ; and I saw from his appearance, and his manner of shaking hands with me, and the peculiar way in which he talked about the "Rocher de Cancale," that he expected we were to give him a dinner, as we had to Jowling.

There were four friends of Bolter's in the capital besides myself, and among us the dinner question was mooted : we agreed that it should be a simple dinner of ten francs a head, and this was the bill of fare :—

1. Oysters (common), nice.
2. Oysters, green of Marennes (very good).
3. Potage, purée de gibier (very fair).

As we were English, they instantly then served us.—

4. Sole en matelotte Normande (comme ça).
5. Turbot à la crème au gratin (excellent).
6. Jardinière cutlets (particularly seedy).
7. Poulet à la Marengo (very fair, but why the deuce is one always to be pestered by it ?).
8. }
9. } (Entrées of some kind, but a blank in my memory.)
10. A rôt of chevreuil.
11. Ditto of ortolans (very hot, crisp, and nice).
12. Ditto of partridges (quite good and plump).
13. Pointes d'asperges.
14. Champignons à la Provençale (the most delicious mushrooms I ever tasted).
15. Pineapple jelly.
16. Blanc, or red mange.
17. Pencacks. Let everybody who goes to the "Rocher" order these pancakes ; they are arranged with jelly inside, rolled up between various *couches* of vermicelli, flavoured with a *leetle* wine ; and, by everything sacred, the most delightful meat possible.
18. Timbale of macaroni.

The jellies and sucreries should have been mentioned in the dessert, and there were numberless plates of trifles, which made the table look very pretty, but need not be mentioned here.

The dinner was not a fine one, as you see. No rarities, no truffles even, no mets de primeur, though there were peas and asparagus in the market at a pretty fair price. But with rarities no man has any business except he have a colossal fortune. Hothouse strawberries,

asparagus, &c., are, as far as my experience goes, most *fade*, mean, and tasteless meats. Much better to have a simple dinner of twenty dishes, and content therewith, than to look for impossible splendours and Apician morsels.

In respect of wine. Let those who go to the "Rocher" take my advice and order Madeira. They have here some pale old East India very good. How they got it is a secret, for the Parisians do not know good Madeira when they see it. Some very fair strong young wine may be had at the Hôtel des Américains, in the Rue Saint Honoré; as, indeed, all West India produce—pineapple rum, for instance. I may say, with confidence, that I never knew what rum was until I tasted this at Paris.

But to the "Rocher." The Madeira was the best wine served; though some Burgundy, handed round in the course of dinner, and a bottle of Montrachet, similarly poured out to us, were very fair. The champagne was decidedly not good—poor, inflated, thin stuff. They say the drink we swallow in England is not genuine wine, but brandy-loaded and otherwise doctored for the English market; but, ah, what superior wine! *Au reste*, the French will not generally pay the money for the wine; and it therefore is carried from an ungrateful country to more generous climes, where it is better appreciated. We had claret and speeches after dinner; and very possibly some of the persons present made free with a jug of hot water, a few lumps of sugar, and the horrid addition of a glass of cognac. There can be no worse practice than this. After a dinner of eighteen dishes, in which you have drunk at least thirty-six glasses of wine—when the stomach is full, the brain heavy, the hands and feet inflamed—when the claret begins to pall—you, forsooth, must gorge yourself with brandy and water, and puff filthy cigars. For shame! Who ever does it? Does a gentleman drink brandy and water? Does a man who mixes in the society of the loveliest half of humanity befoul himself by tobacco-smoke? Fie, fie! avoid the practice. I indulge in it always myself; but that is no reason why you, a young man entering into the world, should degrade yourself in any such way. No, no, my dear lad, never refuse an evening party, and avoid tobacco as you would the upas plant.

By the way, not having my purse about me when the above dinner was given, I was constrained to borrow from Bolter, whom I knew more intimately than the rest; and nothing grieved me more than to find, on calling at his hotel four days afterwards, that he had set off by the mail post for Marseilles. Friend of my youth, dear dear Bolter! if haply this trifling page should come before thine eyes, weary of perusing the sacred rolls of Themis in thy far-off island in the Indian

Sea, thou wilt recall our little dinner in the little room of the Cancalian Coffee-house, and think for a while of thy friend!

Let us now mention one or two places that the Briton, on his arrival here, should frequent or avoid. As a quiet dear house, where there are some of the best rooms in Paris—always the best meat, fowls, vegetables, &c.—we may specially recommend Monsieur Voisin's café, opposite the Church of the Assumption. A very decent and lively house of restauration is that at the corner of the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre, on the Boulevard. I never yet had a good dinner at Véfour's; *something* is always *manqué* at the place. The grand Vatel is worthy of note, as cheap, pretty, and quiet. All the English houses gentlemen may frequent who are so inclined; but though the writer of this has many times dined for sixteen sous at Catcomb's, cheek by jowl with a French chasseur or a labourer, he has, he confesses, an antipathy to enter into the confidence of a footman or groom of his own country.

A gentleman who purchases pictures in this town was lately waited upon by a lady, who said she had in her possession one of the greatest rarities in the world,—a picture admirable, too, as a work of art,—no less than an original portrait of Shakspeare, by his comrade, the famous John Davis. The gentleman rushed off immediately to behold the wonder, and saw a head, rudely but vigorously painted on panel, about twice the size of life, with a couple of hooks drawn through the top part of the board, under which was written—

THE WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.
BY JOHN DAVIS.

"Voyez-vous, Monsieur," said the lady; "il n'y a plus de doute. Le portrait de Shakspeare du célèbre Davis, et signé même de lui!"

I remember it used to hang up in a silent little street in the Latin quarter, near an old convent, before a quaint old quiet tavern that I loved. It was pleasant to see the old name written up in a strange land, and the well-known friendly face greeting one. There was a quiet little garden at the back of the tavern, and famous good roast beef, clean rooms, and English beer. Where are you now, John Davis? Could not the image of thy august patron preserve thy house from ruin, or rally the faithful around it? Are you unfortunate, Davis? Are you a bankrupt? Let us hope not. I swear to thee, that when, one sunny afternoon, I saw the ensign of thy tavern, I loved thee for thy choice, and doused my cap on entering the porch, and looked around, and thought all friends were here.

In the queer old pleasant novel of the "Spiritual Quixote," honest Tugwell, the Sancho of the story, relates a Warwickshire legend, which

at the time Graves wrote was not much more than a hundred years old: and by which it appears that the owner of New Place was a famous jesting gentleman, and used to sit at his gate of summer evenings, cutting the queerest merriest jokes with all the passers-by. I have heard from a Warwickshire clergyman that the legend still exists in the country; and Ward's "Diary" says that Master Shakspeare died of a surfeit, brought on by carousing with a literary friend who had come to visit him from London. And wherefore not? Better to die of good wine and good company than of slow disease and doctors' doses. Some geniuses live on sour misanthropy, and some on meek milk and water. Let us not deal too hardly with those that are of a jovial sort, and indulge in the decent practice of the cup and the platter.

A word or two, by way of conclusion, may be said about the numerous pleasant villages in the neighbourhood of Paris, or rather of the eating and drinking to be found in the taverns of those suburban spots. At Versailles, Monsieur Duboux, at the Hôtel des Reservoirs, has a good cook and cellars, and will gratify you with a heavier bill than is paid at Véry's and the "Rocher." On the beautiful terrace of Saint Germain, looking over miles of river and vineyard, of fair villages basking in the meadows, and great tall trees stretching wide round about, you may sit in the open air of summer evenings, and see the white spires of Saint Denis rising in the distance, and the grey arches of Marly to the right, and before you the city of Paris with innumerable domes and towers.

Watching these objects, and the setting sun gorgeously illumining the heavens and them, you may have an excellent dinner served to you by the *chef* of Messire Gallois, who at present owns the pavilion where Louis XIV. was born. The *maître d'hôtel* is from the "Rocher," and told us that he came out to Saint Germain for the sake of the air. The only drawback to the entertainment is, that the charges are as atrociously high in price as the dishes provided are small in quantity; and dining at this pavilion on the 15th of April, at a period when a *botte* of asparagus at Paris cost only three francs, the writer of this and a chosen associate had to pay seven francs for about the third part of a *botte* of asparagus, served up to them by Messire Gallois.

Facts like these ought not to go unnoticed. Therefore let the readers of *Fraser's Magazine* who propose a visit to Paris take warning by the unhappy fate of the person now addressing them, and avoid the place or not, as they think fit. A bad dinner does no harm to any human soul, and the philosopher partakes of such with easy resignation; but a bad and dear dinner is enough to raise the

anger of any man, however naturally sweet-tempered, and he is bound to warn his acquaintance of it.

With one parting syllable in praise of the "Marronniers" at Bercy, where you get capital eels, fried gudgeons fresh from the Seine, and excellent wine of the ordinary kind, this discourse is here closed. "En telle ou meilleure pensée, Beuueurs très illustres (car à vous non à aultres sont dédiés ces escriptz), reconfortez vostre malheur, et beuuez fraiz si faire se peult."

(*Fraser's Magazine*, June 1841.)

MEN AND COATS.

THERE is some peculiar influence, which no doubt the reader has remarked in his own case, for it has been sung by ten thousand poets, or versifying persons, whose ideas you adopt, if perchance, as is barely possible, you have none of your own—there is, I say, a certain balmy influence in the spring-time, which brings a rush of fresh dancing blood into the veins of all nature, and causes it to wear a peculiarly festive and sporting look. Look at the old Sun,—how pale he was all the winter through! Some days he was so cold and wretched he would not come out at all,—he would not leave his bed till eight o'clock, and retired to rest, the old sluggard! at four; but lo! comes May, and he is up at five,—he feels, like the rest of us, the delicious vernal influence; he is always walking abroad in the fresh air, and his jolly face lights up anew! Remark the trees; they have dragged through the shivering winter-time without so much as a rag to cover them, but about May they feel obligated to follow the mode, and come out in a new suit of green. The meadows, in like manner, appear invested with a variety of pretty spring fashions, not only covering their backs with a brand-new glossy suit, but sporting a world of little coquettish ornamental gimcracks that are suited to the season. This one covers his robe with the most delicate twinkling white daisies; that tricks himself out with numberless golden cowslips, or decorates his bosom with a bunch of dusky violets. Birds sing and make love; bees wake and make honey; horses and men leave off their shaggy winter clothing and turn out in fresh coats. The only animal that does not feel the power of spring is that selfish, silent, and cold-blooded beast, the oyster, who shuts himself up for the best months of the year, and with whom the climate disagrees.

Some people have wondered how it is that what is called "the season" in London should not begin until spring. What an absurd subject for wondering at! How *could* the London season begin at any other time? How could the great, black, bilious, overgrown city, stifled by gas, and fogs, and politics, ever hope to have a season at all, unless nature with a violent effort came to its aid about Easter-time, and infused into it a little spring blood? The town of London feels then the influences of the spring, and salutes it after its fashion. The parks are green for about a couple of months. Lady Smigsmag, and other leaders of the *ton*, give their series of grand parties; Gunter and Grange come forward with iced-creams and champagnes; ducks and green-peas burst out; the river Thames blossoms with whitebait; and Alderman Birch announces the arrival of fresh lively turtle. If there are no birds to sing and make love, as in country places, at least there are coveys of opera-girls that frisk and hop about airily, and Rubini and Lablache to act as a couple of nightingales. "A lady of fashion remarked," says Dyson, in the *Morning Post*, "that for all persons pretending to hold a position in genteel society,"—I forget the exact words, but the sense of them remains indelibly engraven upon my mind,—"for anyone pretending to take a place in genteel society two things are *indispensable*. And what are these?—a BOUQUET AND AN EMBROIDERED POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF." This is a self-evident truth. Dyson does not furnish the bouquets—he is not a market-gardener—he is not the goddess Flora; but, a townman, he knows what the season requires, and furnishes his contribution to it. The lilies of the field are not more white and graceful than his embroidered nose ornaments, and with a little *eau des cent milles fleurs*, not more fragrant. Dyson knows that pocket-handkerchiefs are necessary, and has "an express from Longchamps" to bring them over.

Whether they are picked from ladies' pockets by Dyson's couriers, who then hurry breathless across the Channel with them, no one need ask. But the gist of Dyson's advertisement, and of all the preceding remarks, is this great truth, which need not be carried out further by any illustrations from geography or natural history,—that in the spring-time all nature renews itself. There is not a country newspaper published in England that does not proclaim the same fact. Madame Hoggin informs the nobility and gentry of Penzance that her new and gigantic stock of Parisian fashions has just arrived from London. Mademoiselle M'Whirter begs to announce to the *haut-ton* in the environs of John-o'-Groat's that she has this instant returned from Paris with her dazzling and beautiful collection of spring fashions.

In common with the birds, the trees, the meadows,—in common with the Sun, with Dyson, with all nature, in fact, I yielded to the

irresistible spring impulse—*homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum*, &c.—I acknowledged the influence of the season, and ordered a new coat, waistcoat, and tr——in short, a new suit. Now, having worn it for a few days, and studied the effect which it has upon the wearer, I thought that perhaps an essay upon new clothes and their influence might be attended with some profit both to the public and the writer.

One thing is certain. A man does not have a new suit of clothes every day; and another general proposition may be advanced, that a man in sporting a coat for the first time is either

agreeably affected, or
disagreeably affected, or
not affected at all,—

which latter case I don't believe. There is no man, however accustomed to new clothes, but must feel some sentiment of pride in assuming them,—no philosopher, however calm, but must remark the change of raiment. Men consent to wear old clothes for ever,—nay, feel a pang at parting with them for new; but the first appearance of a new garment is always attended with exultation.

Even the feeling of shyness, which makes a man ashamed of his splendour, is a proof of his high sense of it. What causes an individual to sneak about in corners and shady places, to avoid going out in new clothes of a Sunday, lest he be mistaken for a snob? Sometimes even to go the length of ordering his servant to powder his new coat with sand, or to wear it for a couple of days, and remove the gloss thereof? Are not these manœuvres proofs of the effects of new coats upon mankind in general?

As this notice will occupy at least ten pages (for a reason that may be afterwards mentioned) I intend, like the great philosophers who have always sacrificed themselves for the public good, imbibing diseases, poisons, and medicines, submitting to operations, inhaling asphyxiations, &c., in order that they might note in themselves the particular phenomena of the case,—in like manner, I say, I intend to write this essay in five several coats, viz.:—

1. My old single-breasted black frock-coat, with patches at the elbows, made to go into mourning for William IV.

2. My double-breasted green ditto, made last year but one, and still very good, but rather queer about the lining, and snowy in the seams.

3. My grand black dress-coat, made by Messrs. Sparding and Spohrer, of Conduit Street, in 1836. A little scouring and renovating have given it a stylish look even now; and it was always a splendid cut.

4. My worsted-net jacket that my uncle Harry gave me on his departure for Italy. This jacket is wadded inside with a wool like that one makes Welsh wigs of; and though not handsome, amazing comfortable, with pockets all over.

5. My new frock-coat.

Now, will the reader be able to perceive any difference in the style of writing of each chapter? I fancy I see it myself clearly; and am convinced that the new frock-coat chapter will be infinitely more genteel, spruce, and glossy than the woollen-jacket chapter; which, again, shall be more comfortable than the poor, seedy, patched William-the-Fourth's black frock chapter. The double-breasted green one will be dashing, manly, free-and-easy; and, though not fashionable, yet with a well-bred look. The grand black-dress chapter will be solemn and grave, devilish tight about the waist, abounding in bows and shrugs, and small talk; it will have a great odour of bohea and pound-cake; perhaps there will be a faint whiff of negus; and the tails will whisk up in a quadrille at the end, or sink down, mayhap, on a supper-table bench before a quantity of trifles, lobster-salads, and champagnes; and near a lovely blushing white satin skirt, which is continually crying out, "O you ojous creature!" or, "O you naughty satirical man, you!" "And do you really believe Miss Moffat dyes her hair?" "And have you read that sweet thing in the 'Keepsake' by Lord Diddle?" "Well, only one *leetle* leetle drop, for mamma will scold;" and "O you horrid Mr. Titmarsh, you have filled my glass, I declare!" Dear white satin skirt, what pretty shoulders and eyes you have! what a nice white neck, and bluish-mottled, round, innocent arms! how fresh you are and candid! and ah, my dear, what a fool you are!

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I don't have so many coats nowadays as in the days of hot youth, when the figure was more elegant, and credit, mayhap, more plenty; and, perhaps, this accounts for the feeling of unusual exultation that comes over me as I assume this one. Look at the skirts how they are shining in the sun, with a delicate gloss upon them,—that evanescent gloss that passes away with the first freshness of the coat, as the bloom does from the peach. A friend meets you,—he salutes you cordially, but looks puzzled for a moment at the change in your appearance. "I have it!" says Jones. "Hobson, my boy, I congratulate you,—a new coat, and very neat cut,—puce-coloured frock, brown silk lining, brass buttons, and velvet collar,—quite novel, and quiet and genteel at the same time." You say, "Pooh, Jones! do you think so, though?" and at the same time turn round just to give him a view of the back, in which there is not a single wrinkle. You

find suddenly that you must buy a new stock; that your old Berlin gloves will never do; and that a pair of three-and-sixpenny kids are absolutely necessary. You find your boots are cruelly thick, and fancy that the attention of the world is accurately divided between the new frock-coat and the patch on your great toe. It is very odd that that patch did not annoy you yesterday in the least degree,—that you looked with a good-natured grin at the old sausage-fingered Berlin gloves, bulging out at the end and concaved like spoons. But there *is* a change in the man, without any doubt. Notice Sir M—— O'D——; those who know that celebrated military man by sight are aware of one peculiarity in his appearance—his hat is never brushed. I met him one day with the beaver brushed quite primly; and looking hard at the baronet to ascertain the cause of this phenomenon, saw that he had a new coat. Even his great spirit was obliged to yield to the power of the coat,—he made a genteel effort,—he awoke up from his habitual Diogenic carelessness; and I have no doubt, had Alexander, before he visited the cynic, ordered someone to fling a new robe into his barrel, but that he would have found the fellow prating and boasting with all the airs of a man of fashion, and talking of tilburies, opera-girls, and the last ball at Devonshire House, as if the brute had been used all his life to no other company. Fie upon the swaggering vulgar bully! I have always wondered how the Prince of Macedon, a gentleman by birth, with an excellent tutor to educate him, could have been imposed upon by the grovelling, obscene, envious tub-man, and could have uttered the speech we know of. It was a humbug, depend upon it, attributed to his Majesty by some maladroit *bon-mot* maker of the Court, and passed subsequently for genuine Alexandrine.

It is hardly necessary for the moralist earnestly to point out to persons moving in a modest station of life the necessity of not having coats of too fashionable and rakish a cut. Coats have been, and will be in the course of this disquisition, frequently compared to the flowers of the field; like them they bloom for a season, like them they grow seedy and they fade.

Can you afford always to renew your coat when this fatal hour arrives? Is your coat like the French monarchy, and does it never die? Have, then, clothes of the newest fashion, and pass on to the next article in the Magazine,—unless, always, you prefer the style of this one.

But while a shabby coat, worn in a manly way, is a bearable, nay, sometimes a pleasing object, reminding one of "a good man struggling with the storms of fate," whom Mr. Joseph Addison has represented in his tragedy of "Cato,"—while a man of a certain character may look august and gentlemanlike in a coat of a certain cut,—it is

quite impossible for a person who sports an ultra-fashionable costume to wear it with decency beyond a half-year say. *My* coats always last me two years, and any man who knows me knows how *I* look; but I defy Count d'Orsay thus publicly to wear a suit for seven hundred and thirty days consecutively, and look respectable at the end of that time. In like manner, I would defy, without any disrespect, the Marchioness of X——, or her Grace the Duchess of Z——, to sport a white satin gown constantly for six months and look decent. There is *propriety* in dress. Ah, my poor Noll Goldsmith, in your famous plum-coloured velvet! I can see thee strutting down Fleet Street, and stout old Sam rolling behind as Maister Boswell pours some Caledonian jokes into his ear, and grins at the poor vain poet. In what a pretty condition will Goldy's puce-coloured velvet be about two months hence, when it is covered with dust and grease, and he comes in his slatternly finery to borrow a guinea of his friend!

A friend of the writer's once made him a present of two very handsome gold pins; and what did the author of this notice do? Why, with his usual sagacity, he instantly sold the pins for five-and-twenty shillings, the cost of the gold, knowing full well that he could not afford to live up to such fancy articles. If you sport handsome gold pins, you must have everything about you to match. Nor do I in the least agree with my friend Bosk, who has a large amethyst brooch, and fancies that, because he sticks it in his shirt, his atrocious shabby stock and surtout may pass muster. No, no! let us be all peacock, if you please; but one peacock's feather in your tail is a very absurd ornament, and of course all moderate men will avoid it. I remember, when I travelled with Captain Cook in the South Sea Islands, to have seen Quashamaboo with nothing on him but a remarkably fine cocked-hat, his queen sported a red coat, and one of the princesses went frisking about in a pair of leather breeches, much to our astonishment.

This costume was not much more absurd than poor Goldsmith's, who might be very likely seen drawing forth from the gold-embroidered pocket of his plum-coloured velvet a pat of butter wrapped in a cabbage-leaf, a pair of farthing rushlights, an onion or two, and a bit of bacon.

I recollect meeting a great, clever, ruffianly boor of a man, who had made acquaintance with a certain set of very questionable aristocracy, and gave himself the air of a man of fashion. He had a coat made of the very pattern of Lord Toggery's,—a green frock, a green velvet collar, a green lining: a plate of spring cabbage is not of a brisker, brighter hue. This man, who had been a shopkeeper's apprentice originally, now declared that every man who was a gentleman wore

white kid gloves, and for a certain period sported a fresh pair every day.

One hot, clear, sunshiny July day, walking down the Haymarket at two o'clock, I heard a great yelling and shouting of blackguard boys, and saw that they were hunting some object in their front.

The object approached us,—it was a green object,—a green coat, collar, and lining, and a pair of pseudo-white kid gloves. The gloves were dabbled with mud and blood, the man was bleeding at the nose, and slavering at the mouth, and yelling some unintelligible verses of a song, and swaying to and fro across the sunshiny street, with the blackguard boys in chase.

I turned round the corner of Vigo Lane with the velocity of a cannon-ball, and sprang panting into a baker's shop. It was Mr. Bludyer, our London Diogenes. Have a care, ye gay dashing Alexanders ! how ye influence such men by too much praise, or debauch them by too much intimacy. How much of that man's extravagance, and absurd aristocratic airs, and subsequent *roueries*, and cutting of old acquaintance, is to be attributed to his imitation of Lord Toggery's coat !

Actors of the lower sort affect very much braiding and fur collars to their frock-coats ; and a very curious and instructive sight it is to behold these personages with pale lean faces, and hats cocked on one side, in a sort of pseudo-military trim. One sees many such sauntering under Drury Lane Colonnade, or about Bow Street, with sickly smiles on their faces. Poor fellows, poor fellows ! how much of their character is embroidered in that seedy braiding of their coats ! Near five o'clock, in the neighbourhood of Rupert Street and the Haymarket, you may still occasionally see the old, shabby, manly, gentlemanly, half-pay frock : but the braid is now growing scarce in London ; and your military man, with reason perhaps, dresses more like a civilian ; and, understanding life better, and the means of making his half-crown go as far as five shillings in former days, has usually a club to dine at, and leaves Rupert Street eating-houses to persons of a different grade,—to some of those dubious dandies whom one sees swaggering in Regent Street in the afternoon, or to those gay spruce gentlemen whom ye encounter in Saint Paul's Churchyard at ten minutes after five, on their way westward from the City. Look at the same hour at the Temple, and issuing thence and from Essex Street, you behold many scores of neat barristers, who are walking to the joint and half a pint of Marsala at the Oxford and Cambridge Club. They are generally tall, slim, proper, well-dressed men, but their coats are too prim and professionally cut. Indeed, I have generally remarked that their clerks, who leave chambers about the

same time, have a far more rakish and fashionable air; and if, my dear madam, you will condescend to take a beefsteak at the "Cock," or at some of the houses around Covent Garden, you will at once allow that this statement is perfectly correct.

I have always had rather a contempt for a man who, on arriving at home, deliberately takes his best coat from his back and adopts an old and shabby one. It is a mean precaution. Unless very low in the world indeed, one should be above a proceeding so petty. Once I knew a French lady very smartly dressed in a black velvet pelisse, a person whom I admired very much,—and indeed for the matter of that she was very fond of me, but that is neither here nor there,—I say I knew a French lady of some repute who used to wear a velvet pelisse, and how do you think the back of it was arranged?

Why, pelisses are worn, as you know, very full behind; and Madame de Tournuronval had actually a strip of black satin let into the hinder part of her dress, over which the velvet used to close with a spring when she walked or stood, so that the satin was invisible. But when she sat on a chair, especially one of the cane-bottomed species, Euphemia gave a loose to her spring, the velvet divided on each side, and she sat down on the satin.

Was it an authorised stratagem of millinery? Is a woman under any circumstances permitted to indulge in such a manœuvre? I say, No. A woman with such a gown is of a mean deceitful character. Of a woman who has a black satin patch behind her velvet gown, it is right that one should speak ill behind the back; and when I saw Euphemia Tournuronval spread out her wings (*non usitatæ pennæ*, but what else to call them?)—spread out her skirts and ensure them from injury by means of this dastardly *ruse*, I quitted the room in disgust, and never was intimate with her as before. A widow I know she was; I am certain she looked sweet upon me; and she said she had a fortune, but I don't believe it. Away with parsimonious ostentation! That woman, had I married her, would either have turned out a swindler, or we should have had *bouilli* five times a week for dinner,—*bouilli* off silver, and hungry lacqueys in lace looking on at the windy meal!

The old coat plan is not so base as the above female arrangement; but say what you will, it is not high-minded and honourable to go out in a good coat, to flaunt the streets in it with an easy [illegible]air, as if you always wore such, and returning home assume [illegible] pretext of dressing for dinner. There is no harm in [illegible] your old coat of a morning, or in wearing one always. Common reason points out the former precaution, which is at once modest and manly. If your coat pinches you, there is no harm in

changing it; if you are going out to dinner, there is no harm in changing it for a better. But I say the plan of habitual changing is a base one, and only fit for a man at last extremities; or for a clerk in the City, who hangs up his best garment on a peg, both at the office and at home; or for a man who smokes, and has to keep his coat for tea-parties,—a paltry precaution, however, this. If you like smoking, why shouldn't you? If you *do* smell a little of tobacco, where's the harm? The smell is not pleasant, but it does not kill anybody. If the lady of the house do not like it, she is quite at liberty not to invite you again. *Et puis?* Bah! Of what age are you and I? Have we lived? Have we seen men and cities? Have we their manners noted, and understood their idiosyncrasy? Without a doubt! And what is the truth at which we have arrived? This,—that a pipe of tobacco is many an hour in the day, and many a week in the month, a thousand times better and more agreeable society than the best Miss, the loveliest Mrs., the most beautiful Baroness, Countess, or what not. Go to tea-parties, those who will; talk fiddle-faddle, such as like; many men there are who do so, and are a little partial to music, and know how to twist the leaf of the song that Miss Jemima is singing exactly at the right moment. Very good. These are the enjoyments of dress-coats; but *men*,—are they to be put off with such fare for ever? No! One goes out to dinner, because one likes eating and drinking; because the very act of eating and drinking opens the heart, and causes the tongue to wag. But evening parties! Oh, milk and water, bread and butter! No, no, the age is wiser! The manly youth frequents his club for common society, has a small circle of amiable ladies for friendly intercourse, his book and his pipe always.

Do not be angry, ladies, that one of your most ardent and sincere admirers should seem to speak disparagingly of your merits, or recommend his fellows to shun the society in which you ordinarily assemble. No, miss, I am the man who respects you truly,—the man who respects and loves you when you are most lovely and respectable,—in your families, my dears. A wife, a mother, a daughter,—has God made anything more beautiful? A friend,—can one find a truer, kinder, a more generous and enthusiastic one, than a woman often will be? All that has to do with your hearts is beautiful, and in everything with which they meddle, a man must be a brute not to love and honour you.

But Miss Rudge in blue crape, squeaking romances at a harp, or Miss Tobin dancing in a quadrille, or Miss Blogg twisting round the room in the arms of a lumbering Life-guardsman—what are these?—so many vanities. With the operations here described the heart has

nothing to do. Has the intellect? O ye gods! think of Miss Rudge's intellect while singing,—

> Away, away to the mountain's brow,
> Where the trees are gently waving;
> Away, away to the fountain's flow,
> Where the streams are softly la-a-ving!

These are the words of a real song that I have heard many times, and rapturously applauded too. Such a song, such a poem,—such a songster!

No, madam, if I want to hear a song sung, I will pay eight-and-sixpence and listen to Tamburini and Persiani. I will not pay, gloves, three-and-six; cab, there and back, four shillings; silk stockings every now and then, say a shilling a time: I will not pay to hear Miss Rudge screech such disgusting twaddle as the above. If I want to see dancing, there is Taglioni for my money; or across the water, Mrs. Serle and her forty pupils; or at Covent Garden, Madame Vedy, beautiful as a houri, dark-eyed, and agile as a gazelle. I can see all these in comfort, and they dance a great deal better than Miss Blogg and Captain Haggerty, the great red-whiskered monster, who always wears nankeens because he thinks his legs are fine. If I want conversation, what has Miss Flock to say to me, forsooth, between the figures of a cursed quadrille that we are all gravely dancing? By heavens, what an agony it is. Look at the he-dancers, they seem oppressed with dreadful care. Look at the cavalier seul! if the operation lasted long the man's hair would turn white,—he would go mad! And is it for this that men and women assemble in multitudes, for this sorry pastime?

No! dance as you will, Miss Smith, and swim through the quadrille like a swan, or flutter through the gallop like a sylphide, and have the most elegant fresh toilettes, the most brilliantly polished white shoulders, the blandest eyes, the reddest, simperingest mouth, the whitest neck, the—in fact, I say, be as charming as you will, *that* is not the place in which, if you are worth anything, you are most charming. You are beautiful; you are very much *décolletée*; your eyes are always glancing down at a pretty pearl necklace, round a pearly neck, or on a fresh fragrant bouquet, stuck—fiddlestick! What is it that the men admire in you?—the animal, miss,—the white, plump, external Smith, which men with their eye-glasses, standing at various parts of the room, are scanning pertly and curiously, and of which they are speaking brutally. A pretty admiration, truly! But is it possible that these men can admire anything else in you who have so much that is really admirable? Cracknell

in the course of the waltz, has just time to pant into your ear, "Were you at Ascot Races?" Kidwinter, who dances two sets of quadrilles with you, whispers to you, "Do you pwefer thtwawbewy ithe aw wathbewy ithe?" and asks the name of "that gweat enawmuth fat woman in wed thatin and bird of pawadithe?" to which you reply, "Law, sir, it's mamma!" The rest of the evening passes away in conversation similarly edifying. What can any of the men admire in you, you little silly creature, but the animal? There is your mother, now, in red and a bird of paradise, as Kidwinter says. She has a large fan which she flaps to and fro across a broad chest; and has one eye directed to her Amelia, dancing with Kidwinter before mentioned; another watching Jane, who is dancing *vis-à-vis* with Major Cutts; and a third complacently cast upon Edward, who is figuring with Miss Binx in the other quadrille. How the dear fellow has grown, to be sure; and how like his papa at his age—heigho! There is mamma, the best woman breathing; but fat, and even enormous, as has been said of her. Does anybody gaze on *her*? And yet she was once as slim and as fair as you, O simple Amelia!

Does anybody care for her? Yes, one. Your father cares for her; SMITH cares for her; and in his eyes she is still the finest woman of the room; and he remembers when he danced down seven-and-forty couples of a country-dance with her, two years before you were born or thought of. But it was all chance that Miss Hopkins turned out to be the excellent creature she was. Smith did not know any more than that she was gay, plump, good-looking, and had five thousand pounds. Hit or miss, he took her, and has had assuredly no cause to complain; but she might have been a Borgia or Joan of Naples, and have had the same smiling looks and red cheeks, and five thousand pounds, which won his heart in the year 1814.

The system of evening parties, then, is a false and absurd one. Ladies may frequent them professionally with an eye to a husband, but a man is an ass who takes a wife out of such assemblies, having no other means of judging of the object of his choice. You are not the same person in your white crape and satin slip as you are in your morning dress. A man is not the same in his tight coat and feverish glazed pumps, and stiff white waistcoat, as he is in his green double-breasted frock, his old black ditto, or his woollen jacket. And a man is doubly an ass who is in the habit of frequenting evening parties, unless he is forced thither in search of a lady to whom he is attached, or unless he is compelled to go by his wife. A man who loves dancing may be set down to be an ass; and the fashion is greatly going out with the increasing good sense of the age. Do not say that he who lives at home, or frequents clubs in lieu of balls, is a brute, and

has not a proper respect for the female sex; on the contrary, he may respect it most sincerely. He feels that a woman appears to most advantage, not among those whom she cannot care about, but among those whom she loves. He thinks her beautiful when she is at home making tea for her old father. He believes her to be charming when she is singing a simple song at her piano, but not when she is screeching at an evening party. He thinks by far the most valuable part of her is her heart; and a kind simple heart, my dear, shines in conversation better than the best of wit. He admires her best in her intercourse with her family and her friends, and detests the miserable twaddling slipslop that he is obliged to hear from and utter to her in the course of a ball; and avoids and despises such meetings.

He keeps his evening coat, then, for *dinners*. And if this friendly address to all the mothers who read this miscellany may somewhat be acted upon by them; if heads of families, instead of spending hundreds upon chalking floors, and Gunter, and cold suppers, and Weippert's band, will determine upon giving a series of plain, neat, nice dinners, of not too many courses, but well cooked, of not too many wines, but good of their sort, and according to the giver's degree, they will see that the young men will come to them fast enough; that they will marry their daughters quite as fast, without injuring their health, and that they will make a saving at the year's end. I say that young men, young women, and heads of families should bless me for pointing out this obvious plan to them, so natural, so hearty, so hospitable, so different to the present artificial mode.

A grand ball in a palace is splendid, generous, and noble—a sort of procession in which people may figure properly. A family dance is a pretty and pleasant amusement; and (especially after dinner) it does the philosopher's heart good to look upon merry young people who know each other, and are happy, natural, and familiar. But a Baker Street hop is a base invention, and as such let it be denounced and avoided.

A dressing-gown has great merits, certainly, but it is dangerous. A man who wears it of mornings generally takes the liberty of going without a neckcloth, or of not shaving, and is no better than a driveller. Sometimes, to be sure, it is necessary, in self-defence, not to shave, as a precaution against yourself that is to say; and I know no better means of ensuring a man's remaining at home than neglecting the use of the lather and razor for a week, and encouraging a crop of bristles. When I wrote my tragedy, I shaved off for the last two acts my left eyebrow, and never stirred out of doors until it had grown to be a great deal thicker than its right-hand neighbour. But this was an

extreme precaution, and unless a man has very strong reasons indeed for stopping at home, and a very violent propensity to gadding, his best plan is to shave every morning neatly, to put on his regular coat, and go regularly to work, and to avoid a dressing-gown as the father of all evil. Painters are the only persons who can decently appear in dressing-gowns; but these are none of your easy morning-gowns; they are commonly of splendid stuff, and put on by the artist in order to render himself remarkable and splendid in the eyes of his sitter. Your loose-wadded German schlafrock, imported of late years into our country, is the laziest, filthiest invention; and I always augur as ill of a man whom I see appearing at breakfast in one, as of a woman who comes downstairs in curl-papers.

By the way, in the third act of "Macbeth," Mr. Macready makes his appearance in the courtyard of Glamis Castle in an affair of brocade that has always struck me as absurd and un-Macbethlike. Mac in a dressing-gown (I mean 'Beth, not 'Ready)—Mac in list slippers—Mac in a cotton nightcap, with a tassel bobbing up and down—I say the thought is unworthy, and am sure the worthy thane would have come out, if suddenly called from bed, by any circumstance, however painful, in a *good stout jacket.* It is a more manly, simple, and majestic wear than the lazy dressing-gown; it more becomes a man of Macbeth's mountainous habits; it leaves his legs quite free, to run whithersoever he pleases—whether to the stables, to look at the animais —to the farm, to see the pig that has been slaughtered that morning —to the garden, to examine whether that scoundrel of a John Hoskins has dug up the potato-bed—to the nursery, to have a romp with the little Macbeths that are spluttering and quarrelling over their porridge—or whither you will. A man in a jacket is fit company for anybody; there is no shame about it as about being seen in a changed coat; it is simple, steady, and straightforward. It is, as I have stated, all over pockets, which contain everything you want; in one, your buttons, hammer, small nails, thread, twine, and cloth-strips for the trees on the south wall; in another, your dog-whip and whistle, your knife, cigar-case, gingerbread for the children, paper of Epsom salts for John Hoskins's mother, who is mortal bad—and so on: there is no end to the pockets, and to the things you put in them. Walk about in your jacket, and meet what person you will, you assume at once an independent air; and, thrusting your hands into the receptacle that flaps over each hip, look the visitor in the face, and talk to the ladies on a footing of perfect equality. Whereas, look at the sneaking way in which a man caught in a dressing-gown, in loose bagging trousers most likely (for the man who has a dressing-gown, has, two to one, no braces), and in shuffling slippers—see how he

whisks his dressing-gown over his legs, and looks ashamed and uneasy. His lanky hair hangs over his blowsy, fat, shining, unhealthy face; his bristly dumpling-shaped double-chin peers over a flaccid shirt-collar; the sleeves of his gown are in rags, and you see underneath a pair of black wristbands, and the rim of a dingy flannel waistcoat.

A man who is not strictly neat in his person is not an honest man. I shall not enter into this very ticklish subject of personal purification and neatness, because this essay will be read by hundreds of thousands of ladies as well as men; and for the former I would wish to provide nothing but pleasure. Men may listen to stern truths; but for ladies one should only speak verities that are sparkling, rosy, brisk, and agreeable. A man who wears a dressing-gown is not neat in his person; his moral character takes invariably some of the slatternliness and looseness of his costume; he becomes enervated, lazy, incapable of great actions; A man IN A JACKET is a man. All great men wore jackets. Walter Scott wore a jacket, as everybody knows; Byron wore a jacket (not that I count a man who turns down his collars for much); I have a picture of Napoleon in a jacket at Saint Helena; Thomas Carlyle wears a jacket; Lord John Russell always mounts a jacket on arriving at the Colonial Office; and if I have a single fault to find with that popular writer, the author of——never mind what, you know his name as well as I,—it is that he is in the habit of composing his works in a large-flowered damask dressing-gown, and morocco slippers; whereas, in a jacket he would write you off something, not so flowery, if you please, but of honest texture,—something not so long, but terse, modest, and comfortable,—no great, long, strealing tails of periods,—no staring peonies and hollyhocks of illustrations,—no flaring cords and tassels of episodes,—no great, dirty, wadded sleeves of sentiment, ragged at the elbows and cuffs, and mopping up everything that comes in their way,—cigar-ashes, ink, candle-wax, cold brandy and water, coffee, or whatever aids to the brain he may employ as a literary man; not to mention the quantity of tooth-powder, whisker-dye, soapsuds, and pomatum that the same garment receives in the course of the toilets at which it assists. Let all literary men, then, get jackets. I prefer them without tails; but do not let this interfere with another man's pleasure: he may have tails if he likes, and I for one will never say him nay.

Like all things, however, jackets are subject to abuse; and the pertness and conceit of those jackets cannot be sufficiently reprehended which one sees on the backs of men at watering-places, with a telescope poking out of one pocket, and a yellow bandanna flaunting from the other. Nothing is more contemptible than Tims in a jacket, with a

blue bird's-eye neck-handkerchief tied sailor-fashion, puffing smoke like a steamer, with his great broad orbicular stern shining in the sun. I always long to give the wretch a smart smack upon that part where his coat-tails ought to be, and advise him to get into a more decent costume. There is an age and a figure for jackets ; those who are of a certain build should not wear them in public. Witness fat officers of the dragoon-guards that one has seen bumping up and down the Steyne, at Brighton, on their great chargers, with a laced and embroidered coat, a cartridge-box, or whatever you call it, of the size of a twopenny loaf, placed on the small of their backs,—if their backs may be said to have a small,—and two little twinkling abortions of tails pointing downwards to the enormity jolting in the saddle. Officers should be occasionally measured, and after passing a certain width, should be drafted into other regiments, or allowed—nay, ordered—to wear frock-coats.

The French tailors make frock-coats very well, but the people who wear them have the disgusting habit of wearing stays, than which nothing can be more unbecoming the dignity of man. Look what a waist the Apollo has, not above four inches less in the girth than the chest is. Look, ladies, at the waist of the Venus, and pray,—pray do not pinch in your dear little ribs in that odious and unseemly way. In a young man a slim waist is very well ; and if he looks like the Eddystone lighthouse, it is as nature intended him to look. A man of certain age may be built like a tower, stalwart and straight. Then a man's middle may expand from the pure cylindrical to the barrel shape ; well, let him be content. Nothing is so horrid as a fat man with a band ; an hour-glass is a most mean and ungracious figure. Daniel Lambert is ungracious, but not mean. One meets with some men who look in their frock-coats perfectly sordid, sneaking, and ungentlemanlike, who if you see them dressed for an evening have a slim, easy, almost fashionable, appearance. Set these persons down as fellows of poor spirit and milksops. Stiff white ties and waistcoats, prim straight tails, and a gold chain will give any man of moderate lankiness an air of factitious gentility ; but if you want to understand the individual, look at him in the daytime ; see him walking with his hat on. There is a great deal in the build and wearing of hats, a great deal more than at first meets the eye. I know a man who in a particular hat looked so extraordinarily like a man of property, that no tradesman on earth could refuse to give him credit. It was one of André's, and cost a guinea and a half ready money ; but the person in question was frightened at the enormous charge, and afterwards purchased beavers in the City at the cost of seventeen-and-sixpence. And what was the consequence? He fell off in public estimation, and very

soon after he came out in his City hat it began to be whispered abroad that he was a ruined man.

A blue coat is, after all, the best; but a gentleman of my acquaintance has made his fortune by an Oxford mixture, of all colours in the world, with a pair of white buckskin gloves. He looks as if he had just got off his horse, and as if he had three thousand a year in the country. There is a kind of proud humility in an Oxford mixture. Velvet collars, and all such gimcracks, had best be avoided by sober people. This paper is not written for drivelling dandies, but for honest men. There is a great deal of philosophy and forethought in Sir Robert Peel's dress; he does not wear those white waistcoats for nothing. I say that O'Connell's costume is likewise that of a profound rhetorician, slouching and careless as it seems. Lord Melbourne's air of reckless, good-humoured, don't-care-a-damn-ativeness is not obtained without an effort. Look at the Duke as he passes along in that stern little straight frock and plaid breeches; look at him, and off with your hat! How much is there in that little grey coat of Napoleon's! A spice of claptrap and dandyism, no doubt; but we must remember the country which he had to govern. I never see a picture of George III. in his old stout Windsor uniform without feeling a respect; or of George IV., breeches and silk stockings, a wig, a sham smile, a frogged frock-coat and a fur collar, without that proper degree of reverence which such a costume should inspire. The coat is the expression of the man,—*οἵηπερ φύλλων*, &c.; and as the peach-tree throws out peach-leaves, the pear-tree pear ditto, as old George appeared invested in the sober old garment of blue and red, so did young George in oiled wigs, fur collars, stays, and braided surtouts, according to his nature.

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Enough,—enough; and may these thoughts, arising in the writer's mind from the possession of a new coat, which circumstance caused him to think not only of new coats but of old ones, and of coats neither old or new,—and not of coats merely, but of men,—may these thoughts so inspired answer the purpose for which they have been set down on paper, and which is not a silly wish to instruct mankind,—no, no; but an honest desire to pay a deserving tradesman whose confidence supplied the garment in question.

PENTONVILLE: *April* 25, 1841.

(*Fraser's Magazine*, August 1841)

GREENWICH—WHITEBAIT.

I WAS recently talking in a very touching and poetical strain about the above delicate fish to my friend Foozle and some others at the Club, and expatiating upon the excellence of the dinner which our little friend Guttlebury had given us: when Foozle, looking round about him with an air of triumph and immense wisdom, said—

"I'll tell you what, Wagstaff, I'm a plain man, and despise all your gormandising and kickshaws. I don't know the difference between one of your absurd made dishes and another—give me a plain cut of mutton or beef. I'm a plain Englishman, I am, and no glutton."

Foozle, I say, thought this speech a terrible set-down for me—and indeed acted up to his principles—you may see him any day at six sitting down before a great reeking joint of meat; his eyes quivering, his face red, and he cutting great smoking red collops out of the beef before him, which he devours with corresponding quantities of cabbage and potatoes, and the other gratis luxuries of the club-table.

What I complain of is, not that the man should enjoy his great meal of steaming beef; let him be happy over that as much as the beef he is devouring was in life happy over oil-cakes or mangel-wurzel: but I hate the fellow's brutal self-complacency, and his scorn of other people who have different tastes from his. A man who brags regarding himself, that whatever he swallows is the same to him, and that his coarse palate recognises no difference between venison and turtle, pudding, or mutton-broth, as his indifferent jaws close over them, brags about a personal defect—the wretch—and not about a virtue. It is like a man boasting that he has no ear for music, or no eye for colour, or that his nose cannot scent the difference between a rose and a cabbage—I say, as a general rule, set that man down as a conceited fellow who swaggers about not caring for his dinner.

Why shouldn't we care about it? Was eating not made to be a pleasure to us? Yes, I say, a daily pleasure: a sweet solamen: a pleasure familiar, yet ever new, the same and yet how different! It is one of the causes of domesticity: the neat dinner makes the husband pleased, the housewife happy, the children consequently are well brought up and love their papa and mamma. A good dinner is the centre of the circle of the social sympathies—it warms acquaintanceship into friendship—it maintains that friendship comfortably unimpaired: enemies meet over it and are reconciled. How many of you,

dear friends, has that late bottle of claret warmed into affectionate forgiveness, tender recollections of old times, and ardent glowing anticipations of new! The brain is a tremendous secret. I believe some chemist will arise anon, who will know how to doctor the brain as they do the body now, as Liebig doctors the ground. They will apply certain medicines, and produce crops ot certain qualities that are lying dormant now for want of intellectual guano. But this is a subject for future speculation—a parenthesis growing out of another parenthesis. What I would urge especially here is a point which must be familiar with every person accustomed to eat good dinners—viz. the noble and friendly qualities that they elicit. How is it we cut such jokes over them? How is it we become so remarkably friendly? How is it that some of us, inspired by a good dinner, have sudden gusts of genius unknown in the quiet unfestive state? Some men make speeches, some shake their neighbour by the hand, and invite him or themselves to dine—some sing prodigiously—my friend Saladin, for instance, goes home, he says, with the most beautiful harmonies ringing in his ears; and I, for my part, will take any given tune, and make variations upon it for any given period of hours, greatly, no doubt, to the delight of all hearers. These are only temporary inspirations given us by the jolly genius, but are they to be despised on that account? No. Good dinners have been the greatest vehicles of benevolence since man began to eat.

A taste for good living, then, is praiseworthy in moderation—like all the other qualities and endowments of man. If a man were to neglect his family or his business on account of his love for the fiddle or the fine arts—he would commit just the crime that the dinner-sensualist is guilty of: but to enjoy wisely is a maxim of which no man need be ashamed. But if you cannot eat a dinner of herbs as well as a stalled ox, then you are an unfortunate man—your love for good dinners has passed the wholesome boundary, and degenerated into gluttony.

Oh, shall I ever forget the sight of the only City dinner I ever attended in my life—at the hall of the Right Worshipful Company of Chimney-sweepers—it was in May, and a remarkably late pea-season? The hall was decorated with banners and escutcheons of deceased *chummies*—martial music resounded from the balconies as the Master of the Company and the great ones marched in. We sat down, grace was said, the tureen-covers removed, and instantly a silence in the hall—a breathless silence—and then a great gurgle!—grwlwlwlw it sounded like. The worshipful Company were sucking in the turtle! Then came the venison, and with it were two hundred quarts of peas, at five-and-twenty shillings a quart—oh, my heart sank within me as we devoured the green ones! as the old waddling, trembling, winking

citizens held out their plates quivering with anxiety, and, said Mr. Jones, "A little bit of the f-f-fat, another spoonful of the p-p-pe-as"—and they swallowed them down, the prematurely born children of the spring—and there were thousands in London that day without bread.

This is growing serious—and is a long grace before whitebait to be sure—but at a whitebait dinner, haven't you remarked that you take a number of dishes first? In the first place, water-souchy, soochy, or soojy—flounder-souchy is incomparably, exquisitely the best—perch is muddy, bony, and tough; compared to it, slips are coarse; and salmon—perhaps salmon is next to the flounder. You hear many people exclaim against flounder-souchy—I dined with Jorrocks, Sangsue, the Professor, and one or two more, only the other day, and they all voted it tasteless. Tasteless! It has an almost angelic delicacy of flavour: it is as fresh as the recollections of childhood—it wants a Correggio's pencil to describe it with sufficient tenderness.

"*If a flounder had two backs*," Saladin said at the "Star and Garter" the other day, "it would be divine!"

Foolish man, whither will your wild desires carry you? As he is, a flounder is a perfect being. And the best reply to those people who talk about its tastelessness, is to say "Yes," and draw over the tureen to yourself, and never leave it while a single slice of brown bread remains beside it, or a single silver-breasted fishlet floats in the yellow parsley-flavoured wave.

About eels, salmon, lobsters, either *au gratin* or in cutlets, and about the variety of sauces—Genevese sauce, Indian sauce (a strong but agreeable compound), &c., I don't think it is necessary to speak. The slimy eel is found elsewhere than in the stream of Thames (I have tasted him charmingly matelotted with mushrooms and onions, at the "Marronniers" at Passy), the lusty salmon flaps in other waters—by the fair tree-clad banks of Lismore—by the hospitable margin of Ballynahinch—by the beauteous shores of Wye—and on the sandy flats of Scheveningen, I have eaten and loved him. I do not generally eat him at Greenwich. Not that he is not good. But he is not good in such a place. It is like Mrs. Siddons dancing a hornpipe, or a chapter of Burke in a novel—the salmon is too *vast* for Greenwich.

I would say the same, and more, regarding turtle. It has nc business in such a feast as that fresh and simple one provided at the "Trafalgar" or the "Old Ship." It is indecorous somehow to serve it in that company. A fine large lively turtle, and a poor little whitebait by his side! Ah, it is wrong to place them by each other.

At last we come to the bait—the twelve dishes of preparatory fish are removed, the Indian-sauced salmon has been attacked in spite of

our prohibition, the stewed eels have been mauled, and the flounder-soup tureen is empty. All those receptacles of pleasure are removed—eyes turned eagerly to the door, and enter—

Mr. Derbyshire (with a silver dish of whitebait).
John (brown bread and butter).
Samuel (lemons and cayenne).
Frederick (a dish of whitebait).
Gustavus (brown bread and butter).
Adolphus (whitebait).
A waiter with a napkin, which he flaps about the room in an easy *dégagé* manner.

"There's plenty more to follow, sir," says Mr. D., whisking off the cover. Frederick and Adolphus pass rapidly round with their dishes; John and Gustavus place their refreshments on the table, and Samuel obsequiously insinuates the condiments under his charge.

Ah! he must have had a fine mind who first invented brown bread and butter with whitebait! That man was a kind, modest, gentle benefactor to his kind. We don't recognise sufficiently the merits of those men who leave us such quiet benefactions. A statue ought to be put up to the philosopher who joined together this charming couple. Who was it? Perhaps it was done by the astronomer at Greenwich, who observed it when seeking for some other discovery. If it were the astronomer—why the next time we go to Greenwich we will go into the Park and ascend the hill, and pay our respects to the Observatory.

That, by the way, is another peculiarity about Greenwich. People leave town, and *say* they will walk in the Park before dinner. But we never do. We may suppose there is a Park from seeing trees; but we have never entered it. We walk wistfully up and down on the terrace before the Hospital, looking at the clock a great many times; at the brown old seamen basking in the sun; at the craft on the river; at the nursery-maids mayhap, and the gambols of the shrill-voiced Jacks-ashore on the beach. But the truth is, one's thinking of something else all the time. Of the bait. Remark how silent fellows are on steamboats going down to Greenwich. They won't acknowledge it, but they are thinking of what I tell you.

Well, when the whitebait does come, what is it after all? Come now. Tell us, my dear sir, your real sentiments about this fish, this little little fish about which we all make such a noise! There it lies. Lemon it, pepper it: pop it into your mouth—and what then?—a crisp crunch, and it is gone. Does it realise your expectations—is it better than anything you ever tasted? Is it as good as raspberry open tarts used to be at school? Come, upon your honour and conscience now, is it better than a fresh dish of tittlebacks or gudgeons?

O fool, to pry with too curious eye into these secrets! O blunderer, to wish to dash down a fair image because it may be of plaster! O dull philosopher, not to know that pursuit is pleasure, and possession worthless without it! I, for my part, never will, as long as I live, put to myself that question about whitebait. Whitebait is a butterfly of the waters—and as the animal mentioned by Lord Byron invites the young pursuer near, and leads him through thy fields Cashmere—as it carries him in his chase through a thousand agreeable paths scented with violets, sparkling with sunshine, with beauty to feast his eyes, and health in the air—let the right-thinking man be content with the pursuit, nor inquire too curiously about the object. How many hunters get the brush of the fox? and what, when gotten, is the worth of that tawny wisp of hair?

Whitebait, then, is only a little means for acquiring a great deal of pleasure. Somehow, it is always allied with sunshine: it is always accompanied by jolly friends and good-humour. You rush after that little fish, and leave the cares of London behind you—the row and struggle, the foggy darkness, the slippery pavement where every man jostles you, striding on his way preoccupied, with care written on his brow. Look out of the window, the sky is tinted with a thousand glorious hues—the ships pass silent over the blue glittering waters—there is no object within sight that is not calm, and happy, and beautiful. Yes! turn your head a little, and there lie the towers of London in the dim smoky sunset. There lie Care, Labour, To-morrow. Friends, let us have another glass of claret, and thank our luck that we have still to-day.

On thinking over the various whitebait dinners which have fallen to our lot in the last month—somehow you are sure to find the remembrance of them all pleasant. I have seen some wretches taking whitebait and *tea*, which has always inspired me with a sort of terror, and a yearning to go up to the miserable objects so employed, and say, "My good friend, here is a crown-piece; have a bottle of iced punch, or a tankard of delicious cider-cup—but not tea, dear sir; no, no, not tea; you can get that at home—there's no exhilaration in Congo. It was not made to be drunk on holidays." Those people are unworthy of the "Ship"—I don't wish to quarrel with the enjoyments of any man; but fellows who take tea and whitebait should not be allowed to damp the festive feelings of persons better engaged. They should be consigned to the smiling damsels whom one meets on the walk to Mr. Derbyshire's, who issue from dingy tenements no bigger than houses in a pantomime, and who, whatever may be the rank of the individual, persist in saying, "Tea, sir—I can accommodate your party—tea, sir,—srimps?"

About the frequenters of Greenwich and the various classes of ichthyophagi, many volumes might be written. All classes of English Christians, with the exception of her Majesty and Prince Albert (and the more is the pity that their exalted rank deprives them of an amusement so charming !) frequent the hospitable taverns—the most celebrated gormandiser and the very humble. There are the annual Ministerial Saturnalia, which, whenever I am called in by her Majesty, I shall have great pleasure in describing in these pages, and in which the lowest becomes the highest for the occasion, and Taper and Tadpole take just as high a rank as Lord Eskdale or Lord Monmouth. There are the private banquets in which Lord Monmouth diverts himself with his friends from the little French—but this subject has been already touched upon at much length. There are the lawyers' dinners, when Sir Frederick or Sir William is advanced to the honour of the bench or the attorney-generalship, and where much legal pleasantry is elicited. The last time I dined at the "Ship," hearing a dreadful Bacchanalian noise issuing from a private apartment, I was informed, "*It's the gentlemen of 'Punch,' sir.*" What would I not have given to be present at such an assembly of choice spirits ! Even missionary societies and converters of the Quashimdoo Indians come hither for a little easy harmless pleasuring after their labours, and no doubt the whitebait slips down their reverend throats, and is relished by them as well as by the profane crowd.

Then in the coffee-room, let a man be by himself, and he is never lonely. Every table tells its little history. Yonder sit three City bucks, with all the elegant graces of the Custom-house and the Stock Exchange.

"That's a good glass of wine," says Wiggins.

"Ropy," says Figgins, "I'll put you in a pipe of that to stand you in three-and-twenty a dozen."

Once, in my presence, I heard a City "*gent*" speak so slightingly of a glass of very excellent brown sherry, that the landlord was moved almost to tears, and made a speech, of which the sorrow was only equalled by the indignation.

Sporting young fellows come down in great numbers, with cut-away coats and riding-whips, which must be very useful on the water. They discourse learnedly about Leander and Running Rein, and say, "I'll bet you three to two of that."

Likewise pink-faced lads from Oxford and Cambridge. Those from the former University wear lavender-coloured gloves, and drink much less wine than their jolly comrades from the banks of Cam. It would be a breach of confidence to report their conversation : but I

lately heard some very interesting anecdotes about the Master of Trinity, and one Bumpkins, a gyp there.

Of course there are foreigners. I have remarked many "Mosaic Arabs" who dress and drink remarkably smartly; honest pudding-faced Germans, who sit sentimentally over their punch; and chattering little Frenchmen with stays, and whiskers, and canes, and little lacquered boots. These worthies drink ale, for the most part, saying, "Je ne bois que l'ale moi," or "Que la bière est bonne en Angleterre." "Et que le vin est mauvais," shrieks out the pigmy addressed, and so they club their sixpence, and remain faithful to the malt-and-hoppish liquor. It may be remarked that ladies and Frenchmen are not favourites with inn-waiters, coach-guards, cabmen, and such officials, doubtless for reasons entirely mercenary.

I could continue for many more pages, but the evening grey is tinging the river; the packet-boat bells are ringing; the sails of the ships look greyer and more ghostlike as they sweep silently by. It is time to be thinking of returning, and so let us call for the bill, and finish with a moral. My dear sir, it is this. The weather is beautiful. The whitebait singularly fine this season. You are sure to be happy if you go to Greenwich. Go then; and, above all, TAKE YOUR AMIABLE LADY WITH YOU.

Ah! if but ten readers will but follow this advice, Lancelot Wagstaff has not written in vain, and has made ten charming women happy!

(*Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*, July 1844.)

A LEAF OUT OF A SKETCH-BOOK.

IF you will take a leaf out of my sketch-book, you are welcome. It is only a scrap, but I have nothing better to give. When the fishing-boats come in at a watering-place, haven't you remarked that though these may be choking with great fish, you can only get a few herrings or a whiting or two? The big fish are all bespoken in London. As it is with fish, so it is with authors, let us hope. Some Mr. Charles of Paternoster Row, some Mr. Grove of Cornhill (or elsewhere), has agreed for your turbots and your salmon, your soles and your lobsters. Take one of my little fish—any leaf you like out of the little book--a battered little book: through what a number of countries, to be sure, it has travelled in this pocket!

The sketches are but poor performances, say you. I don't say no; and value them no higher than you do, except as recollections of the past. The little scrawl helps to fetch back the scene which was present and alive once, and is gone away now, and dead. The past resurges out of its grave: comes up—a sad-eyed ghost sometimes—and gives a wan ghost-like look of recognition, ere it pops down under cover again. Here's the Thames, an old graveyard, an old church, and some old chestnuts standing behind it. Ah! it was a very cheery place, that old graveyard; but what a dismal, cut-throat, cracked-windowed, disreputable residence was that "charming villa on the banks of the Thames," which led me on the day's excursion! Why, the "capacious stabling" was a ruinous wooden old barn, the garden was a mangy potato patch, overlooked by the territories of a neighbouring washerwoman. The housekeeper owned that the water was constantly in the cellars and ground-floor rooms in winter. Had I gone to live in that place, I should have perished like a flower in spring, or a young gazelle, let us say, with dark blue eyes. I had spent a day and hired a fly at ever so much charges, misled by an unveracious auctioneer, against whom I have no remedy for publishing that abominable work of fiction which led me to make a journey, lose a day, and waste a guinea.

What is the next picture in the little show-book? It is a scene at Calais. The sketch is entitled "The Little Merchant." He was a dear pretty little rosy-cheeked merchant, four years old maybe. He had a little scarlet *képi*; a little military frock-coat; a little pair of military red trousers and boots, which did not near touch the ground from the chair on which he sat sentinel. He was a little crockery merchant, and the wares over which he was keeping guard, sitting surrounded by walls and piles of them as in a little castle, were—— well, I never saw such a queer little crockery merchant.

Him and his little chair, boots, *képi*, crockery, you can see in the sketch—but I see, nay, hear, a great deal more. At the end of the quiet little old old street, which has retired out of the world's business as it were, being quite too aged, feeble, and musty to take any part in life—there is a great braying and bellowing of serpents and bassoons, a nasal chant of clerical voices, and a pattering of multitudinous feet. We run towards the market. It is a Church fête day. Banners painted and gilt with images of saints are flaming in the sun. Candles are held aloft, feebly twinkling in the noontide shine. A great procession of children with white veils, white shoes, white roses, passes, and the whole town is standing with its hat off to see the religious show. When I look at my little merchant, then, I not only see him, but that procession passing over the place; and as I see those

people in their surplices, I can almost see Eustache de Saint Pierre and his comrades walking in their shirts to present themselves to Edward and Philippa of blessed memory. And they stand before the wrathful monarch,—poor fellows, meekly shuddering in their chemises, with ropes round their necks; and good Philippa kneels before the royal conqueror, and says, "My King, my Edward, my *beau Sire*! Give these citizens their lives for our Lady's gramercy and the sake of thy Philippa!" And the Plantagenet growls, and scowls, and softens, and he lets those burgesses go. This novel and remarkable historical incident passes through my mind as I see the clergymen and clergy-boys pass in their little short white surplices on a mid-August day. The balconies are full, the bells are all in a jangle, and the blue noon-day sky quivers overhead.

I suppose other pen and pencil sketchers have the same feeling. The sketch brings back, not only the scene, but the circumstances under which the scene was viewed. In taking up an old book, for instance, written in former days by your humble servant, he comes upon passages which are outwardly lively and facetious, but inspire their writer with the most dismal melancholy. I lose all cognisance of the text sometimes, which is hustled and elbowed out of sight by the crowd of thoughts which throng forward, and which were alive and active at the time that text was born. Ah, my good sir! a man's books mayn't be interesting (and I could mention other authors' works besides this one's which set me to sleep), but if you knew *all* a writer's thoughts, how interesting his book would be! Why, a grocer's day-book might be a wonderful history, if alongside of the entries of cheese, pickles, and figs, you could read the circumstances of the writer's life, and the griefs, hopes, joys, which caused the heart to beat, while the hand was writing and the ink flowing fresh. Ah memory! ah the past! ah the sad sad past! Look under this waistcoat, my dear madam. There. Over the liver. Don't be frightened. You can't see it. But there, at this moment, I assure you, there is an enormous vulture gnawing, gnawing.

Turn over the page. You can't deny that this is a nice little sketch of a quaint old town, with city towers, and an embattled town gate, with a hundred peaked gables, and rickety balconies, and gardens sweeping down to the river wall, with its toppling ancient summer-houses under which the river rushes; the rushing river, the talking river, that murmurs all day, and brawls all night over the stones. At early morning and evening under this terrace which you see in the sketch—it is the terrace of the Steinbock or Capricorn Hotel—the cows come; and there, under the walnut-trees before the tannery, is a fountain and pump where the maids come in the afternoon,

and for some hours make a clatter as noisy as the river. Mountains gird it around, clad in dark green firs, with purple shadows gushing over their sides, and glorious changes and gradations of sunrise and setting. A more picturesque, quaint, kind, quiet little town than this of Coire, in the Grisons, I have seldom seen; or a more comfortable little inn than this of the Steinbock or Capricorn, on the terrace of which we are standing. But quick, let us turn the page. To look at it makes one horribly melancholy. As we are on the inn-terrace, one of our party lies ill in the hotel within. When will that doctor come? Can we trust to a Swiss doctor in a remote little town away at the confines of the railway world? He is a good, sensible, complacent doctor, *laus Deo*,—the people of the hotel as kind, as attentive, as gentle, as eager to oblige. But oh, the gloom of those sunshiny days; the sickening languor and doubt which fill the heart as the hand is making yonder sketch, and I think of the invalid suffering within!

Quick, turn the page. And what is here? This picture, ladies and gentlemen, represents a steamer on the Alabama river, plying (or *which plied*) between Montgomery and Mobile. See, there is a black nurse with a cotton handkerchief round her head, dandling and tossing a white baby. Look in at the open door of that cabin, or "state room" as they call the crib yonder. A mother is leaning by a bed-place; and see, kicking up in the air, are a little pair of white fat legs, over which that happy young mother is bending in such happy tender contemplation. That gentleman with a forked beard and a slouched hat, whose legs are sprawling here and there, and who is stabbing his mouth and teeth with his penknife, is quite good-natured, though he looks so fierce. A little time ago, as I was reading in the cabin, having one book in my hand and another at my elbow, he affably took the book at my elbow, read in it a little, and put it down by my side again. He meant no harm. I say he is quite good-natured and kind. His manners are not those of Mayfair, but is not Alabama a river as well as Thames? I wish that other little gentleman were in the cabin who asked me to liquor twice or thrice in the course of the morning, but whose hospitality I declined, preferring not to be made merry by wine or strong waters before dinner. After dinner, in return for his hospitality, I asked *him* if he would drink? "No, sir, I have dined," he answered, with very great dignity, and a tone of reproof. Very good. Manners differ. I have not a word to say.

Well, my little Mentor is not in my sketch, but he is in my mind as I look at it: and this sketch, ladies and gentlemen, is especially interesting and valuable, because *the steamer blew up on the very next journey*: blew up, I give you my honour,—burst her boilers close by

my state room, so that I might, had I but waited for a week, have witnessed a celebrated institution of the country, and had the full benefit of the boiling.

I turn a page, and who are these little men who appear on it? JIM and SADY are two young friends of mine at Savannah in Georgia. I made Sady's acquaintance on a first visit to America,—a pretty little brown boy with beautiful bright eyes,—and it appears that I presented him with a quarter of a dollar, which princely gift he remembered years afterwards, for never were eyes more bright and kind than the little man's when he saw me, and I dined with his kind masters on my second visit. Jim at my first visit had been a little toddling tadpole of a creature, but during the interval of the two journeys had developed into a full-blown beauty. On the day after my arrival these young persons paid me a visit, and here is an accurate account of a conversation which took place between us, as taken down on the spot by the elder of the interlocutors.

Jim is five years old: Sady is seben: only Jim is a great deal fatter. Jim and Sady have had sausage and hominy for breakfast. One sausage, Jim's, was the biggest. Jim can sing, but declines on being pressed, and looks at Sady and grins. They both work in de garden. Jim has been licked by Master, but Sady never. These are their best clothes. They go to church in these clothes. Heard a fine sermon yesterday, but don't know what it was about. Never heard of England, never heard of America. Like orangees best. Don't know any old woman who sells orangees. (*A pecuniary transaction takes place.*) Will give that quarter-dollar to Pa. That was Pa who waited at dinner. Are hungry, but dinner not cooked yet. Jim all the while is revolving on his axis, and when begged to stand still turns round in a fitful manner.

Exeunt Jim and Sady with a cake apiece which the housekeeper gives them. Jim tumbles downstairs.

In his little red jacket, his little—his little?—his immense red trousers, such a queer little laughing blackamoorkin I have never seen. Seen? I see him now, and Sady, and a half-dozen more of the good people, creeping on silent bare feet to the drawing-room door when the music begins, and listening with all their ears, with all their eyes. Good-night, kind warm-hearted little Sady and Jim! May peace soon be within your doors, and plenty within your walls! I have had so much kindness there, that I grieve to think of friends in arms, and brothers in anger.

(*The Victoria Regia, edited by Adelaide A. Procter,* 1861.)

THE DIGNITY OF LITERATURE.

To the Editor of the "Morning Chronicle."

SIR,—In a leading article of your journal of Thursday, the 3rd instant, you commented upon literary pensions and the status of literary men in this country, and illustrated your arguments by extracts from the story of "Pendennis," at present in course of publication. You have received my writings with so much kindness, that, if you have occasion to disapprove of them or the author, I can't question your right to blame me, or doubt for a moment the friendliness and honesty of my critic; and however I might dispute the justice of your verdict in my case, I had proposed to submit to it in silence, being indeed very quiet in my conscience with regard to the charge made against me.

But another newspaper of high character and repute takes occasion to question the principles advocated in your article of Thursday, arguing in favour of pensions for literary persons as you argued against them; and the only point upon which the *Examiner* and the *Chronicle* appear to agree, unluckily regards myself, who am offered up to general reprehension in two leading articles by the two writers: by the latter for "fostering a baneful prejudice" against literary men; by the former for "stooping to flatter" this prejudice in the public mind, and "condescending to caricature (as is too often my habit) my literary fellow-labourers, in order to pay court to the non-literary class."

The charges of the *Examiner* against a man who has never, to his knowledge, been ashamed of his profession, or (except for its dulness) of any single line from his pen, grave as they are, are, I hope, not proven. "To stoop to flatter" any class is a novel accusation brought against my writings; and as for my scheme "to pay court to the non-literary class by disparaging my literary fellow-labourers," it is a design which would exhibit a degree not only of baseness but of folly upon my part of which, I trust, I am not capable. The editor of the *Examiner* may perhaps occasionally write, like other authors, in a hurry, and not be aware of the conclusions to which some of his sentences may lead. If I stoop to flatter anybody's prejudices for some interested motives of my own, I am no more nor less than a rogue and a cheat; which deductions from the *Examiner's* premisses I will not stoop to contradict, because the premisses themselves are simply absurd.

I deny that the considerable body of our countrymen described by

the *Examiner* as "the non-literary class" has the least gratification in witnessing the degradation or disparagement of literary men. Why accuse "the non-literary class" of being so ungrateful? If the writings of an author give the reader pleasure or profit, surely the latter will have a favourable opinion of the person who benefits him. What intelligent man, of whatsoever political views, would not receive with respect and welcome that writer of the *Examiner* of whom your paper once said that "he made all England laugh and think"? Who would deny to that brilliant wit, that polished satirist, his just tribute of respect and admiration? Does any man who has written a book worth reading—any poet, historian, novelist, man of science—lose reputation by his character for genius or for learning? Does he not, on the contrary, get friends, sympathy, applause—money, perhaps?—all good and pleasant things in themselves, and not ungenerously awarded as they are honestly won. That generous faith in men of letters, that kindly regard in which the whole reading nation holds them, appear to me to be so clearly shown in our country every day, that to question them would be absurd, as, permit me to say for my part, it would be ungrateful. What is it that fills mechanics' institutes in the great provincial towns when literary men are invited to attend their festivals? Has not every literary man of mark his friends and his circle, his hundreds or his tens of thousands of readers? And has not everyone had from these constant and affecting testimonials of the esteem in which they hold him? It is of course one writer's lot, from the nature of his subject or of his genius, to command the sympathies or awaken the curiosity of many more readers than shall choose to listen to another author; but surely all get their hearing. The literary profession is not held in disrepute: nobody wants to disparage it, no man loses his social rank, whatever it may be, by practising it. On the contrary; the pen gives a place in the world to men who had none before, a fair place, fairly achieved by their genius, as any other degree of eminence is by any other kind of merit. Literary men need not, as it seems to me, be in the least querulous about their position any more, or want the pity of anybody. The money-prizes which the chief among them get are not so high as those which fall to men o other callings—to bishops, or to judges, or to opera-singers and actors, nor have they received stars and garters as yet, or peerages and governorships of islands, such as fall to the lot of military officers. The rewards of the profession are not to be measured by the money standard, for one man may spend a life of learning and labour on a book which does not pay the printer's bill; and another gets a little fortune by a few light volumes. But putting the money out of the question, I believe that the social estimation of the man of letters is

as good as it deserves to be, and as good as that of any other professional man.

With respect to the question in debate between you and the *Examiner*, as to the propriety of public rewards and honours to literary men, I don't see why men of letters should not cheerfully coincide with *Mr. Examiner*, in accepting all the honours, places, and prizes which they can get. The amount of such as will be awarded to them will not, we may be pretty sure, impoverish the country much; and if it is the custom of the State to reward by money, or titles of honour, or stars and garters of any sort, individuals who do the country service; and if individuals are gratified by having Sir, or my lord, appended to their names, or stars and ribbons hooked on to their coats and waistcoats, as men most undoubtedly are, and as their wives, families, and relations are—there can be no reason why men of letters should not have the chance, as well as men of the robe or the sword; or why, if honour and money are good for one profession, they should not be good for another. No man in other callings thinks himself degraded by receiving a reward from his Government; nor surely need the literary man be more squeamish about pensions, and ribbons, and titles, than the ambassador, or general, or judge. Every European State but ours rewards its men of letters; the American Government gives them their full share of its small patronage; and if Americans, why not Englishmen? If Pitt Crawley is disappointed at not getting a ribbon on retiring from his diplomatic post at Pumpernickel; if General O'Dowd is pleased to be called Sir Hector O'Dowd, K.C.B., and his wife at being denominated my Lady O'Dowd—are literary men to be the only persons exempt from vanity, and is it to be a sin in them to covet honour?

And now with regard to the charge against myself of fostering baneful prejudices against our calling—to which I no more plead guilty than I should think Fielding would have done, if he had been accused of a design to bring the Church into contempt by describing Parson Trulliber—permit me to say, that before you deliver sentence it would be as well to have waited to hear the whole of the argument. Who knows what is coming in the future numbers of the work which has incurred your displeasure and the *Examiner's*, and whether you, in accusing me of prejudice, and the *Examiner* (alas!) of swindling and flattering the public, have not been premature? Time and the hour may solve this mystery, for which the candid reader is referred to "our next."

That I have a prejudice against running into debt, and drunkenness, and disorderly life, and against quackery and falsehood in my profession, I own; and that I like to have a laugh at those pretenders

in it who write confidential news about fashion and politics for provincial *gobemouches*; but I am not aware of feeling any malice in describing this weakness, or of doing anything wrong in exposing the former vices. Have they never existed amongst literary men? Have their talents never been urged as a plea for improvidence, and their very faults adduced as a consequence of their genius? The only moral that I, as a writer, wish to hint in the descriptions against which you protest was, that it was the duty of a literary man, as well as any other, to practise regularity and sobriety, to love his family, and to pay his tradesmen. Nor is the picture I have drawn "a caricature which I condescend to," any more than it is a wilful and insidious design on my part to flatter "the non-literary class." If it be a caricature, it is the result of a natural perversity of vision, not of an artful desire to mislead; but my attempt was to tell the truth, and I meant to tell it not unkindly. I have seen the bookseller whom Bludyer robbed of his books; I have carried money, and from a noble brother man-of-letters, to someone not unlike Shandon in prison, and have watched the beautiful devotion of his wife in that place. Why are these things not to be described, if they illustrate, as they appear to me to do, that strange and awful struggle of good and wrong which takes place in our hearts and in the world? It may be that I work out my moral ill, or it may possibly be that the critic of the *Examiner* fails in apprehension. My effort as an artist came perfectly within his province as a censor; but when *Mr. Examiner* says of a gentleman that he is "stooping to flatter the public prejudice," which public prejudice does not exist, I submit that he makes a charge which is as absurd as it is unjust, and am thankful that it repels itself.

And instead of accusing the public of persecuting and disparaging us as a class, it seems to me that men of letters had best silently assume that they are as good as any other gentiemen; nor raise piteous controversies upon a question which all people of sense must take as settled. If I sit at your table, I suppose that I am my neighbour's equal, and that he is mine. If I begin straightway with a protest of "Sir, I am a literary man, but I would have you to know that I am as good as you," which of us is it that questions the dignity of the literary profession—my neighbour who would like to eat his soup in quiet, or the man of letters who commences the argument? And I hope that a comic writer, because he describes one author as improvident, and another as a parasite, may not only be guiltless of a desire to vilify his profession, but may really have its honour at heart. If there are no spendthrifts or parasites among us, the satire becomes unjust; but if such exist, or have existed, they are as good subjects for comedy as men of other callings. I never heard that the Bar

felt itself aggrieved because *Punch* chose to describe Mr. Dump's notorious state of insolvency, or that the picture of Stiggins, in "Pickwick," was intended as an insult to all Dissenters; or that all the attorneys in the empire were indignant at the famous history of the firm of "Quirk, Gammon, and Snap." Are we to be passed over because we are faultless, or because we cannot afford to be laughed at? And if every character in a story is to represent a class, not an individual—if every bad figure is to have its obliged contrast a good one, and a balance of vice and virtue is to be struck—novels, I think, would become impossible, as they would be intolerably stupid and unnatural; and there would be a lamentable end of writers and readers of such compositions. Believe me, Sir, to be your very faithful servant,

W. M. THACKERAY.

REFORM CLUB: *Jan.* 8.

(*Morning Chronicle*, January 12, 1850.)

MR. THACKERAY IN THE UNITED STATES.

To the Editor of "Fraser's Magazine."

YOU may remember, my dear Sir, how I prognosticated a warm reception for your Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh in New York—how I advised that he should come by a Collins rather than a Cunard liner—how that he must land at New York rather than at Boston—or, at any rate, that he mustn't dare to begin lecturing at the latter city, and bring "cold joints" to the former one. In the last particular he has happily followed my suggestion, and has opened with a warm success in the chief city. The journals have been full of him. On the 19th of November, he commenced his lectures before the Mercantile Library Association (young ardent commercialists), in the spacious New York Church belonging to the flock presided over by the Reverend Mr. Chapin; a strong row of ladies—the cream of the capital—and an "unusual number of the distinguished literary and professional celebrities." The critic of the *New York Tribune* is forward to commend his style of delivery as "that of a well-bred gentleman, reading with marked force and propriety to a large circle in the drawing-room." So far, excellent. This witness is a *gentleman* of the press, and is a credit to his order. But there

are some others who have whetted the ordinary American appetite of inquisitiveness with astounding intelligence. Sydney Smith excused the national curiosity as not only venial, but laudable. In 1824, he wrote—"Where men live in woods and forests, as is the case, of course, in remote American settlements, it is the duty of every man to gratify the inhabitants by telling them his name, place, age, office virtues, crimes, children, fortune, and remarks." It is not a matter of surprise, therefore, that this percontatorial foible has grown with the national growth.

You cannot help perceiving that the lion in America is public property and confiscate to the common weal. They trim the creature's nails, they cut the hair off his mane and tail (which is distributed or sold to his admirers), and they draw his teeth, which are frequently preserved with much the same care as you keep any memorable grinder whose presence has been agony and departure delight.

Bear-leading is not so much in vogue across the Atlantic as at your home in England; but the lion-leading is infinitely more in fashion.

Some learned man is appointed Androcles to the new arrival. One of the familiars of the press is despatched to attend the latest attraction, and by this reflecting medium the lion is perpetually presented to the popular gaze. The guest's most secret self is exposed by his host. Every action—every word—every gesture is preserved and proclaimed—a sigh—a nod—a groan—a sneeze—a cough—or a wink—is each written down by this recording minister, who blots out nothing. No *tabula rasa* with him. The portrait is limned with the fidelity of Parrhasius, and filled up with the minuteness of the Daguerre process itself. No bloodhound or Bow-Street officer can be keener or more exact on the trail than this irresistible and unavoidable spy. 'Tis in Austria they calotype criminals: in the far West the public press prints the identity of each notorious visitor to its shores.

In turn, Mr. Dickens, Lord Carlisle, Jenny Lind, and now Mr. Thackeray, have been lionised in America.

"They go to see, themselves a greater sight than all."

In providing for a gaping audience, narrators are disposed rather to go beyond reality. Your famous Oriental lecturer at the British and Foreign Institute had a wallet of personal experience, from which Lemuel Gulliver might have helped himself. With such hyperbole one or two of "our own correspondents" of American journals tell Mr. Thackeray more about his habits than he himself was cognisant

of. Specially I have selected from the *Sachem* and *Broadway Delineator* (the latter-named newspaper has quite a fabulous circulation) a pleasant history of certain of the peculiarities of your great humorist at which I believe he himself must smile.

Mr. Thackeray s person, height, breadth, hair, complexion, voice, gesticulation, and manner are, with a fair enough accuracy, described.

Anon, these recorders, upon which we play, softly whisper—

"One of his most singular habits is that of making rough sketches for caricatures on his finger-nails. The phosphoretic ink he originally used has destroyed the entire nails, so his fingers are now tipped with horn, on which he draws his portraits. The Duke of Marlboro' (under Queen Anne), General O'Gahagan (under Lord Lake), together with Ibrahim Pasha (at the Turkish Ambassador's), were thus taken. The celebrated engravings in the 'Paris Sketch Book,' 'Esmond,' &c., were made from these sketches. He has an insatiable passion for snuff, which he carries loose in his pockets. At a ball at the Duke of Northumberland's, he set a whole party sneezing, in a polka, in so convulsive a manner that they were obliged to break up in confusion. His pockets are all lined with tea-lead, after a fashion introduced by the late Lord Dartmouth.

"Mr. T. has a passion for daguerreotypes, of which he has a collection of many thousands. Most of these he took unobserved from the outer gallery of Saint Paul's. He generally carries his apparatus in one of Sangster's alpaca umbrellas, surmounted with a head of Dr. Syntax. (This umbrella, we believe, remained with the publishers of *Fraser's Magazine*, after the article on the London Exhibitions, in which it was alluded to.) He has been known to collar a beggar boy in the streets, drag him off to the nearest pastrycook's, and exercise his photographic art without ceremony. In London he had a tame laughing hyæna presented to him, on the breaking up of the Tower menagerie, which followed him like a dog, and was much attached to his master, though totally blind from confinement, deaf, and going on three legs and a wooden one. He was always surrounded by pets and domestic animals in his house; two owls live in the ivy-tod of the summer-house in the garden. His back sitting-room has an aviary. Monkeys, dogs, parrots, cats and guinea-pigs swarm in the chambers. The correspondent of the *Buffalo Revolver*, who stayed three weeks with Mr. Thackeray during the Great Exhibition, gave us these particulars.

"His papers on the 'Greater Petty Chaps' or 'Garden Warbler (*Sylva hortensis*),' 'the Fauvette,' created an immense sensation when Madame Otto Goldschmidt was last in London. The study is at the end of the garden. The outside is richly covered with honeysuckle, jasmine, and Virginian creepers. Here Mr. T. sits in perfect solitude, 'chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy.' Being an early riser, he is generally to be found there in the morning, whence he can watch the birds. His daily costume is a hanging chlamys, or frock-coat, which he closely buttons, to avoid the encum-

brance of a waistcoat. Hence the multiplicity of his coat-pockets, whose extreme utility to him during his lecture has been remarked elsewhere. He wears no braces, but his nether garments are sustained by a suspensory belt or bandage of hemp round his loins. Socks or stockings he despises as effeminate, and has been heard to sigh for the days of the *solea* or σανδάλιον. A hair-shirt, close to the skin as Dejanira's robe, with a changeable linen front of the finest texture—a mortification, or penance, according to his cynical contempt and yet respect for human vanity—is a part of his ordinary apparel. A gibus hat and a pair of bluchers complete his attire. By a contrivance borrowed from the disguises of pantomimists, he undresses himself in the twinkling of a bedpost; and can slip into bed while an ordinary man is pulling off his coat. He is awaked from his sleep (lying always on his back in a sort of mesmeric trance) by a black servant (Joe's domestic in 'Vanity Fair'), who enters the bedroom at four o'clock precisely every morning, winter or summer, tears down the bed-clothes, and literally saturates his master with a can of cold water drawn from the nearest spring. As he has no whiskers, he never needs to shave, and he is used to clean his teeth with the feather end of the quill with which he writes in bed. (In this free and enlightened country he will find he need not waste his time in cleaning his teeth at all.) With all his excessive simplicity, he is as elaborate in the arrangement of his dress as Count d'Orsay or Mr. Brummel. His toilet occupies him after matin studies till midday. He then sits down to a substantial 'bever,' or luncheon of 'tea, coffee, bread, butter, salmon-shad, liver, black puddings, and sausages.' At the top of this he deposits two glasses of ratafia and three-fourths of a glass of rum-shrub. Immediately after the meal his horses are brought to the door; he starts at once in a mad gallop, or coolly commences a gentle amble, according to the character of the work, fast or slow, that he is engaged upon.

"He pays no visits and, being a solitudinarian, frequents not even a single club in London. He dresses punctiliously for dinner every day. He is but a sorry eater, and avoids all vegetable diet, as he thinks it dims the animal spirits. Only when engaged on pathetic subjects does he make a hearty meal; for the body macerated by long fasting, he says, cannot unaided contribute the tears he would shed over what he writes. Wine he abhors, as a true Mussulman. Mr. T.'s favourite drink is gin and toast-and-water, or cider and bitters, cream and cayenne.

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"In religion a Parsee (he was born in Calcutta), in morals a Stagyrite, in philosophy an Epicurean; though nothing in his conversation or manners would lead one to surmise that he belonged to either or any of these sects. In politics an unflinching Tory; fond of the Throne, admiring the Court, attached to the peerage, proud of the army and navy; a thick and thin upholder of Church and State, he is for tithes and taxes as in Pitt's time. He wears hair powdered to this day, from his entire reliance on the wisdom of his forefathers. Besides his novels, he is the author of the 'Vestiges of Creation,' the 'Errors of Numismatics,' 'Junius's Letters,' and 'Ivanhoe.'

The sequel to this last he published three or four years ago. He wrote all Louis Napoleon's works, and Madame H.'s exquisite love letters; and whilst secretary to that prince in confinement at Ham, assisted him in his escape, by knocking down the sentry with a ruler with which he had been ruling accounts. Mr. T. is very fond of boxing, and used to have an occasional set-to with Ben Caunt, the Tipton Slasher, and young Sambo. He fences admirably, and ran the celebrated Bertrand through the lungs twice, at an *assaut d'armes* in Paris. He is an exquisite dancer, he founded Laurent's Casino (was a pupil of Old Grimaldi, surnamed *Iron Legs*), and played Harlequin in 'Mother Goose' pantomime once, when Ella, the regular performer, was taken ill and unable to appear.

"He has no voice, ear, or fancy even, for music, and the only instruments he cares to listen to are the Jew's-harp, the bagpipes, and the 'Indian drum.'

"He is disputatious and loquacious to a degree in company; and at a dinner at the Bishop of Oxford's, the discussion with Mr. Macaulay respecting the death of Mausolus, the husband of Zenobia, occupied the disputants for thirteen hours ere either rose to retire. Mr. Macaulay was found exhausted under the table. He has no acquaintance with modern languages, and his French, which he freely uses throughout his writings, is furnished by the Parisian governess in the Baron de B.'s establishment. In the classics he is superior to either Professor Sedgwick or Blackie (*vide* his 'Colloquies on Strabo,' and the 'Curtian Earthquake'). He was twice senior opt. at Magdalen College, and three times running carried off Barnes's prize for Greek Theses and Cantate," κ. τ. λ.

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Happily these delicate attentions have not ruffled Mr. Thackeray's good temper and genial appreciation of the high position occupied by literary men in the United States. Let me avow that this position not only reflects credit on the country which awards it, but helps to shed its lustre on the men of letters who become the guests of its hospitality. Mr. Thackeray's last lecture of the series, on the 7th ult., gracefully conceded this in the following tribute :—

"In England it was my custom, after the delivery of these lectures, to point such a moral as seemed to befit the country I lived in, and to protest against an outcry, which some brother authors of mine most imprudently and unjustly raise, when they say that our profession is neglected and its professors held in light esteem. Speaking in this country, I would say that such a complaint could not only not be advanced, but could not be even understood here, where your men of letters take their manly share in public life; whence Everett goes as minister to Washington, and Irving and Bancroft to represent the republic in the old country. And if to English authors the English public is, as I believe, kind and just in the main, can any of us say, will any who visit your country not proudly and gratefully own, with what a

cordial and generous greeting you receive us? I look round on this great company. I think of my gallant young patrons of the Mercantile Library Association, as whose servant I appear before you, and of the kind hands stretched out to welcome me by men famous in letters, and honoured in our country as in their own, and I thank you and them for a most kindly greeting and a most generous hospitality. At home, and amongst his own people, it scarce becomes an English writer to speak of himself; his public estimation must depend upon his works; his private esteem on his character and his life. But here, among friends newly found, I ask leave to say that I am thankful; and I think with a grateful heart of those I leave behind me at home, who will be proud of the welcome you hold out to me, and will benefit, please God, when my days of work are over, by the kindness which you show to their fa'her."

JOHN SMALL.

(*Fraser's Magazine*, January 1853.)

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*GOETHE IN HIS OLD AGE.**

LONDON: *April* 28, 1855.

DEAR LEWES,—I wish I had more to tell you regarding Weimar and Goethe. Five-and-twenty years ago, at least a score of young English lads used to live at Weimar for study, or sport, or society: all of which were to be had in the friendly little Saxon capital. The Grand Duke and Duchess received us with the kindliest hospitality. The Court was splendid, but yet most pleasant and homely. We were invited in our turns to dinners, balls, and assemblies there. Such young men as had a right appeared in uniforms, diplomatic and military. Some, I remember, invented gorgeous clothing: the kind old Hof-Marschall of those days, Monsieur de Spiegel (who had two of the most lovely daughters eyes ever looked on), being in nowise difficult as to the admission of these young Englanders. Of the winter nights we used to charter sedan-chairs, in which we were carried through the snow to those pleasant Court entertainments. I for my part had the good luck to purchase Schiller's sword, which formed a part of my Court costume, and still hangs in my study, and puts me in mind of days of youth the most kindly and delightful.

* This letter was written by Mr. Thackeray in answer to a request from G. H. Lewes for some account of his recollections of Goethe. It is printed in Lewes's "Life of Goethe," p. 560.

We knew the whole society of the little city, and but that the young ladies, one and all, spoke admirable English, we surely might have learned the very best German. The society met constantly. The ladies of the Court had their evenings. The theatre was open twice or thrice in the week, where we assembled, a large family party. Goethe had retired from the direction, but the great traditions remained still. The theatre was admirably conducted; and besides the excellent Weimar company, famous actors and singers from various parts of Germany performed "Gastrolle"* through the winter. In that winter I remember we had Ludwig Devrient in Shylock, "Hamlet," Falstaff, and the "Robbers;" and the beautiful Schröder in "Fidelio."

After three-and-twenty years' absence I passed a couple of summer days in the well-remembered place, and was fortunate enough to find some of the friends of my youth. Madame de Goethe was there, and received me and my daughters with the kindness of old days. We drank tea in the open air at the famous cottage in the Park,† which still belongs to the family, and has been so often inhabited by her illustrious father.

In 1831, though he had retired from the world, Goethe would nevertheless very kindly receive strangers. His daughter-in-law's tea-table was always spread for us. We passed hours after hours there, and night after night, with the pleasantest talk and music. We read over endless novels and poems in French, English, and German. My delight in those days was to make caricatures for children. I was touched to find that they were remembered, and some even kept until the present time; and very proud to be told, as a lad, that the great Goethe had looked at some of them.

He remained in his private apartments, where only a very few privileged persons were admitted; but he liked to know all that was happening, and interested himself about all strangers. Whenever a countenance struck his fancy, there was an artist settled in Weimar who made a portrait of it. Goethe had quite a gallery of heads, in black and white, taken by this painter. His house was all over pictures, drawings, casts, statues, and medals.

Of course I remember very well the perturbation of spirit with which, as a lad of nineteen, I received the long-expected intimation that the Herr Geheimrath would see me on such a morning. This notable audience took place in a little antechamber of his private apartments, covered all round with antique casts and bas-reliefs. He was habited in a long grey or drab redingote, with a white neckcloth

* What in England are called "starring engagements."

† The *Gartenhaus*.

and a red ribbon in his button-hole. He kept his hands behind his back, just as in Rauch's statuette. His complexion was very bright, clear, and rosy. His eyes extraordinarily dark,* piercing and brilliant. I felt quite afraid before them, and recollect comparing them to the eyes of the hero of a certain romance called "Melmoth the Wanderer," which used to alarm us boys thirty years ago; eyes of an individual who had made a bargain with a Certain Person, and at an extreme old age retained these eyes in all their awful splendour. I fancy Goethe must have been still more handsome as an old man than even in the days of his youth. His voice was very rich and sweet. He asked me questions about myself, which I answered as best I could. I recollect I was at first astonished, and then somewhat relieved, when I found he spoke French with not a good accent.

Vidi tantum. I saw him but three times. Once walking in the garden of his house in the *Frauenplan*; once going to step into his chariot on a sunshiny day, wearing a cap and a cloak with a red collar. He was caressing at the time a beautiful little golden-haired granddaughter, over whose sweet fair face the earth has long since closed too.

Any of us who had books or magazines from England sent them to him, and he examined them eagerly. *Fraser's Magazine* had lately come out, and I remember he was interested in those admirable outline portraits which appeared for awhile in its pages. But there was one, a very ghastly caricature of Mr. Rogers, which, as Madame de Goethe told me, he shut up and put away from him angrily. "They would make me look like that," he said: though in truth I can fancy nothing more serene, majestic, and *healthy*-looking than the grand old Goethe.

Though his sun was setting, the sky round about was calm and bright, and that little Weimar illumined by it. In every one of those kind salons the talk was still of Art and Letters. The theatre, though possessing no very extraordinary actors, was still conducted with a noble intelligence and order. The actors read books, and were men of letters and gentlemen, holding a not unkindly relationship with the *Adel.* At Court the conversation was exceedingly friendly, simple, and polished. The Grand Duchess (the present Grand Duchess Dowager), a lady of very remarkable endowments, would kindly borrow our books from us, lend us her own, and graciously talk to us young men about our literary tastes and pursuits. In the respect paid by this Court to the Patriarch of letters, there was something ennobling, I think, alike to the subject and sovereign. With a five-and-twenty

* This must have been the effect of the position in which he sat with regard to the light. Goethe's eyes were dark brown, but not very dark.

years' experience since those happy days of which I write, and an acquaintance with an immense variety of humankind, I think I have never seen a society more simple, charitable, courteous, gentleman-like, than that of the dear little Saxon city where the good Schiller and the great Goethe lived and lie buried.

Very sincerely yours,

W. M. THACKERAY.

TIMBUCTOO.

To the Editor of "The Snob."

SIR,—Though your name be "Snob," I trust you will not refuse this tiny "Poem of a Gownsman," which was unluckily not finished on the day appointed for delivery of the several copies of verses on Timbuctoo. I thought, Sir, it would be a pity that such a poem should be lost to the world; and conceiving "The Snob" to be the most widely circulated periodical in Europe, I have taken the liberty of submitting it for insertion or approbation.

I am, Sir, yours, &c., &c., &c.

T.

TIMBUCTOO.*

The situation.

In Africa (a quarter of the world)
Men's skins are black, their hair is crisp and curl'd;
And somewhere there, unknown to public view,
A mighty city lies, called Timbuctoo.

The natural history.

There stalks the tiger,—there the lion roars
Who sometimes eats the luckless blackamoors;
All that he leaves of them the monster throws
To jackals, vultures, dogs, cats, kites, and crows.

Line 1 and 2. See Guthrie's Geography.

The site of Timbuctoo is doubtful; the Author has neatly expressed this in the Poem, at the same time giving us some slight hints relative to its situation.

Line 5. So Horace.—leonum arida nutrix.

Line 8. Thus Apollo ἐλώρια τεῦχε κύνεσσιν
Οἰωνοῖσί τε πᾶσι.

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* This parody probably represents Mr. Thackeray's first appearance in print. In the year 1829, when only eighteen years of age, he was chiefly concerned in starting a short-lived Cambridge undergraduate magazine entitled *The Snob*. He is believed to have been responsible for a considerable proportion of the contents, which are not of any particular merit, but with the exception of this parody of a Cambridge Prize Poem (on the subject, as will be remembered, for which Tennyson gained the Chancellor's Medal), it is not possible to be certain which contributions were from his pen, though there are several epigrammatic verses and some letters full of misspelling and Malapropisms, from Dorothea Julia Ramsbottom, which are almost unmistakably his.

His hunger thus the forest monarch gluts,
And then lies down 'neath trees called cocoa nuts.

The lion hunt.

Quick issue out, with musket, torch, and brand,
The sturdy blackamoors, a dusky band!
The beast is found,—pop goes the musketoons,—
The lion falls, covered with horrid wounds.

Their lives at home.

At home their lives in pleasure always flow,
But many have a different lot to know!

Abroad.

They're often caught, and sold as slaves, alas!

Reflections on the foregoing.

Thus men from highest joy to sorrow pass.
Yet though thy monarchs and thy nobles boil
Rack and molasses in Jamaica's isle!
Desolate Afric! thou art lovely yet!!
One heart yet beats which ne'er shall thee forget.
What though thy maidens are a blackish brown,
Does virtue dwell in whiter breasts alone?
Oh no, oh no, oh no, oh no, oh no!
It shall not, must not, cannot, e'er be so.

Line 5–10. How skilfully introduced are the animal and vegetable productions of Africa! It is worthy to remark the various garments in which the Poet hath clothed the Lion. He is called 1st, the Lion; 2nd, the Monster (for he is very large); and 3rd, the Forest Monarch, which he undoubtedly is.

Line 11–14. The Author confesses himself under peculiar obligations to Denham's and Clapperton's Travels, as they suggested to him the spirited description contained in these lines.

Line 13. "Pop goes the musketoons." A learned friend suggested "Bang," as a stronger expression; but, as African gunpowder is notoriously bad, the Author thought "Pop" the better word.

Line 15–18. A concise but affecting description is here given of the domestic habits of the people,—the infamous manner in which they are entrapped and sold as slaves is described,—and the whole ends with an appropriate moral sentiment. The Poem might here finish, but the spirit of the bard penetrates the veil of futurity, and from it cuts off a bright piece for the hitherto unfortunate Africans, as the following beautiful lines amply exemplify.

It may perhaps be remarked that the Author has here "changed his hand;" he answers that it was his intention so to do. Before it was his endeavour to be elegant and concise, it is now his wish to be enthusiastic and magnificent. He trusts the Reader will perceive the aptness with which he hath changed his style: when he narrated facts he was calm, when he enters on prophecy he is fervid.

The enthusiasm which he feels is beautifully expressed in lines 25, 26. He thinks he has very successfully imitated in the last six lines the best

The day shall come when Albion's self shall feel
Stern Afric's wrath, and writhe 'neath Afric's steel.
I see her tribes the hill of glory mount,
And sell their sugars on their own account;
While round her throne the prostrate nations come,
Sue for her rice, and barter for her rum.

manner of Mr. Pope, and in lines 19–26 the pathetic elegance of the Author of Australasia and Athens.

The Author cannot conclude without declaring that his aim in writing this Poem will be fully accomplished, if he can infuse in the breasts of Englishmen a sense of the danger in which they lie. Yes—Africa! If he can awaken one particle of sympathy for thy sorrows, of love for thy land, of admiration for thy virtue, he shall sink into the grave with the proud consciousness that he has raised esteem, where before there was contempt, and has kindled the flame of hope, on the smouldering ashes of Despair!

MISS TICKLETOBY'S LECTURES

ON

ENGLISH HISTORY

MISS TICKLETOBY'S LECTURES ON ENGLISH HISTORY.

A CHARACTER

(TO INTRODUCE ANOTHER CHARACTER).

WE have the pleasure to be acquainted with a young fellow by the name of Adolphus Simcoe, who, like many another person of his age and rank in life, has been smitten with a love for literary pursuits, which have brought him to early ruin.

He gained a decent maintenance as assistant in the shop of Messrs. ——, apothecaries, Cheapside, but even then was observed never to move without a Byron in his pocket, and used to amuse the other gents in the establishment by repeating whole passages from Shelley, Wordsworth, and Moore. To one young man he confided a large ledger of poems, of his own composition; but being of a timid turn, and the young man falling asleep during the reading of the very first ballad, Adolphus never attempted a similar proceeding with any of his comrades again, but grew more morose and poetical, frequenting the theatres, coming late to business, living alone, and turning down his shirt-collars more and more every day. Messrs. Butler had almost predetermined, although with regret, to turn away the lad, when he prevented that step on their part by signifying his own intention to retire. His grandmother, who, we are led to believe, kept a small shop in the town of York, left Adolphus a fortune of three hundred pounds in the Three per Cents, which sum he thought fully adequate for the making of his fortune in his own way.

His passion was to become an editor of a Magazine; to assemble about him "the great spirits of the age," as he called them; and to be able to communicate his own contributions to the public, aided by all the elegances of type, and backed by all the ingenuities of puffery.

That celebrated miscellany, the "Lady's Lute," then being for sale —indeed, if a gentleman has a mind to part with his money, it is very hard if he cannot find some periodical with a broom at its masthead— Adolphus, for the sum of forty-five pounds, became the proprietor and editor of the "Lute;" and had great pleasure in seeing his own name in the most Gothic capitals upon the title-page—his poems occupying the place of honour within. The honest fellow has some good mercantile notions, and did not in the least hesitate to say, on the part of the proprietors, and on the fly-leaf of the Magazine, that the Public of England would rejoice to learn, that the great aid of ADOLPHUS SIMCOE, ESQUIRE, had been secured, at an immense expense, for the "Lady's Lute;" that his contributions would henceforth be *solely* confined to it, and that the delighted world would have proofs of his mighty genius in song.

Having got all the poets by heart, he had a pretty knack of imitating them all, and in a single ballad would give you specimens of, at least, half-a-dozen different styles. He had, moreover, an emphatic way of his own, which was for a little time popular; and the public, for near a year, may be said to have been almost taken in by Adolphus Simcoe—as they have been by other literary characters of his kind. It is, we do believe, a fact, that for a certain time Adolphus's Magazine actually paid its contributors; and it is a known truth, that one India-paper proof of the portrait of himself, which he published in the second year of his editorship, was bought by a young lady, a sincere admirer of his poems.

In the course of eighteen months he exhausted his manuscript ledger of poetry—he published his "Ghoul," a poem in Lord Byron's style; his "Leila," after the manner of Thomas Moore; his "Idiosyncrasy," a didactic poem, that strongly reminded one of Wordsworth; and his "Gondola, a Venetian Lay," that may be considered to be slightly similar to the works of L. E. L. Then he came out with a Tragedy, called "Perdition, or the Rosicrucian Gammons," of which the dulness was so portentous, that at the end of the fourth act it was discovered there were not more than thirty-three subscribers left to the Magazine.

Suffice it to say, that though he continued the work desperately for six months longer, pouring, as he said, the whole energies of his soul into its pages—(the fact was that, as there was no more money, there were no more contributors)—though he wrote articles pathetic, profound, and humorous, commenced romances, and indited the most bitter and sarcastic reviews, the "Lady's Lute" fell to the ground—its chords, as he said, were rudely snapped asunder, and he who had swept them with such joy went forth a wretched and heartbroken man.

He passed three months in her Majesty's Asylum of the Fleet, from whence he issued in brocade robe-de-chambre, and the possessor of the cut-glass bottles and shaving trumpery of a dressing-case, the silver covers of which he had pawned in order to subsist while in durance.

Our belief is that Miss Tickletoby is his relation: it is certain that he sleeps in her back garret (and the venerable age of the lady puts all scandal out of the question); he has, we are fully certain, instructed her pupils in penmanship, filling up his leisure moments by writing what would have been contributions to the Magazines, if those works would but have accepted the same.

He still speaks of the "Lady's Lute" as of the greatest periodical that ever was produced, and but the other day apologised warmly to the writer of this for having abused his early volume of Poems—"Lyrics of the Soul" they were called—written at sixteen, when we were students at the University of London. He persists in thinking that the author of "Lyrics of the Soul" has never forgiven him, that he has never been the same man since, but has pined away under the effects of that withering sarcasm. Our next work, he says, was the bitter Slough of Despair—it was called "The Downy Dragsman; or, Love in Liquorpond Street." This, at least, the reader will remember. Could anything be more frank than its humour—more joyously low than every one of the scenes in that truly racy production?

It is needless to say, we have no sort of anger against poor Adolphus; but that, on the contrary, meeting him very wild and gloomy, and more than usually dirty, at the "Globe," in Bow Street, which we both frequent, it was a great pleasure to us to lend him seven shillings, which enabled him to order a dish of meat in addition to that unhappy half-pint of beer which seemed really to form all his dinner.

The dinner and the money made him communicative; and he was good enough to confide to us the history of a vast number of his disappointments—"His blighted opes—his withered dreams of hearly years—his 'vain hambition'" (Adolphus is a Londoner, whatever his grandmother may have been), and at the end of all, he pulled out a manuscript (which is always rather a frightful object to a literary man), but instead of reading it began, thank Heaven! only to discourse about it. It was another's writing, not his own.

"Halfred," said he, "you know I hoccupy no common position in the literary world. I ave at least done so, until misfortune hovertook me. Since my sorrows, I've been kindly oused by a munificent being—a woman ("'ere's to 'er,'" said he, draining his glass solemnly, "who doubles hall our joys, and alves hall our sorrows—to woman!"). Having finished his brandy-and-water, he resumed:—

"Hever since hi've been in the ouse of that hangelic being—she's hold, Halfred, hold enough to be my grandmother, and so I pray you let the sneer pass away from your lips—hi've not neglected, has you may himagine, the sacred calling for which hi feel hi was born. Poesy has been my solace in my lonely hagonies, hand I've tried the newspapers hall round. But they're a callous and ard-earted set, those literary men—men who have feasted at my table, and quaffed of my wine-cup—men, who in the days of my prosperity have grown rich from my purse—will you believe it, they won't accept a single harticle of my writing, and scornfully pass me by! Worse than this—they refuse to elp me by the most simple puff, for me and mine; would you believe it, my dear friend, Miss Tickletoby has just commenced a series of lectures, for which hi'm hanxious to get the world's good opinion, and not one paper will hinsert the little description I've written off. The *Hage*, the *Hargus*, the *Hera*, hi've applied to 'em all, and they're hall the same—hall, hall, ungrateful."

"My dear fellow, if you will write verse," said I——

"It's not verse," answered Adolphus, "it's prose—a report of Miss T.'s lecture, prefaced by a modest leading harticle."

"I'll see if I can get it into *Punch*," said I.

"Hush, *Punch*!" shouted he, "Heavens, have you fallen so low? I, write in *Punch*! Gracious powers! In *Punch*—in *Punch*!"

"Rum or brandy, sir?" said Betsy, the waiter, who caught the last word.

"*Rum*," said Adolphus (with a good deal of presence of mind); and, as he drank the steaming liquor, took my hand. "Halfred," said he, "tell me this one thing—does *Punch pay*? for, between ourselves, Miss Tickletoby says that she'll turn me out of doors unless I can make myself useful to her and—pay my bill."

Adolphus Simcoe is to be paid for his contributions, and *next week* we shall begin Miss Tickletoby's Lectures.

LECTURE I.

WE have just had the joy to be present at one of the most splendid exhibitions of intelligence which has been witnessed in our splendid and intelligent time.

The great spirit of History, distilled in a mighty mind's alembic, outpouring, clear, rich, strong, intoxicating oft—so delicious was the

draught, and so eager the surrounding drinkers—the figures of statesmen and heroes, wise heroes and heroic statesmen, caught up from their darkness in the far past, and made by the enchantress to shine before us visible; the gorgeous and gigantic memories of old Time rising stately from their graves, and looking on us as in life they looked: such were thoughts, sensations, visions, that we owe to the eloquence of Miss Tickletoby this day.

We write under a tremendous emotion, for the words of the fair speaker still thrill in our ears; nor can we render account of one tithe part of that mystic harmony of words, that magic spell of poesy, which the elegant oratrix flung round her audience—a not readily-to-be-dissipated charm.

Suffice it to say that, pursuant to her announcements in the public prints, this accomplished lady commenced her series of lectures on English History to-day. Her friends, her pupils, those who know and esteem her (and these consist of the rarest of England's talent, and the brightest of her aristocracy), were assembled at one o'clock punctually in her modest dwelling (No. 3 Leg-of-Veal Court, Little Britain, over the greengrocer's; pull the *third* bell from the bottom). We were among the first to attend, and gladly give the publicity of our columns to a record of the glorious transactions of the day. The reporters of this paper were employed in taking down every word that fell from the speaker's lips—(would that they could have likewise transferred the thrilling tones and magic glance which made her words a thousand times more precious): we, on the other hand, being from our habits more accustomed to philosophic abbreviation, have been contented with taking down rather the heads and the *suggestivity* (if we may use the phrase) of Miss Tickletoby's discourse, and we flatter ourselves that upon a comparison with the text, the analysis will be found singularly faithful.

We have spoken of the public character: a word now regarding Miss Tickletoby *the woman.* She has long been known and loved in the quarter of which she is the greatest blessing and ornament—that of St. Mary Axe.

From her early life practising tuition, some of the best families of the City owe to her their earliest introduction to letters. Her Spelling-book is well known, and has run through very nearly an edition; and when we rank among her pupils *the daughter of one of the clerks of Alderman Harmer* AND A NIECE OF A LATE HONOURED LORD MAYOR, we have said enough to satisfy the most fastidious votary of fashion with respect to the worldly position of those who sit at Miss Tickletoby's feet.

Miss Tickletoby believes that education to be effective, should be

begun early, and therefore receives her pupils from the age of two upwards. Nay, she has often laughingly observed that she would have no objection to take them from the month, as childhood's training can never be too soon commenced. Of course, at so tender an age, *sex* is no consideration. Miss Tickletoby's children (as she loves to call them) are both of the sterner and the softer varieties of our human species.

With regard to her educational system, it is slightly coercive. She has none of the new-fangled notions regarding the inutility of corporal punishments, but, remembering their effects in her own case, does not hesitate to apply them whenever necessity urges.

On Wednesdays (half-holidays) she proposes to deliver a series of lectures upon English history, occasionally (it would appear from a hint in the present discourse) diversified by subjects of a lighter and more holiday kind. *We shall attend them all*—nor can the public of this city do better than follow our example. The price of tickets for the six lectures is—ninepence.

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer cloud
Without our special wonder?

THE LECTURE-ROOM.

The lecture was announced for one o'clock, and arriving at that hour, we found the room full of rank and fashion. Excellent accommodation was arranged for the public press. Flowers, some of those cheap but lovely and odorous ones which form the glory of England's garden, were placed tastefully here and there—on the mantel, on the modest table at which stood the lecturer's chair, and a large and fragrant bouquet in the window-sill. These were (with the exception of a handsome curtain that hung before the door from which Miss Tickletoby was to issue) the sole ornaments of the simple academic chamber.

The lovely children, with wistful eyes and cheeks more flushed than any roses there, were accommodated with their usual benches, while their parents were comfortably ranged in chairs behind them. 'Twas indeed a thrilling sight—a sight to bring tears into the philanthropic heart—happy tears though—such as those spring showers which fall from the lids of childhood, and which rainbow joy speedily dries up again.

The bell rings: one moment—and the chintz curtain draws aside; and 'midst waving of kerchiefs, and shouting of bravos, and with

smiling eyes fixed upon her, and young hearts to welcome her, THE LECTURER steps forth. *Now*, *our* task is over. Gentles, let the enchantress speak for herself.

Having cleared her voice, and gazing round the room with a look of affection, she began

THE LECTURE.

MY LOVES,—With regard to the early history of our beloved country, before King Alfred ascended the throne, I have very little indeed to say; in the first place, because the story itself is none of the most moral—consisting of accounts of murders agreeably varied by invasions; and secondly, dears, because, to tell you the truth, I have always found those first chapters so abominably stupid, that I have made a point to pass them over. For I had an indulgent mamma, who did not look to my education so much as I do to yours, and provided she saw Howell's "Medulla" before me, never thought of looking to see whether "Mother Goose" was within the leaves. Ah, dears! that is a pleasant history, too, and in holiday time we will have a look at *that*.

Well, then, about the abominable, odious Danes and Saxons, the Picts and the Scots, I know very little, and must say have passed through life pretty comfortably in spite of my ignorance. Not that this should be an excuse to *you*—no, no, darlings; learn for learning's sake; if not, I have something hanging up in the cupboard, and you know my name is Tickletoby. [*Great sensation.*]

How first our island became inhabited is a point which nobody knows. I do not believe a word of that story at the beginning of the "Seven Champions of Christendom," about King Brute and his companions; and as for the other hypotheses (Let Miss Biggs spell the word "hypothesis," and remember not to confound it with "apothecary") they are not worth consideration. For as the first man who entered the island could not write, depend on it he never set down the date of his arrival; and I leave you to guess what a confusion about dates there would speedily be—you who can't remember whether it was last Thursday or Friday that you had gooseberry pudding for dinner.

Those little dears who have not seen Mrs. Trimmer's "History of England" have, no doubt, beheld pictures of Mr. Oldridge's Balm of Columbia. The ancient Britons were like the lady represented there, only not black; the excellent Mrs. T.'s pictures of these, no doubt, are authentic, and there our ancestors are represented as dressed in painted skins, and wearing their hair as long as possible.

I need not say that it was their own skins they painted, because, as for clothes, they were not yet invented.

Perhaps some of my darlings have seen at their papas' evening parties some curious (female) Britons who exist in our own time, and who, out of respect for the country in which they were born, are very fond of the paint, and not at all partial to clothes.

As for the religion of the ancient Britons, as it was a false and abominable superstition, the less we say about it the better. If they had a religion, you may be sure they had a clergy. This body of persons were called Druids. The historian Hume says that they instructed the youth of the country, which, considering not one boy in 1,000,000,000,000 could read, couldn't give the Druids much trouble. The Druids likewise superintended the law matters and government of Britain; and, in return for their kindness, were handsomely paid, as all teachers of youth, lawyers, and ministers ought to be. ["*Hear, hear,*" *from* Lord ABINGER *and* Sir ROBERT PEEL.]

The ancient Britons were of a warlike, rude nature (and loved broils and battles, like Master Spry yonder). They used to go forth with clubs for weapons, and bulls' horns for trumpets; and so with their clubs and trumps they would engage their enemies, who sometimes conquered them, and sometimes were conquered by them, according to luck.

The priests remained at home and encouraged them; praying to their gods, and longing no doubt for a share of the glory and danger; but they learned, they said, to sacrifice themselves for the public good. Nor did they only sacrifice themselves—I grieve to say that it was their custom to sacrifice other people: for when the Britons returned from war with their prisoners, the priests carried the latter into certain mysterious groves, where they slew them on the horrid altars of their gods. The gods, they said, delighted in these forests and these dreadful human sacrifices, and you will better remember the facts by my representing these gods to you as so many wicked Lovegroves, and their victims as unfortunate Whitebait. [*Immense sensation.*]

And as your papas have probably taken some of you to see the opera of "Norma," which relates to these very Druids that we are talking about, you will know that the ancient Britons had not only priests, but priestesses—that is, clergywomen. Remember this, and don't commit an error which is common in society, and talk of two clerical gentlemen as two *priestesses*. It is a gross blunder. One might as well speak of the "Blue Posteses" (in Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, where, I am told, excellent beef-steaks are served), or talk of having your *breakfasteses*, as I have heard the Duchess of ——

often do. Remember, then, Priests; singular, Priest. "Blue Posts" (Cork Street, Burlington Gardens); singular, "Blue Post." "Breakfasts," singular—What is the singular of "breakfasts," Miss Higgins?

Miss Higgins. I don't know.

Master Smith (*delighted and eager*). I know.

Miss Tickletoby. Speak, my dear, and tell that inattentive Miss Higgins what is the singular of "breakfasts."

Master Smith (*clearing his voice by rubbing his jacket sleeve across his nose*). The most singular breakfast *I* know is old John Wapshot's, who puts sugar in his muffins, and takes salt in his tea! [Master SMITH *was preparing to ascend to the head of the class, but was sternly checked by* Miss TICKLETOBY, *who resumed her discourse.*]

It was not to be supposed that the wickedness of these Priests could continue for ever: and accordingly we find (though upon my word I don't know upon what authority) that, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven years ago, Julius Cæsar, that celebrated military man, landed at Deal. He conquered a great number of princes with jaw-breaking names, as did the Roman Emperors, his successors, such as the Trinobantes, the Atrebates, the Silures, all richly deserving their fate, doubtless, as I fear they were but savages at best. They were masters of the Britons for pretty near five hundred years, and though the Scotch pretend that the Romans never conquered their part of it, I am inclined to suppose it was pretty much for the reasons that the clothes are not taken off a scarecrow in the fields, because they are not worth the taking.

About the year 450, the Romans, having quite enough to do at home, quitted Britain for good, when the Scots, who were hungry then, and have been hungry ever since, rushed in among the poor unprotected Britoners, who were forced to call the Saxons to their aid.

'Twas two o'clock—the Lecturer made her curtsey and reminded her auditory that another Lecture would take place on the following Wednesday, and the company departed, each making a mental affidavit to return.

LECTURE II.

IN the lecture-room we observed one of the noblest of our poet-philosophers, who was assiduously taking notes, and we say that it is to ADOLPHUS SIMCOE, Esquire, author of the "Ghoul," "Leila," "Idiosyncrasy," &c., that we are indebted for the following Philosophical Synopsis of Miss Tickletoby's First Lecture on English

History, delivered to her pupils and their *friends* on the — July at her Scholastic Hall, Little Britain.

1. On the painful impression occasioned by the contemplation of early barbarism.

2. The disposition of the human mind to avoid such a study.

3. The *mystic* and the *historic*: their comparative beauty and excellence—the Lecturer promises on a further occasion to speak upon the former subject.

4. Spite of his unwillingness, 'tis the duty of the student to acquaint himself with *all* the facts of history, whether agreeable or not, and of the tutor to urge *by every means* the unwilling.

5. Various hypotheses with regard to the first colonisation of Britain. The hypothesis of the chivalric ages, and of the cycle of Arthur.

6. The insufficiency of all theories upon the subject proved by a familiar appeal to the student's own powers of memory.

7. THE ANCIENT BRITONS—their costume: (8) its singular resemblances with that of the Transatlantic savage; (9) a passing word of reprobation upon an odious modern custom.

10. THE RELIGION OF THE BRITONS.—11. A religion inseparable from a priesthood.—The attributes of the Druidical priesthood, their privileges and powers.—12. Of the rewards that the State ought to grant to the ministers of its government, its laws, and its education.

13. THE WARS OF THE BRITONS.—14. Their weapons.—15. Their various fortunes in the field.

16. The influence of the Priests upon their campaigns.—17. The barbaric sacrifices in the groves of Odin.—18. Fanciful simile.

19. The Priestesses: grammatical distinction to be drawn between them and the Priests.

20. Episode of Miss Higgins and Master Smith—absurd blunder of the latter.

21. THE ROMANS IN BRITAIN.—22. The character of Cæsar.—23. Of his successors.—24. Their victories over the barbarous Britons a blessing, and not an evil.—25. The Scottish boasts of invincibility; the true view of them.

26. THE DOWNFALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.—The legions withdrawn from Britain. Depredations of the Scots in that unhappy island.

The following questions on the most important points of the Lecture were delivered by Miss Tickletoby to her pupils:—

EXAMINATION PAPER.

July 1842.

At the Academe, Leg-of-Veal Court, London, superintended by WILHELMINA MARIA TICKLETOBY.

Q. By whom was Britain first colonised; and at what period?

A. From the best accounts it is quite uncertain. It was colonised at the period when the colonists landed.

Q. What was the date of the landing of the Romans in Britain?

A. A day or two after they quitted Gaul.

Q. Why were they obliged to jump into the water from their boats?

A. Because they were *inwaders.*

Q. When Boadicea harangued the Icenic warriors before her supreme combat with Suetonius, why did she remind the latter of a favourite vegetable?

A. Because she was an Icenean (a nice inion). The alicampane prize to Miss Parminter (for answering this).

THE LECTURE.

Personages present.

MISS WILHELMINA MARIA TICKLETOBY.
MASTER SPRY (*a quarrelsome boy*).
MISS PONTIFEX (*a good girl*).
MASTER MAXIMUS PONTIFEX (*her brother, a worthy, though not brilliant lad*). } Pupils.
MR. DELANCEY MORTIMER (*says nothing*).
MR. DESBOROUGH MORTIMER (*footman in the service of* SIR GEORGE GOLLOP, Bart., *and father of the above*).
MISS BUDGE, *an assistant* (*says nothing*).
Boys, Girls, Parents, &c.

Scene as before.

THE PICTS, THE SCOTS, THE DANES; GREGORY THE SATIRIST, THE CONVERSION OF THE BRITONS, THE CHARACTER OF ALFRED.—I did not in my former Lecture make the least allusion to the speech of Queen Boadicea to her troops before going into action, because, although several reports of that oration have been handed down to us, not one of them, as I take it, is correct, and what is the use, my darlings, of reporting words (hers were very abusive against the Romans) —of reporting words that never were uttered? There's scandal enough, loves, in this wicked world without going back to old stories: *real* scandal, too, which may satisfy any person. Nor did I mention King Caractacus's noble behaviour before the Roman Emperor Claudius—for that history is so abominably stale that I am sure none of my blessed loves require to be told it.

When the Britons had been deserted by the Romans, and found themselves robbed and pillaged by the Picts and Scots, they sent over to a people called Saxons (so called because they didn't live in Saxony): who came over to help their friends, and having turned out the Picts and Scots, and finding the country a pleasant one to dwell in, they took possession of it, saying that the Britons did not deserve to have

a country, as they did not know how to keep it. This sort of argument was considered very just in those days—and I've seen some little boys in this school acting *Saxon-fashion*: for instance, Master Spry the other day took away a piece of gingerbread from Master Jones, giving him a great thump on the nose instead; and what was the consequence? I showed Master Spry the injustice of his action, and punished him severely.

To Master Spry. How did I punish you, my dear?—tell the company.

Master Spry. You kept the gingerbread.

Miss T. (*severely*). I don't mean that: how *else* did I punish you?

Master Spry. You vipped me: but I kicked your shins all the time.

Unruly boy!—but so it is, ladies and gentlemen, in the infancy of individuals as in that of nations: we hear of these continual scenes of violence, until prudence teaches respect for property, and law becomes stronger than force. To return to the Saxons, they seized upon the goods and persons of the effeminate Britons, made the latter their slaves, and sold them as such in foreign countries. The mind shudders at such horrors! How should *you* like, you naughty Master Spry, to be seized and carried from your blessed mother's roof—[*immense sensation, and audible sobbing among the ladies present*]—how should you like to be carried off and sold as a slave to France or Italy?

Master Spry. Is there any schools there? I shouldn't mind if there ain't.

Miss T. Yes, sir, there *are* schools—and RODS.

[*Immense uproar. Cries of "Shame!" "No flogging!" "Serve him right!" "No tyranny!" "Horse him this instant!" With admirable presence of mind, however,* Miss TICKLETOBY *stopped the disturbance by unfolding her* GREAT HISTORICAL PICTURE!

It chanced that two lovely British children, sold like thousands of others by their ruthless Saxon masters, were sent to Rome, and exposed upon the slave-market there. Fancy those darlings in such a situation!

There they stood—weeping and wretched, thinking of their parents' cot, in the far Northern Isle, sighing and yearning, no doubt, for the green fields of Albin! *

It happened that a gentleman by the name of Gregory, who afterwards rose to be Pope of Rome—but who was then a simple clerical

* Albin, the ancient name of England: not to be confounded with Albin, hairdresser and wig-maker to the Bar, Essex Court, Temple.

gent, passed through the market with his friends, and came to the spot where these poor British children stood.

The Reverend Mr. Gregory was instantly struck by their appearance—by their rosy cheeks, their golden hair; their little jackets covered all over with sugar-loaf buttons, their poor nankeens grown all too short by constant wash and wear: and demanded of their owner, of what nation the little darlings were?

The man (who spoke in Latin) replied that they were *Angli*, that is, Angles or English.

"Angles," said the enthusiastic Mr. Gregory, "they are not Angles, but Angels;" and with this joke, which did not do much honour to his head, though certainly his heart was good, he approached the little dears, caressed them, and made still further inquiries regarding them.*

Miss Pontifex (*one of the little girls*). And did Mr. Gregory take the little children out of slavery, and send them home, ma'am?

Mr. Hume, my dear good little girl, does not mention this fact; but let us hope he did: with all my heart, I'm sure *I* hope he did. But this is certain, that he never forgot them, and when in process of time he came to be Pope of Rome——

Master Maximus Pontifex. Pa says *my* name's Lat'n for Pope of Rome; is it, ma'am?

I've no doubt it is, my love, since your papa says so: and when Gregory became Pope of Rome, he despatched a number of his clergy to England, who came and converted the benighted Saxons and Britons, and they gave up their hideous idols, and horrid human sacrifices, and sent the wicked Druids about their business.

The Saxons had ended by becoming complete masters of the country, and the people were now called Anglo or English Saxons. There were a great number of small sovereigns in the land then: but about the year 830, the king called Egbert became the master of the whole country; and he, my loves, was the father of Alfred.

Alfred came to the throne after his three brothers, and you all know how good and famous a king he was. It is said that his father indulged him, and that he did not know how to read until he was twelve years old—but this, my dears, I cannot believe; or, at least, I cannot but regret that there were no nice day-schools then, where children might be taught to read before they were twelve, or ten, or even eight years old, as many of my dear scholars can.

[Miss TICKLETOBY *here paused for a moment, and resumed her lecture with rather a tremulous voice.*

* Miss Tickletoby did not, very properly, introduce the other puns which Gregory made on the occasion; they are so atrociously bad that they could not be introduced into the columns of *Punch*.

It is my wish to amuse this company as well as I can, and sometimes, therefore—for I am by nature a facetious old woman, heartily loving a bit of fun—I can't help making jokes about subjects which other historians treat in a solemn and pompous way.

But, dears, I don't think it right to make one single joke about good King Alfred; who was so good, and so wise, and so gentle, and so brave, that one can't laugh, but only love and honour his memory. Think of this, how rare good kings are, and let us value a good one when he comes. We have had just fifty kings since his time, who have reigned for near a thousand long years, and he the only Great one. Brave and victorious many of them have been, grand and sumptuous, and a hundred times more powerful than he: but who cares for one of them (except Harry the Fifth, and I think Shakspeare made *that* king)—who loves any of them except him—the man who spoiled the cakes in the herdsman's cottage, the man who sang and played in the Danes' camp?

There are none of you so young but know those stories about him. Look, when the people love a man, how grateful they are! For a thousand years these little tales have passed from father to son all through England, and every single man out of millions and millions who has heard them has loved King Afred in his heart, and blessed him, and was proud that he was an Englishman's king. And then he hears that Alfred fought the Danes, and drove them out of England, and that he was merciful to his enemies, and kept faith at a time when everyone else was deceitful and cruel, and that he was the first to make laws, and establish peace and liberty among us.

Who cares for Charles the Second, secured in his oak, more than for any other man at a pinch of danger? Charles might have stayed in his tree for us, or for any good that he did when he came down. But for King Alfred, waiting in his little secret island, until he should be strong enough to have one more battle with his conquerors, or in the camp of the enemy singing his songs to his harp, who does not feel as for a dear friend or father in danger, and cry hurra! with all his heart, when he wins?

All the little Children. Hurray! Alfred for ever!

Yes, my dears, you love him all, and would all fight for him, I know.

Master Spry. That I would.

I'm sure you would, John, and may you never fight for a worse cause! Ah, it's a fine thing to think of the people loving a man for a thousand years! We shan't come to such another in the course of all these lectures—except, mayhap, if we get so far, to one George ——

Mr. Mortimer (*aloud, and with much confidence*). George the Fourth, you mean, miss, the first gentleman in Europe.

Miss T. (*sternly*). No, sir; I mean GEORGE WASHINGTON,—the *American* Alfred, sir, who gave and took from us many a good beating, and drove the *English*-Danes out of his country.

Mr. Mortimer. Disgusting raddicle!—Delancey, my dear, come with me. Mem! I shall withdraw my son from your academy.

[*Exeunt* MORTIMER, Senior and Junior.

Miss T. Let them go. As long as honest people agree with me, what care I what great men's flunkeys choose to think? Miss Budge, make out Mr. Mortimer's account. Ladies and Gentlemen, on Wednesday next I hope for the honour of resuming these lectures.

[*Punch*, in concluding this long paper, begs to hint to Mr. Simcoe, whose remuneration will be found at the office, that for the future he may spare his own remarks, philosophical, laudatory, or otherwise, and confine himself simply to the Lectures of Miss Tickletoby.]

LECTURE III.

THE SEA-KINGS IN ENGLAND.

IN the olden time our glorious country of England, my dears, must have been a pleasant place; for see what numbers of people have taken a fancy to it! First came the Romans, as we have seen, then the Saxons,—and when they were comfortably established here, the Danes, under their Sea-kings, came gallantly over the main, and were not a whit less charmed with the island than the Saxons and Romans had been.

Amongst these distinguished foreigners may be mentioned the Sea-king Swayn, who came to England in the year nine hundred and something, landing at Margate, with which he was so pleased as to determine to stop there altogether,—being, as he said, so much attached to this country that nothing would induce him to go back to his own. Wasn't it a compliment to us? There is a great deal of this gallantry in the people of the North; and you may have observed, even in our own days, that some of them, 'specially Scotchmen, when once landed here, are mighty unwilling to go home again.

Well, King Swayn's stay became preposterously long; and his people consumed such a power of drink and victuals, that at length our late beloved monarch, King Ethelred the Second, was induced to send to him. A bard of those days has recorded, with considerable minuteness, the particulars of Swayn's arrival; and as his work has not been noticed by Turner, Hallam, Hume, or any other English historian, it may be quoted with advantage here. Snoro the bard (so called from the exciting effect which his poem produced on his audience) thus picturesquely introduces us to the two kings :—

"ÆTHELRED KONING MURNING POST REDINGE."

B. M. MSS. CLAUD. XXV.—XXVII.

A-reading of the newspaper | in meditation lost,
Sate Æthelred of England | and took his tea and toast;
Sate Æthelred of England | and read the *Morning Post*.

Among the new arrivals | the Journal did contain,
At Margate on the twentieth | his Majesty King Swayn,
Of Denmark with a retinue | of horsemen and of Dane!

Loud laugh'd King Æthelred, | and laid the paper down;
"Margate is a proper place | for a Danish clown."
"Take care," said the Chancellor, | "*he doesn't come to town.*"

"This King Swayn," says Witfrid the fool, | laughing loud and free,
"Sea-king as he is, | a boat-swain ought to be."
"It is none of *our seeking*," | says the Chancellor, says he.

"Let him come," said the king (in his mouth | butter'd toast popping),
"At Wapping or at Redriff | this boatswain will be stopping."
"Take care," says Chancellor Wigfrid, | "he don't give *you* a wapping."

"I'm certain," says wise Wigfrid, | "the Sea-king means us evilly;
Herald, go to Margate | and speak unto him civilly;
And if he's not at Margate, | why then try Ramsgate and Tivoli."

Herald, in obedience | to his master dear,
Goes by steam to Margate, | landing at the Pier;
Says he, "King Swayn of Denmark | I think is lodging here?"

Swayn, the bold Sea-king, | with his captains and skippers,
Walk'd on the sea-beach | looking at the dippers—
Walk'd on the sea-beach | in his yellow slippers.

The ballad, which is important to the archæologian, as showing how many of the usages of the present day prevailed nine hundred

years back (thus fondly do Englishmen adhere to their customs!), and which shows that some of the jokes called puns at present currently uttered as novelties were in existence at this early period of time, goes on to describe, with a minuteness that amounts almost to tediousness, the interview between Swayn and the herald; it is angry, for the latter conveys to the Danish monarch the strongest exhortations, on the part of King Ethelred, to quit the kingdom.

"Nay, I cannot go, said Swayn, | "for my ships are leaking."
"You shall have a fleet," says the herald, | "if that be what you're seeking."
"Well, I *won't* go, and that's flat," | answered Swayn the Sea-king.

Falling into a fury, Swayn then abuses the King of England in the most contumelious terms; says that he will make his back into a foot-ball, and employ his nose for a bell-rope; but finally recollecting himself, dismisses the herald with a present of five-eighths of a groat—twopence-halfpenny (a handsome largesse, considering the value of money in those days), bidding him at the same time order what he liked to drink at the hotel where he (King Swayn) resided. "Well," says the Chronicler pathetically, "well might he order what he thought proper. *King Swayn of Denmark never paid a copper.*" A frightful picture of the insolence and rapacity of the invader and his crew!

A battle, as is natural, ensues; the invader is victorious—Ethelred flies to France, and the venerable Chancellor Wigfrid is put to the most dreadful tortures, being made by the ferocious despot to undergo the indignities which (as we have seen in the former passage) he had promised to inflict on the royal fugitive, as well as many more. As a specimen of the barbarian's ingenuity, it may be stated that the martyr Wigfrid is made to administer a mockery of justice, seated on a wool-sack stuffed with—the mind revolts at the thought—*stuffed with fleas*!

But it is remarkable that the bard Snoro, who so long as Swayn was not victorious over Ethelred, is liberal in his abuse of the Dane, immediately on Ethelred's defeat changes his note, and praises with all his might the new sovereign. At Swayn's death he is lost in grief—being, however, consoled in the next stanza by the succession of his son Canute to the throne.

Snoro gives particular accounts of Canute's reign and actions—his victories in foreign lands, and the great drawn battle between him and Edmund Ironsides, about whose claims the bard is evidently puzzled to speak; however, on Edmund's death, which took place, singularly and conveniently enough, about a month after Canute and he had made a compromise regarding the crown (the compromise left the

kingdom to the *survivor*), Snoro takes up the strain loudly and decidedly in favour of Canute, and hints at the same time his perfect conviction that Ironsides is roasting in a certain place.

And then, after following King Canute through his battles—in one of which the celebrated GODWIN (who, I believe, afterwards married Mary Wollstonecraft) showed the valour of Englishmen—after going through a list of murders, treasons, usurpations, which the great monarch committed, the bard comes to that famous passage in his history, which all little boys know. Miss Tickletoby proceeded to read from MS., Claud. XXVII., XXVIII., "The Song of King Canute."*]

King Canute was weary-hearted, | he had reigned for years a score;
Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, | killing much, and robbing more;
And he thought upon his actions | walking by the wild sea-shore.

'Twixt the Chancellor and Bishop | walk'd the king with step sedate;
Chamberlains and Grooms came after, | Silver-sticks and Gold-sticks great;
Chaplains, Aides-de-Camp, and Pages, | all the officers of State.

Sliding after like his shadow, | pausing when he chose to pause,
If a frown his face contracted | straight the courtiers dropp'd their jaws;
If to laughter he was minded | out they burst in loud hee-haws.

But that day a something vex'd him, | that was clear to old and young;
Thrice his grace had yawn'd at table | when his favourite gleeman sung—
Once the queen would have consoled him | and he bid her hold her tongue.

"Something ails my royal master," | cried the Keeper of the Seal;
"Sure, my lord, it is the lampreys | served at dinner, or the veal.
Shall I call your grace's doctor?" | "Psha! it is not *that* I feel.

"'Tis the *heart* and not the stomach, | fool! that doth my rest impair;
Can a king be great as I am, | prithee, and yet know no care?
Oh! I'm sick, and tired, and weary." | Someone cried, "The king's arm-chair!"

Then towards the lacqueys turning, | quick my lord the Keeper nodded;
Straight the king's great chair was brought him | by two footmen able-bodied;
Languidly he sunk into it, | it was comfortably wadded.

"Leading on my fierce companions," | cried he, "over storm and brine,
I have fought and I have conquer'd: | where is glory like to mine?"
Loudly all the courtiers echoed, | "Where is glory like to thine?"

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* The poems are translated, word for word, from the Anglo-Saxon, by the accomplished Adolphus Simcoe, Esquire. author of *Perdition*, *The Ghoul*, editor of the *Lady's Lute*, &c.

"What avail me all my kingdoms? | I am weary now and old;
Those fair sons I have begotten | long to see me dead and cold;
Would I were, and quiet buried | underneath the silent mould.

"Oh, remorse! the writhing serpent, | at my bosom tears and bites;
Horrid, horrid things I look on | though I put out all the lights,—
Ghosts of ghastly recollections | troop about my bed of nights.

"Cities burning, convents blazing | red with sacrilegious fires;
Mothers weeping, virgins screaming | vainly to their slaughtered sires."—
"Such a tender conscience," cries the | bishop, "everyone admires.

"But for such unpleasant bygones | cease, my gracious lord, to search;
They're forgotten and forgiven | by our holy mother Church.
Never, never doth she leave her | benefactors in the lurch.

"Look, the land is crown'd with minsters | which your grace's bounty raised;
Abbeys fill'd with holy men, where | you and Heaven are daily praised;—
You, my lord, to think of dying! | on my honour I'm amazed."

"Nay, I feel," replied King Canute, | "that my end is drawing near."
"Don't say so," exclaimed the courtiers | (striving each to squeeze a tear);
"Sure your grace is strong and lusty | and will live this fifty year!"

"Live these fifty years!" the bishop | roar'd (with action made to suit);
"Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper, | thus to speak of King Canute?
Men have lived a thousand years, and sure his Majesty will do't.

"Adam, Enoch, Lamech, Canan, | Mahaleel, Methuselah,
Lived nine hundred years apiece; and | is not he as good as they?"
"Fervently," exclaimed the keeper, | "fervently I trust he may."

"*He* to die?" resumed the bishop; | "he, a mortal like to us?
Death was not for him intended, | though *communis omnibus.*
Keeper, you are irreligious | for to talk and cavil thus.

"With his wondrous skill in healing | ne'er a doctor can compete;
Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, | start up clean upon their feet;
Surely he could raise the dead up | did his Highness think it meet.

"Did not once the Jewish captain | stop the sun upon the hill,
And, the while he slew the foeman, | bid the silver moon stand still?
So, no doubt, could gracious Canute | if it were his sacred will."

"Might I stay the sun above us, | good Sir bishop?" Canute cried.
"Could I bid the silver moon to | pause upon her heavenly ride?
If the moon obeys my orders, | sure I can command the tide.

"Will the advancing waves obey me, | bishop, if I make the sign?"
Said the bishop, bowing lowly, | "Land and sea, my lord, are thine."
Canute look'd towards the ocean: | "Back," he said, "thou foaming brine!"

"From the sacred shore I stand on, | I command thee to retreat,
Venture not, thou stormy rebel, | to approach thy master's seat;
Ocean, be thou still, I bid thee, | come not nearer to my feet."

But the angry ocean answered | with a louder, deeper roar,
And the rapid waves drew nearer, | falling sounding on the shore,—
Back the keeper and the bishop, | back the king and courtiers bore.

And he sternly bade them never | more to kneel to human clay,
But alone to praise and worship | that which earth and seas obey;
And his golden crown of empire | never wore he from that day.
King Canute is dead and gone: | parasites exist alway.

LECTURE IV.

EDWARD THE CONFESSOR—HAROLD—WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

KING CANUTE, whose adventures at the watering-place my young friend Mr. Simcoe described last week in such exquisite verse (and I am afraid that the doings at watering-places are not often so moral), died soon after, having repented greatly of his sins. It must have been Gravesend, I think, where the king grew so thoughtful.

[*Here* Miss T. *was rather disappointed that nobody laughed at her pun; the fact is, that* Miss BUDGE, *the usher, had been ordered to do so, but, as usual, missed her point.*]

Before he died he made a queer sort of reparation for all the sins, robberies, and murders that he committed—he put his crown on the head of the statue of a saint in Canterbury, and endowed no end of monasteries. And a great satisfaction it must have been to the relatives of the murdered people, to see the king's crown on the saint's head; and a great consolation to those who had been robbed, to find the king paid over all their money to the monks.

Some descendants of his succeeded him, about whom there is nothing particular to say, nor about King Edward the Confessor, of the Saxon race, who succeeded to the throne when the Danish family failed, and who was canonised by a pope two hundred years after his death—his Holiness only knows why.

Spooney, my dears, is a strong term, and one which, by a sensitive female, ought to be employed only occasionally; but SPOONEY, I emphatically repeat [*immense sensation*], is the only word to characterise

this last of the regular Saxon kings. He spent his time at church, and let his kingdom go to rack and ruin. He had a pretty wife, whom he never had the spirit to go near; and he died, leaving his kingdom to be taken by anyone who could get it.

A strong gallant young fellow, Harold by name, stepped forward, and put the crown on his head, and vowed to wear it like a man. Harold was the son of Earl Godwin that we spoke of in the last lecture, a great resolute fellow, who had been fighting King Edward's enemies while the king was singing psalms, and praying the saints to get rid of them, and turned out with a sword in his hand, and a coat of mail on his body, whilst the silly king stayed at home in a hair-shirt, scourging and mortifying his useless old body.

Harold then took the crown (though, to be sure, he had no right to it, for there was a nephew of the late king, who ought to have been first served), but he was not allowed to keep undisturbed possession of it very long, for the fact is, somebody else wanted it.

You all know who this was—no other than William, Duke of Normandy, a great and gallant prince (though I must say his mother was no better than she should be*), who had long had a wish to possess the noble realm of England, as soon as the silly old Confessor was no more. Indeed, when Harold was abroad, William had told him as much, making him swear to help him in the undertaking. Harold swore, as how could he help it, for William told him he would have his head off if he didn't; and then broke his oath on the first opportunity.

Some nine months, then, after Harold had assumed the crown, and just as he had come from killing one of his brothers (they were pretty quarrelsome families, my dears, in those days), who had come to England on a robbing excursion, Harold was informed that the Duke of Normandy had landed with a numerous army of horse, foot, and marines, and proposed, as usual, to stay.

Down he went as fast as the coach could carry him (for the Kentish railroad was not then open), and found Duke William at Hastings where both parties prepared for a fight.

You, my darlings, know the upshot of the battle very well; and though I'm a delicate and sensitive female; and though the battle of Hastings occurred—let me see, take 1066 from 1842—exactly seven hundred and seventy-six years ago; yet I can't help feeling angry to think that those beggarly, murderous Frenchmen should have beaten our honest English as they did. [*Cries of "Never mind, we've given it 'em since."*] Yes, my dears, I like that spirit—we *have* given it 'em

* Miss Tickletoby's rancour against Edward's treatment of his wife, and her sneer at the Conqueror's mother, are characteristic of her amiable sex.

since, as the Duke of Wellington at Badajos, and my late lamented br-r-other, Ensign Samuel T-t-tickletoby, at B-b-bunhill Row, can testify. [*The Lecturer's voice was here choked with emotion, owing to the early death of the latter lamented hero.*] But don't let us be too eager for military glory, my friends. Look! we are angry because the French beat us eight hundred years ago! And do you suppose *they* are not angry because we beat *them* some five-and-twenty years back? Alas! and alas! this is always the way with that fighting; you can't satisfy both parties with it, and I do heartily hope that one day there'll be no such thing as a soldier left in all Europe. [*A voice*, "*And no* po*lice neither.*"]

Harold being dead, his Majesty King William—of whom, as he now became our legitimate sovereign, it behoves every loyal heart to speak with respect—took possession of England, and, as is natural, gave all the good places at his disposal to his party. He turned out the English noblemen from their castles, and put his Norman soldiers and knights into them. He and his people had it all their own way; and though the English frequently rebelled, yet the king managed to quell all such disturbances, and reigned over us for one-and-twenty years. He was a gallant soldier, truly—stern, wise, and prudent, as far as his own interests were concerned, and looked up to by all other Majesties as an illustrious monarch.

But great as he was in public, he was rather uncomfortable in his family, on account of a set of unruly sons whom he had—for their Royal Highnesses were always quarrelling together. It is related that one day being at tea with her Majesty the Queen, and the young princes, at one of his castles in Normandy (for he used this country to rob it chiefly, and not to live in it), a quarrel ensued, which was certainly very disgraceful. Fancy, my darlings, three young princes sitting at tea with their papa and mamma, and being so rude as to begin throwing water at one another! The two younger, H.R.H. Prince William and H.R.H. Prince Henry, actually flung the slop-basin, or some such thing, into the face of H.R.H. Prince Robert, the king's eldest son.

His Royal Highness was in a furious rage, although his brothers declared that they were only in play; but he swore that they had insulted him; that his papa and mamma favoured them and not him, and drawing his sword, vowed that he would have their lives. His Majesty with some difficulty got the young princes out of the way, but nothing would appease Robert, who left the castle vowing vengeance. This passionate and self-willed young man was called *Courthose*, which means in French *short inexpressibles*, and he was said to have worn shorts, because his *limbs* were of that kind.

Prince Shorts fled to a castle belonging to the King of France, who was quite jealous of Duke Robert, and was anxious to set his family by the ears; and the young prince began forthwith robbing his father's dominions, on which that monarch marched with an army to besiege him in his castle.

Here an incident befell, which while it shows that Prince Robert (for all the shortness of his legs) had a kind and brave heart, will at the same time point out to my beloved pupils the dangers—the awful dangers—of disobedience. Prince Robert and his knights sallied out one day against the besiegers, and engaged the horsemen of their party. Seeing a warrior on the other side doing a great deal of execution, Prince Robert galloped at him, sword in hand, and engaged him. Their visors were down, and they banged away at each other, like—like *good-uns*. [*Hear, hear.*]

At last Prince Robert hit the other such a blow that he felled him from his horse, and the big man tumbling off cried "Oh, murder!" or "Oh, I'm done for!" or something of the sort.

Fancy the consternation of Prince Robert when he recognised the voice of his own father! He flung himself off his saddle as quick as his little legs would let him, ran to his father, knelt down before him, besought him to forgive him, and begged him to take his horse and ride home. The king took the horse, but I am sorry to say he only abused his son, and rode home as sulky as possible.

However he came soon to be in a good-humour, acknowledged that his son Prince Shortlegs was an honest fellow, and forgave him, and they fought some battles together, not against each other, but riding bravely side by side.

So having prospered in all his undertakings, and being a great prince and going to wage war against the French king, who had offended him, and whose dominions he vowed to set in a flame, the famous King William of England, having grown very fat in his old age, received a hurt while riding, which made him put a stop to his projects of massacring the Frenchmen, for he felt that his hour of death was come.

As usual after a life of violence, blood, and rapine, he began to repent on his death-bed; uttered some religious sentences which the chroniclers have recorded, and gave a great quantity of the money which he had robbed from the people to the convents and priests.

The moment the breath was out of the great king's body, all the courtiers ran off to their castles expecting a war. All the abbots went to their abbeys, where they shut themselves up. All the shopkeepers closed their stalls, looking out for riot and plunder, and the king's

body being left quite alone, the servants pillaged the house where he lay, leaving the corpse almost naked on the bed. And this was the way they served the greatest man in Christendom!

[*Much sensation, in the midst of which the Lecturer retired.*

LECTURE V.

WILLIAM RUFUS.

JUST before the breath was out of the Conqueror's body, William Rufus, his second son (who had much longer legs than his honest elder brother Robert), ran over to England, took possession of some castles and his father's money, and, so fortified, had himself proclaimed King of England without any difficulty. Honest Robert remained Duke of Normandy; and as for the third son, Prince Henry, though not so handsomely provided for as his elder brothers, it appears he managed to make both ends meet by robbing on his own account.

William's conduct on getting hold of the crown was so violent, that some of the nobles whom he plundered were struck with remorse at having acknowledged him king instead of honest Courthose, his elder brother. So they set up a sort of rebellion, which Rufus quelled pretty easily, appealing to the people to support him, and promising them all sorts of good treatment in return. The people believed him, fought for him, and when they had done what he wanted, namely, quelled the rebellion, and aided him in seizing hold of several of Robert's Norman castles and towns—would you believe it?—William treated them not one bit better than before. [*Cries of "Shame!"*]

At these exclamations Miss Tickletoby looked round very sternly. Young people, young people (exclaimed she), I'm astonished at you. Don't you know that such cries on your part are highly improper and seditious? Don't you know that by crying out "Shame!" in that way, you insult not only every monarch, but every ministry that ever existed? Shame, indeed! Shame on *you*, for daring to insult our late excellent Whig Ministry, our present admirable Conservative Cabinet, Sir Robert, Lord John, and all—every minister that ever governed us. They *all* promise to better us, they *all* never do so. Learn respect for your betters, young people, and do not break out into such premature rebellion. [*The children being silent*, Miss T. *put on a less severe countenance and continued*]—

I will tell you a pleasant joke of that wag, his late Majesty King William Rufus. He put the kingdom into a great fury against the Normans, saying, I have no doubt, that they were our natural enemies, and called a huge army together, with which, he said, he would go and annihilate them. The army was obliged to assemble, for by the laws of the country each nobleman, knight, thane, and landholder was bound according to the value of his land to furnish so many soldiers, knowing that the king would come down on their estates else; and so being all come together, and ready to cross the water, the king made them a speech.

"Friends, Countrymen, and Fellow Soldiers (said he); companions of my toil, my feelings, and my fame; the eyes of Europe are upon you. You are about to embark on a most dangerous enterprise; you will have to undergo the horrors of a sea voyage, of which I need not describe to you the discomforts (the army began to look very blue). You will be landed in a hostile country, which has been laid waste by me already in my first invasions, as also by the accursed policy of the despot who governs it. [*Cries of 'Down with Robert Shorthose!' 'No tyranny!' 'No Normans!'*] In this afflicted naked country the greater part of you will inevitably starve; a considerable number will be cut to pieces by the ferocious Norman soldiery; and even if it please Heaven to crown my just cause with success, what will my triumph benefit *you*, my friends? *You* will be none the better for it; but will come back many of you without your arms and legs, and not a penny richer than when you went. [*Immense sensation.*]

"Now, I appeal to you as men, as Englishmen, as fathers of families, will it not be better to make a peaceful and honourable compromise than to enter upon any such campaign? Yes! I knew you would say yes, as becomes men of sense, men of honour—Englishmen, in a word. [*Hear, hear.*] I ask you, then—your sovereign and father asks you—will it not be better to pay me ten shillings apiece all round, and go home to your happy families—to your lovely wives, who will thus run no risk of losing the partners of their beds—to smiling children, who may still for many, many years have their fathers to bless, maintain, and educate them? Officers, carry the hats round, and take the sense of the army."

Putting his handkerchief to his eyes, the beneficent monarch here sat down: and what was the consequence of his affecting appeal? The hats were sent round—the whole army saw the propriety of subscribing—fifteen thousand pounds were paid down on the spot—a bloody war was avoided—and thus, as the king said, all parties were benefited.

For all this, however, he was not long before he had them out

again, and took a great number of his towns and castles from his brother Robert. At last he got possession of his whole dukedom; for at this time all Europe was seized with a strange fit of frenzy and hatred against the Turks; one Peter, a hermit, went abroad preaching hatred against these unbelievers, and the necessity of taking Palestine from them, and murdering every mother's son of them. No less than a million of men set off on this errand. Three hundred thousand of them marched ahead, without food or forethought, expecting that Heaven would provide them with nourishment on their march, and give them the victory over the Saracens. But this pious body was cut to pieces; and as for the doings of the other seven hundred thousand, what heroes commanded them, what dangers they overcame, what enchanters they destroyed, how they took the Holy City, and what came of their conquest—all this may be read in the veracious history of one Tasso, but has nothing to do with the history of William Rufus.

That shrewd monarch would not allow his islanders to meddle with the business; but his brother, honest Robert, quite sick of fighting, drinking, and governing in his own country, longed to go to Palestine, and having no money (as usual), William gave him a sum for which the other handed over his inheritance to him; and so Robert was got rid of, and William became King of England and Duke of Normandy.

But he did not keep his kingdoms long. There is a tract of land called the New Forest, in Hampshire, which has been called so ever since the Conqueror's time. Once it was a thriving district covered with farms and villages and churches, with many people living in it. But conquering King William had a fancy to have a hunting-ground there. Churches and villages he burnt down; orchards and cornfields he laid waste; men, women, and children he drove pitilessly away, and gave up the land to boar and deer. So the people starved and died, and he had his hunting ground. And such a keen sportsman was he, and so tender and humane towards the dumb animals, that he gave orders, if any man killed a boar, a deer, or even a hare, he should be killed, or have his eyes put out. Up to a late period our country enjoyed many of the blessings of that noble code of laws.

His Majesty King William Rufus loved sport as well as his royal father, and this New Forest above all. There were all sorts of legends concerning it. The people said (but this was, no doubt, from their superstitious hatred of his Majesty's person and race), that, on account of the crimes the Conqueror had committed in the spot, it was destined to be fatal to his family. One of Rufus's brothers, and his nephew, were actually killed while hunting there; and one morning in

the year 1100, when his Majesty was going out hunting, a monk came and prophesied death to him, and warned him to stay at home.

But the scent was lying well on the ground; the king ordered the prophet a purse of money, and rode off with his dogs.

He was found dead in the wood, with an arrow in his breast; and nobody knows who shot it: and what's more, my loves, I fear nobody cares. A Frenchman by the name of Tyrrell was supposed to have done the deed; but Tyrrell denied the charge altogether. His Royal Highness Prince Henry was hunting with the king when the accident took place, and as poor Robert Shorthose was away fighting the Turks, Prince Henry slipped into his brother's shoes, and ruled over the land of England.

Talking about shoes, a dreadful religious disturbance occurred in England *à propos de bottes.* It was the fashion to wear these with immense long toes; and the priests, who could pardon all sorts of crimes, wouldn't pardon the long-toed boots. You laugh? It is a fact, upon my word; and what is more, these popes and priests, who could set up kings and pull them down, and send off millions of people to fight in crusades, never were strong enough to overcome the long-toed boots. The FASHION was stronger than the Pope; and long toes continued to flourish in spite of his curses, and never yielded a single inch until—until SQUARE-TOES came in.

LECTURE VI.

HENRY I.—MAUDE—STEPHEN—HENRY II.

WE have still a little more to hear of honest Robert Shorthose. With his usual luck, the poor fellow came posting back from Jerusalem a month after his brother Henry had taken possession of the English crown; and though at first he made a great noise, and got an army together, with which, as he was a valiant captain, he might have done his brother some hurt, yet the latter purchased him off with some money, of which Shorthose was always in want, and the two came to a compromise, it being agreed that Robert should keep Normandy, and Henry England, and that the survivor should have both.

So Shorthose went home with the money his brother gave him, and lived and made merry as long as it lasted; and the historians say that he was such a spendthrift of a fellow, and kept such a Castle

Rackrent of a house, that he was compelled to lie in bed several days for want of a pair of breeches.

[*Much laughter at the imperturbed way in which* Miss TICKLETOBY *pronounced the fatal word "breeches."*

But Henry, for all the agreement, would not let his brother keep possession of that fine Dukedom of Normandy. He picked continual quarrels with him, and ended by taking possession of the Duchy, and of Shortlegs, in spite of his bravery, whom he shut up in a castle, where he lived for near five-and-twenty years after. His fate inspires one with some regret, for he was a frank open fellow, and had once, in a siege, saved from starvation this very brother who robbed him; but he was a fool, and did not know how to keep what he had, and Henry was wise; so it was better for all parties that poor Shortlegs should go to the wall. Peace be with him! We shall hear no more of him; but it is something in the midst of all these lying, swindling tyrants and knaves, to find a man who, dissolute and brutal as he was, was yet an honest fellow.

King Henry, the first of his name, was, from his scholarship (which, I take it, was no great things; and am sure that many a young lady in this seminary knows more than ever he did), surnamed Beauclerc —a sharp, shifty fellow, steering clear amidst all the glooms and troubles of his times, and somehow always arriving at his end. He was admired by all Europe for his wisdom. He had two fair kingdoms which had once been riotous and disorderly, but which he made quiet and profitable; and that there might be no doubts about the succession to the throne, he caused his son, Prince William, to be crowned co-king with him, and thus put the matter beyond a doubt.

There was however, one obstacle, and this was the death of Prince William. He was drowned, and his father never smiled after. And after all his fighting and shuffling, and swindling and cleverness and care, he had to die and leave his throne to be fought for between his daughter, and his nephew, one Stephen; of the particulars of whose reign it need only be said that they fought for the crown like the devil and the baker, and sometimes one had it and sometimes the other. At last Stephen died, and Maude's son, Henry II., came to reign over us in the year 1154.

He was a great prince, wise, brave, and tender-hearted; and he would have done much for his country, too, which was attached to him if the clergy and the ladies had left him a moment's peace.

For a delicate female—[*a blush covered* Miss T.'s *countenance with roses as she spoke*]—the subject which I am now called upon to treat is—ahem!—somewhat dangerous. The fact is, the king had married in very early life a lady possessing a vast deal of money, but an indif-

ferent reputation, and who, having been wicked when young, became very jealous being old, as I am given to understand is not unfrequently the case with my interesting sex.

Queen Eleanor bore four sons to her husband, who was dotingly fond of them all, and did not, I have reason to suppose, bestow upon them *that correction*—[*a great sensation in the school*]—which is necessary for all young people, to prevent their becoming self-willed and licentious in manhood. Such, I am sorry to say, were all the young princes. The elder, whom, to prevent mistakes, his father had crowned during his lifetime, no sooner was crowned, than he modestly proposed to his father to give up his kingdom to him, and when he refused, rebelled, and fled to the King of France for protection. All his brothers rebelled, too ;—there was no end to the trouble and perplexity which the unhappy king had to suffer.

I have said that the queen was jealous, and, oh ! I am ashamed to confess, when speaking of his late Sacred Majesty, a King of England, that the queen in this instance had good cause. A worthless, wicked, naughty, abandoned, profligate, vile, improper, good-for-nothing creature, whom historians, forsooth, have handed down to us under the name of Fair Rosamund—(Fair Rosamund, indeed ! a pretty pass things are come to, when hussies like this are to be bepraised and bepitied! —I say, a most wicked, horrid, and abandoned person, by name Miss Rosamund Clifford, had weaned the king's affections from his lady, Queen Eleanor.

Suppose she *was* old and contumacious :* do not people marry "for better, for worse"? Suppose she *had* a bad temper, and a worse character, when the king married her Majesty : did not he know what sort of a wife he was taking?—A pretty pass would the world come to, if men were allowed to give up their wives because they were ill-tempered, or go hankering after other people's ladies because their own were a little plain, or so !

[*Immense applause from the ladies present. And it was here remarked—though we do not believe a word of the story —that* Mrs. BINKS *looked particularly hard at* Mr. BINKS, *saying,* "B., *do you hear that?*" *and* BINKS, *on his part, looked particularly foolish.*

How this intimacy with this disreputable Miss Clifford commenced, or how long it endured, is of little matter to us : but, my friends, it is quite clear to you, that such a connection could not long escape

* We grieve to remark that Miss Tickletoby, with a violence of language that is not uncommon amongst the pure and aged of her sex, loses no opportunity of twitting Queen Eleanor, and abusing Fair Rosamund. Surely that unhappy woman's fate ought to disarm some of the wrath of the virgin Tickletoby.

the vigilance of a watchful and affectionate wife. 'Tis true, Henry took this person to Woodstock, where he shut her up in a castle or labyrinth: but he went to see her often—and, I appeal to any lady here, could her husband, could any man, make continual visits to Woodstock, which is five-and-forty miles from London, without exciting suspicion? [*No, no!*]

"It can't be to buy gloves," thought her injured Majesty, Queen Eleanor, "that he is always travelling to that odious Woodstock:"—and she sent her emissaries out; and what was the consequence? she found it was not glove-making that the king was anxious about—but glove-making *without the* g! She instantly set off to Woodstock as fast as the coach would carry her; she procured admission into the place where this saucy hussy was, and drawing from her pocket a dagger and a bowl of poison, she bade her to take one or the other. She preferred, it is said, the prussic acid, and died, I have no doubt, in extreme agonies, from the effects of the draught. [*Cries of "Shame!"*] Shame!—who cries shame? I say, in the name of injured woman, that, considering the rude character of the times, when private revenge was practised commonly, Queen Eleanor SERVED THE WOMAN RIGHT! [*"Hear, hear!" from the ladies; "No, no!" from the men; immense uproar from the scholars in general.*]

After this, for his whole life long, Henry never had a moment's quiet. He was always fighting one son or other, or all of them together, with the King of France at their back. He was almost always victorious; but he was of a forgiving temper, and the young men began and rebelled as soon as he had set them free. In the midst of one of these attacks by one of the princes, an attack was made upon the young man of a sort which neither young nor old can parry. He was seized with a fever, and died. He besought his father's forgiveness when dying, but his death does not appear to have altered his brothers' ways, and at last, of a sheer broken heart at their perverseness, it seems that Henry himself died: nor would he forgive his sons their shameful conduct to him.

And whom had he to thank for all this disobedience? Himself and FAIR ROSAMUND. Yes, I repeat it, if he had not been smitten with her, the queen would not have been jealous; if she had not been jealous, she would not have quarrelled with him; if she had not quarrelled with him, she would not have induced her sons to resist him, and he might have led an easy and comfortable life, and have b... ...ed thus the kingdoms he governed.

Take care, then, my dear young friends, if *you* are called upon to govern kingdoms, or simply, as is more probable, to go into genteel businesses and keep thriving shops, take care never to *offend your*

wives. [*Hear, hear.*] Think of poor King Henry, and all the sorrows he brought upon himself;—and in order not to offend your wives, the best thing you can do is to be very gentle to them, and do without exception every single thing they bid you.

At the end of this Lecture, several ladies present came up, and shook Miss Tickletoby by the hand, saying they never heard better doctrine. But the gentlemen, it must be confessed, made very light of the excellent lady's opinions, and one of them said that, after her confession, even if she were young and handsome, nobody would ask *her* to marry.

"Nobody wants you, sir," said Miss Tickletoby; and she was more than usually rigid in her treatment of that gentleman's little boy the next day.

LECTURE VII.

RICHARD THE FIRST.

The danger of extolling too much the qualities of a warrior—In kings they are more especially to be reprehended—Frightful picture of war—Its consequences to men—To women—Horrible danger that Miss Tickletoby might have undergone—The Crusades—Jealousy of Philip Augustus—Gallantry of Richard—Saladin, his character, and the reverence entertained for him by the British monarch—Ascalon—Jerusalem—Richard's return from Palestine—His captivity—Romantic circumstances attending his ransom—His death—A passing reflection.

THIS is a prince, my dear young creatures, whom I am afraid some of you, Master Spry especially, will be inclined to admire vastly, for he was as quarrelsome and brave a man as ever lived. He was fighting all his life long—fighting his brothers, fighting his father, fighting with anybody who would fight, and, I have no doubt domineering over anybody who wouldn't. When his poor old father, wearied out by the quarrels of his sons, the intrigues of the priests, and the ceaseless cares and anxieties of reigning, died in sadness and sorrow, he left Prince Richard, surnamed Lion-Heart, his kingdom, and his curse along with it, he having acted so undutifully towards him, and embittered the last years of his life.

Richard was exceedingly sorry for the pain he had caused his father, and, instead of revenging himself upon his father's ministers (who had treated him as severely as they could during King Henry's

reign, and who now, I dare say, quaked in their shoes lest King Richard should deal hardly by them), he of the lion-heart kept them in their places—and good places, let us be sure, they were; and said that they had done their duty by his father, and would no doubt be as faithful to him. For, truth to say, Richard had a heart which harboured no malice; all he wanted was plenty of fighting, which he conducted in perfect good-humour.

Master Spry. Hurra! that's your sort.

Silence, Master Spry, you silly boy, you. It may be very well for Mr. Cribb, or the Most Noble the Marquess of Wat—ford, to rejoice in punching people's heads and breaking their noses, and to shake hands before and after; but kings have other duties to attend to, as we nowadays know very well. Now suppose you were to break a score of lamps in the street, or to twist off as many knockers, or to knock down and injure a policeman or two, who would be called on, as you have never a sixpence in your pocket, to pay the damage?

Master Spry. Pa 'd pay, of course.

Yes, rather than see you on the treadmill, he would; and so, my dears, it's the case with these great kings—they fight, but we have to pay. The poor subjects suffer: the men, who have no quarrel with any prince in Christendom—as how should they, never having seen one?—must pay taxes in the first place, and then must go and fight, and be shot at and die, leaving us poor women, their wives and daughters, to deplore their loss, and to nurse their wounds when they come home. Some forty years since (when I was young, my loves, and reported to be extremely good-looking), King Bonaparte and the French were on the point of invading this country. Fancy what a situation we should have been in had they come—the horrid monsters! My mind shudders at the very idea even now. Fancy my dear father, the ensign of volunteers, brought home wounded—dying. Fancy a dozen of horrible soldiers billeted in the house. Fancy some tall ferocious French general, with great black whiskers—Bonaparte himself, very likely, or Marshal Ney, at the very least—falling in love with a beauteous young creature, and insisting upon her marrying him! My loves, I would have flung myself off London Bridge first. [*Immense cheering, part of which, however, seemed to be ironical.*]

Such—such is war! and, for my part, I profess the greatest abhorrence of all such dreadful kinds of glory; and hope for the days when cocked-hats and bayonets will only be kept as curiosities in museums, and scarlet cloth will be kept to make cloaks for old women.

But to return to King Richard—though he professed to be very sorry for his turbulent conduct during his father's reign, his sorrow did not lead him to mend his ways at all; as, alas! is usual with all

quarrelsome people. The very first thing he did was to prepare for a great fight; and, in order to get money for this, he not only taxed his people very severely, but sold for a trifle the kingdom of Scotland, which his father had won. I don't know what the sum was which might be considered as trifling for the purchase of that country,* and indeed historians differ about it: but I leave you to imagine how hardly he must have been pressed for coin, when he could bring such an article as that to pawn.

What was called the Christian world then was about this time bent upon taking Jerusalem out of the hands of the Turks, who possessed it, and banded together in immense numbers for this purpose. Many of the princes so leagued were as false, wicked, and tyrannous men as ever lived; but Richard Cœur-de-Lion had no artifice at all in his nature, and entered into the undertaking, which he thought a godly one, with all his heart and soul. To batter out Turks' brains with his great axe seemed to him the height of Christianity, and no man certainly performed this questionable duty better than he. He and the King of France were the leaders of the crusade; but the latter, being jealous, or prudent, or disgusted with the enterprise, went speedily back to his kingdom, and left all the glory and all the fighting to King Richard. There never was, they say, such a strong and valiant soldier seen. In battle after battle the Turks gave way before him, and especially at the siege of Ascalon, he and his army slew no less than forty thousand Saracens, and defeated consequently Sultan Saladin, their leader.

In the intervals of fighting it seems that a great number of politenesses passed between these two princes; for when Richard was ill, Saladin sent him a box of pills from his own particular druggist; and as for Richard, it is said at one time that he wanted to knight the gallant Saracen, as though for all the world he were an alderman or a Royal Academician. And though the Lion-hearted King felt it his Christian duty to pursue the Turk, and knock his brains out if he could catch him, yet he would not deny that he was a noble and generous prince, and admired him more than any sovereign in his own camp. Wasn't it magnanimous? Oh, very!

At last, after a great number of victories, Richard came in sight of the City of Jerusalem, which was strongly fortified by the Turkish Sultan; and there the Lion-hearted King had the misfortune to find

* Miss Tickletoby's extreme prejudice against Scotland and the Scotch may be accounted for by the fact, that an opposition academy to hers is kept by Mr. M'Whirter, who, report says, once paid his addresses to Miss T. Having succeeded in drawing off a considerable number of her pupils to his school, Mr. M'W. at once discontinued his suit.

that there was not a single chance for him ever to win it. His army, by the number of glorious victories, was wasted away greatly. The other kings, dukes, and potentates, his allies, grumbled sadly; and the end was, that he was obliged to march back to the sea again—and you may fancy Sultan Saladin's looks as he went off.

So he quitted the country in disguise, and in disgust too—(as for his army, never mind what became of *that*: if we lose our time pitying the common soldiers, we may cry till we are as old as Methuselah, and not get on)—Richard, I say, quitted the country in disguise and disgust, and, in company with a faithful friend or two, made for home.

But as he was travelling through Austria, he was recognised by some people in that country, and seized upon by the Duke of Austria, who hated him, and clapped him without any ceremony into prison. And, I dare say, while there he heartily regretted that, instead of coming home over land, he hadn't at once taken the steamer to Malta, and so got home that way.

Fancy then, my beloved hearers, this great but unhappy monarch in prison. Fancy him, in a prison dress very likely, made to take his turn on the mill with other offenders, and to live on a pint of gruel and a penny loaf a day; he who had been accustomed to the best of victuals, and was, if we may credit the late celebrated Sir Walter Scott, particularly partial to wine! There he was—a king—a great warrior—but lately a leader of hundreds of thousands of men, a captive in an odious penitentiary! Where was his army? again one can't help thinking. Oh, never mind *them*: they were done for long since, and out of their pain. So you see it is King Richard who is the object of compassion, for he *wasn't* killed.

I am led to believe that the prison regimen in Austria was not so severe as it is nowadays with us, when if a prisoner were heard singing, or playing the fiddle, he would be prettily tickled by the gaoler's cane; for it appears that King Richard had the command of a piano, and was in the habit of playing upon the guitar. It is probable that the Duke of Austria thought there could be no harm in his amusing himself in the lonely place in which, unknown to all the world, King Richard was shut.

As for his subjects, I don't know whether they missed him very much. But I have remarked that we pretty speedily get accustomed to the absence of our kings and royal families; and though, for instance, there is our beloved Duke of Cumberland gone away to be King of Hanover, yet we manage to bear our separation from that august prince with tolerable resignation.

Well, it was lucky for the king that he was allowed his piano:

for it chanced that a poor wandering minstrel (or organ-grinder, *we* should call him), who had no doubt been in the habit of playing tunes before the king's palace in Saint James's Street—for, you know, the new police wasn't yet invented, to drive him off—I say the organ-grinder Blundell happened to be passing by this very castle in Austria where Richard was, and seeing a big house, thought he might as well venture a tune; so he began that sweet one "Cherry ripe, che-erry ripe, ri-ip I cry-y;" and the Austrian soldiers, who were smoking their pipes, and are very fond of music, exclaimed, "Potztausend, was ist das für ein herrliches Lied?"

When Richard heard that well-known melody, which in happier days he had so often heard Madame Vestris sing,* he replied at once on the piano with "Home, sweet Home."

"Hullo!" says Blondell, or Blundell, "there must be an Englishman here, and straightway struck up "Rule Britannia"—"When Britain feh-eh-eh-erst at He-evn's command," &c.—to which the king answered by "God save the King."

"Can it be—is it possible—no—yes—is it really our august monarch?" thought the minstrel—and his fine eyes filled with tears as he ground the sweet air, "Who are you?"

To which the king answered by a fantasia composed of the two tunes "The King, God bless him," and "Dicky Gossip, Dicky Gossip is the man"—for though his name *wasn't* Gossip, yet you see he had no other way of explaining himself.

Convinced by these melodies, Mr. Blundell replied rapidly by "Charlie is my Darling," "All's Well," "We only part to meet again," and, in short, with every other tune which might, as he thought, console the royal prisoner. Then (only stopping to make a rapid collection at the gate) he posted back to London as fast as his legs would carry him, and told the Parliament there that he had discovered the place where our adored monarch was confined.

Immense collections were instantly made throughout the country—some subscribed of their own accord, others were made to subscribe; and the Emperor of Germany, who was made acquainted with the fact, now, though the Duke of Austria had never said a word about it previously, caused the latter prince to give up his prisoner; and I believe his Imperial Majesty took a good part of the ransom to himself.

Thus at last, after years of weary captivity, our gracious King Richard was restored to us. Fancy how glad he must have been to see Hyde Park once more, and how joyful and happy his people were!

* This settles the great question, mooted every week in the *Sunday Times*, as to the age of that lady.

—I dare say he vowed never to quit Buckingham Palace again, and to remain at home and make his people happy.

But do you suppose men so easily change their natures? Fiddlestick!—in about a month King Richard was fighting in France as hard as ever, and at last was killed before a small castle which he was besieging. He did not pass six months in England in the whole course of his four years' reign: he did more harm to the country than many a worse king could do; and yet he was loved by his people for his gallantry; and somehow, although I know it is wrong, I can't help having a sneaking regard for him, too.

My loves, it is time that you should go to play.

[*Immense enthusiasm, in the midst of which* Miss T. *retires.*

LECTURE VIII.

AS it is by no means my wish to say anything disrespectful of any sovereign who ever ascended the British throne, we must, my loves, pass over the reign of his late Majesty King John as briefly as possible; for, between ourselves, a greater rascal never lived. You have many of you read of his infamous conduct to Rowena, Cedric the Saxon, and others, in the history of Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe; and I fear there are other facts, though perhaps not on so good authority, which are still more disreputable.

In the plays of the ingenious Shakspeare, some of which I have seen at Covent Garden, his Majesty's nephew, Prince Arthur, is made to climb over a canvas wall of about three feet high, and die lamentably of the fall in a ditch, in which a mattress has been laid; but the truth, I fear, is, that Prince Arthur did not commit suicide voluntary or involuntary, but that his Royal Uncle killed him, for his Royal Highness was the son of his Majesty's elder brother, and, by consequence, our rightful king. Well, well, there are ugly stories about high personages at Court, and you know it makes very little difference to either of the princes, now, which reigned and which didn't; and I dare say, if the truth were known, King John by this time is heartily sorry for his conduct to his august nephew.

It may be expected that I should speak in this place of a celebrated document signed in this reign, by some called the commencement of our liberties, by others Magna Charta. You may read this very

paper or parchment at the British Museum any day you please, and if you find anything in it about our liberties, I am a Dutchman—that is, a Dutchwoman [*hear, hear*]; whereas, as the Register of Saint Bartholomew's, Smithfield, of the year seventeen hundred and—ahem!—as the Register, I say, proves, I am a Briton, and glory in the title.

The Pope of Rome who lived in those days was almost as facetious a person as Pope Gregory, of whom before we have spoken; and what do you think he did? I'm blessed if he did not make a present of the kingdom of England to the King of France! [*immense laughter*] then afterwards he made a present of it to King John very kindly; and the two kings were about, as usual, to fight for it, when the French king's army was in part shipwrecked, and partly beaten; and King John himself was seized with an illness, which put an end to him. And so farewell to him. He rebelled against his father, he conspired against his brother, he murdered his nephew, and he tyrannised over his people. Let us shed a tear for his memory, and pass on to his son, King Henry III., who began to reign in the year 1216, and was king for no less than fifty-six years.

I think the best thing he did during that long period was, to beget his gallant son, who reigned after him, under the title of King Edward the First. The English lords, in King Henry's time, were discontented with his manner of reigning—for he was always in the hands of one favourite or another; and the consequence was, that there were perpetual quarrels between the lords and the prince, who was continually turned out of his kingdom and brought back again, or locked up in prison and let loose again. In the intervals the barons ruled, setting up what is called an *oligarchy*: when Henry governed himself, he was such a soft effeminate creature, that I think they might have called *his* reign a *mollygarchy*.

As not the least applause or laughter followed this pun, Miss T., somewhat disconcerted, said, I see you do not wish to hear anything more regarding Henry III., so, if you please, we will pass on to the history of his son, a wise king, a stern and great warrior. It was he who first gave the Commons of England in Parliament any authority or power to cope with the great barons, who had hitherto carried all before them; which, with the most sincere respect for their lordships, I cannot but think was a change for the better in our glorious Constitution.

He was in the Holy Land when his father's death was announced to him, following the fashion of that day, to fight against the Turks, and murder them for the honour of religion. And here I cannot help pointing out, how necessary it is that men should *never* part from their

wives; for the king, by having his with him, escaped a great danger. A man of a certain tribe called the Assassins (who have given their names to murderers ever since) stabbed the king in his tent with a dagger, whereupon the queen, and honour be to her, supposing that the knife which inflicted the wound might have been poisoned, sucked the wound with her own royal lips, and caused Prince Edward to say, that a good wife was the very best doctor in the world.

This good queen died abroad, and her husband caused crosses to be erected at the different places where her body rested on its way to its burial, where the people might stop and pray for her soul. I wonder how many people who pass by Charing Cross nowadays ever think of her, or whether the omnibuses stop there in order that the cads and coachmen may tell their beads for good Queen Elinor?

From 1272, when he began to reign, until 1307, when he died, King Edward was engaged in ceaseless wars. Being lord of the largest portion of the island of Great Britain, he had a mind to possess the whole of it; and, in order to do so, had to subdue the Welsh first, and the Scots afterwards. Perhaps some of you have read an ode by Mr. Gray, beginning "Ruin seize thee, ruthless king"? But as not a single person in the company had, Miss T. said, "At any rate, my loves, you have heard, no doubt, of the bards?"

Miss Binge. Papa calls Shakspeare the immoral bard of Heaven. What *is* a bard, ma'am?

Miss T. Why, the bards, as I am led to believe, are Welsh poets, with long beards, who played Welsh airs upon Welsh harps. Some people are very fond of these airs; though, for my part, I confess, after hearing "Poor Mary Ann" played for fourteen consecutive hours by a blind harper at Llangollen, I rather felt as if I should prefer any other tune to that.

Master Spry. Pray, ma'am, hare the Welsh airs hanything like the Welsh rabbits? If so, mother can perform 'em very prettily. [*A laugh, which* Miss TICKLETOBY *severely checks, and continues*—]

This country of Wales King Edward determined should be his own, and accordingly made war upon the princes of the Principality, who withstood him in many bloody actions, and at one time were actually puffed up with the idea that one of their princes should become King of England, on account of an old prophecy of Merlin's—

> "*Llwllwyn pdwdlwdl cwmlwm.*"—MERLIN'S PROPHECIES.
>
> "Let Wales attend! the bard prophetic said:
> I. V. at Y. shall crown Llewellyn's Z."—SIMCOE.

From which obscure phrase the people, and Llewellyn himself, were led to believe that they would overcome the stern and powerful King of England.

But the prophecy was fulfilled in a singular way. On the two armies meeting together on the river Wye, Llewellyn was slain by an English knight, and his head in derision crowned with ivy. The other Welsh sovereign, Prince David, met with a worse fate than to die in battle: he repeatedly rebelled against King Edward, and was forgiven until the last time, when he was taken in arms, and judged to die as a rebel, so forming the last of his line.

If the king had had trouble with the Welsh, with the Scots he had still more, and was occupied during almost the whole of his reign in settling (after his own fashion, to be sure) that unruly nation.

In one of his invasions of Scotland, he carried off the famous stone on which the Scottish kings used to sit at their coronation—and a very cold seat it must have been for their Majesties, considering their unhappy custom of wearing no small-clothes ; which are not the least of the inestimable, I may say inexpressible, benefits the Scots have derived from commerce with this country.

The regular line of the Scotch kings having ended—(never mind in whose person, for, after all, a king without pantaloons is a sorry subject to trouble one's head about)—the regular line being ended, there started up several claimants to the throne ; and the lords of the country, in an evil hour, called upon Edward to decide who should succeed. He gave a just award, assigning the crown to one John Baliol ; but he caused Baliol to swear fealty to him for his crown, and did not scruple about having him up to London whenever he was minded. It is said that he summoned him to Court six times in one year, when Edinburgh was at least a month's journey from London. So thus the poor fellow must have passed the whole year upon the road, bumping up and down on a rough-trotting horse; and he without what-d'ye-call-'ems, too !—after the fashion of Humphry Clinker.

The consequence may be imagined. Baliol was quite worn out by such perpetual jolting. Flesh and blood couldn't bear twelve of these journeys in a year ; and he wrote to King Edward, stating his determination no longer to be saddled with a throne.

Wisely, then, he retired. He took up his residence in Normandy, where he passed his life quietly in devotion, it is said, and the cultivation of literature. The Master of Baliol College, Oxford, has kindly communicated to me a MS., in the handwriting of the retired prince, accompanied with designs, which, though rude, are interesting to the antiquary. One represents John of Baliol on the North road, which

must have been in a sad condition indeed at the close of the thirteenth century.

The motto placed beneath the illumination by the royal bard is a quaint, simple, and pathetic one. He says touchingly—

> "To Scotys withouten brychys rydinge is not swete.
> I mote have kept my crowne, I shold have lost my seate."

He retired, then; but a greater than he arose to battle for the independence of his country.

LECTURE IX.

EDWARD I.—THE SCOTS AND THEIR CLAIMS.

SCOTCHMEN, my dears, you know, are my antipathy, and I had at one time thought, in these lectures, of so demolishing the reputation of William Wallace, that historians would never more have dared to speak about him, and the numbers who hear me, the millions who read me in *Punch*, the countless myriads who in future ages will refer to that work when we, young and old, are no more, would have seen at once that the exploits ascribed to him were fabulous for the most part, and his character as doubtful as his history.

Some late writers have been very hard upon him. Dr. Lingard, especially, has fallen foul of his claims to be a hero; and another author, Mr. Keightley, has been to the full as severe, quoting sentences from the old chroniclers strongly defamatory of Wallace's character. One of these calls him "quidam latro publicus," a certain common thief; another, writing of his family, says he was "ex infimâ gente procreatus"—sprung from the lowest of the low; but these writers, it must be remembered, were of the English nation and way of thinking. Washington was similarly abused during the American war; and I make no doubt that some of my darlings, who read the English newspapers, have seen exactly the same epithets applied to Mr. Daniel O'Connell.

It is easy to call names in this way, but let us, my beloved young friends, be more charitable; in the case of these Scots especially; for if we take Wallace from them, what hero do we leave to the poor creatures? Sir Walter Scott has, to be sure, invented a few good Scotchmen in his novels, and perhaps their actions, and those of Wallace, are equally true.

But even supposing that he did come of a low stock—that he was a freebooter once—it is clear that he came to command the Scotch armies, that he was for a short time Regent of the kingdom. So much the more creditable to him then was it that, by his skill and valour, he overcame those brave and disciplined troops that were sent against him, and raised himself to the position he occupied for a while over the heads of a powerful, ignorant, cowardly, sordid, treacherous, selfish nobility, such as that of the Scots was.

Even poor John Baliol made one or two attempts to rescue his crown from the domineering Edward; but these nobles, though they conspired against the English king, were the first to truckle down to him when he came to assert what he called his right; and the proof of their time-serving conduct is, that King Edward forgave every one of them, except Wallace, who was the only man who refused to come to terms with the conqueror.

During the king's absence Wallace had tolerable success; he discomfited the English leaders in many small skirmishes and surprises, and defeated, at Cambuskenneth, a great body of the English troops. He thought, too, to have as easy work with the king himself, when Edward, hearing of his lieutenant's defeat, came thundering down to avenge him. But the Scot was no match for the stern English warrior. At Falkirk the king gave Wallace's army such a beating as almost annihilated it, and Wallace was obliged to fly to the woods, where he was finally seized by one of his former friends and adherents; and, being sent to London, there died the death of a traitor.

Be warned then, my little dears, when you come to read the History of the Scottish Chiefs, by my dear friend Miss Porter, that William Wallace was by no means the character which that charming historian has depicted, going into battle, as it were, with a tear in his eye, a cambric handkerchief in his hand, and a flounce to his petticoat; nor was he the heroic creature of Tytler and Scott; nor, most probably, the ruffian that Doctor Lingard would have him to be.

He appears, it is true, to have been as violent and ferocious a soldier as ever lived; in his inroads into England murdering and ravaging without pity. But such was the custom of his time; and such being the custom, as we excuse Wallace for murdering the English, we must excuse Edward for hanging Wallace when he caught him. Hanging and murdering, look you, were quite common in those days; nay, they were thought to be just and laudable, and I make no doubt that people at that period who objected to such murders at all were accused of "sickly sentimentality," just as they

are now, who presume to be hurt when the law orders a fellow-creature to be killed before the Old Bailey. Well, at any rate, allow us to be thankful that we do not live in those days, when each of us would have had a thousand more chances of being hanged than now. There is no sickly sentimentality about such a preference as *that*.

Let us allow, then, the claims of Wallace to be a hero and patriot. Another hero arose in Scotland after Wallace's discomfiture, who was more lucky than he; but stern King Edward of the long shanks was dead when Bruce's triumphs were secured; and his son, Edward of Carnarvon, was making-believe to reign.

This Bruce had been for a long time shilly-shallying as to the side he should take; whether he should join his countrymen over whom he might possibly become king; or whether he should remain faithful to King Edward, and not risk his estates or his neck. The latter counsel for some time prevailed; for, amongst other causes he had to take sides against his country, a chief one was, hatred of the Baliols. When John of Baliol died, his son being then a prisoner in London, a nephew of John Baliol, called Comyn of Badenoch, became the head man in Scotland. He had always been found gallantly in arms against King Edward, doing his duty as a soldier in Falkirk fight, and in many other actions, with better or similar fortune—not sneaking in the English camp as Bruce was.

The king, however, who had pardoned the young man many times, at last got wind of some new conspiracies in which he was engaged, and vowed, it was said, to make away with him. Bruce got warning in time, made for Scotland, called a meeting with the Regent, Comyn of Badenoch, who granted the interview, and hereupon Bruce murdered Comyn in God's church, and at once proclaimed himself King of Scotland. The Scotch historians have tried to apologise as usual for this foul and dastardly assassination, saying that it was done in a heat—unpremeditated, and so forth. Nonsense, my loves; Robert Bruce had been shuffling and intriguing all his life. He murdered the man who stood between him and the crown—and he took it, and if you read Sir Walter Scott's "Lord of the Isles," you will see what a hero he has made of him. O these Scotchmen! these Scotchmen! how they *do* stand by one another!

Old Edward came tearing down to the borders on the news, vowing he would kill and eat Robert Bruce; but it was not so ordained; the old king was carried off by a much more powerful enemy than any barelegged Scot; and his son, Edward of Carnarvon, (who reigned 1307–1327) had not the energy of his father; and though he made several attempts to punish the Scots, was usually

left in the lurch by his nobility, and on one occasion, at Bannockburn, cruelly beaten by them. They have made a pretty pother about that battle, I warrant you, those Scots; and you may hear tailors from Glasgow or Paisley still crow and talk big about it. Give the fellows their battle, my dears; we can afford it. [*Great sensation.*] As for the murderer, Robert Bruce, he was, it must be confessed, a wary and gallant captain—wise in good fortune, resolute in bad, and he robbed the English counties to the satisfaction of his subjects. It is almost a pity to think he deserved to be hanged.

During the dissensions in England, Robert Bruce, having pretty well secured Scotland, took a fancy to Ireland, too—invaded the country himself, came rather suddenly back again, and sent his brother Edward, who even had the impudence to be crowned King of Ireland; but the English forces coming up with him, took his crown from him with his head in it—and so ended the reigns of the Bruces in Ireland.

As for Edward of Carnarvon, little good can be said of him or his times. An extravagant idle king, insolent favourites (though Gaveston, it must be confessed, was a gallant and dashing fellow), bullying greedy barons, jealous that anyone should have power but themselves, and, above all (alas! that I should have to say it), an infamous disreputable wretch of a French wife, fill the whole pages of this wretched king's reign with their quarrels, their vices, and their murders. In the midst of their quarrels they allowed the country to be bullied by the French, and even the Scots; the people were racked and torn by taxes and tyranny; the king was finally deposed, and murdered by the intrigues of his wicked vixen of a wife, who did not, however, enjoy her ill-gotten honours long as Regent of the kingdom. Edward the Third came to the throne, and of him we will speak in the next Lecture.

In the year 1356, the Black Prince, who had commenced his career ten years earlier as a gallant young soldier at Crécy, had an opportunity of achieving for himself a triumph to the full as great as that former famous one. Robbing and murdering for ten years, as he had been, he had become naturally a skilful captain; and now, in 1356, say the historians, having left his chief city of Bordeaux with 12,000 men, crossing the Garonne, overrunning Querci, the Limousin, Auvergne, and Berri, slaughtering the peasantry, destroying the corn, wine, and provisions, and burning the farmhouses, villages, and towns, he was surprised near Poictiers, in the province of Poitou, by a large army, led by King John of France. The French army was very large—that of the Black Prince very small. "Heaven help us!" said his Royal Highness; "it only remains for us to fight bravely."

He was, however, so doubtful as to the result of the action, that he sent rather modest proposals to the French king, offering to give up his plunder and prisoners, and to promise not to serve against France for seven years, if the French would but let him off this time. King John, however, replied, that he must have the Black Prince and a hundred of his chief knights as prisoners, before he would listen to any terms of accommodation, which idea his Royal Highness "indignantly rejected."

He beat the King of France, whose goods he was carrying off; he killed the friends who came to help the king, he drove the king's servants away; he took King John to England, and would not let him return to France again until he had paid an enormous sum for his ransom. And this was the man who called upon Heaven to defend the right! Ah, my dears, there is not a crowned ruffian in Europe who has not uttered the same cry these thousand years past, attesting Heaven in behalf of his unjust quarrel, and murdering and robbing with the most sacred of all names in his mouth.

Perhaps the most annoying part of the whole imprisonment to poor King John must have been the abominable politeness and humility of his captor. Taken prisoner, and his grand army routed by a handful of starving brigands, the king was marched to supper in the conqueror's tent, the prince complimenting him by saying that his victory was all chance, that the king ought to have won it (and so he ought, and no mistake), and that his Majesty was the "garland of chivalry." Nor would he sit down in his Majesty's presence —not he—he said he was the subject and only fit to wait upon the king (to wait upon him and rob him); so he fetched the dishes, drew the corks, and performed all the duties of his Majesty's Yellowplush.

His conduct in carrying his prisoner to London was of the same sort. He had a triumphal entry: the king being placed on a great horse, the prince meekly riding a pony beside him, and all the people, of course, shouting "Long live the prince!" What humility! cry the historians; what noble conduct! No, no, my loves, I say it was *sham humility*, the very worst sort of pride: if he wanted to spare his prisoner's feelings, why didn't the prince call a hackney-coach?

In the year 1376, twenty years after his victory of Poictiers, the gallant Black Prince (who in France and Spain, at the head of his famous free companions, had fought many a hard fight since then), died leaving an only son behind him. Old King Edward, who had been battling and fighting as much as his son, now in his old age had grown dotingly fond of a wicked hussy, Alice Pierce by name, that had been maid of honour to the good Queen Philippa. The king gave to this good-for-nothing creature all the queen's jewels, she had

the giving away of all the places about the Court, and behaved in such a way that the Parliament was obliged to stop her extravagance.

A year after his son, the famous old warrior, King Edward the Third, felt that death was coming upon him; and called his beloved Alice Pierce to come and console him ere he died. She, seeing death on his face, took the expiring monarch's hand in hers, and pulled his ring off his finger. The servants pillaged the wardrobes and the hangings of the bed, and dying Edward, the terror of Frenchmen, lay unheeded upon his bed, until a priest came by chance into the room, and knelt down by the king's side, and said a prayer with him for the safety of his soul, at the end whereof the priest alone had the power of saying "Amen."

Here Miss Tickletoby paused with a very solemn voice, and the little children retired quite wistfully and silently, and were all particularly good in school the next day.

LECTURE X.

EDWARD III.

THE reign of the third Edward has always been considered a glorious period of our annals—the fact is, he beat the French soundly, and it is always a comfort to read of those absurd vapouring vainglorious Frenchmen obtaining a beating—and he has had for an historian of his battles one John Froissart, a very bad clergyman, as I make no doubt, but a writer so exceedingly lively and pleasant, that the scenes of the war are made to pass before the reader as if he saw them. No—not as if he saw them in reality, by the way, but as if he beheld them well acted in a theatre, the principal characters represented by Mr. Charles Kean and other splendid stars of the stage.

So there is nothing but fighting in the works of the Rev. John Froissart—nothing but fighting and killing: yet all passes with such brilliancy, splendour, and good-humour, that you can't fancy for the world that anybody is hurt; and though the warriors of whom he speaks are sometimes wounded, it really seems as if they liked it. It is—"Fair sir, shall we for the honour of our ladies, or the love of the blessed Virgin of Heaven, cut each other's heads off?" "I am unworthy to have the honour of running through the body such a flower of chivalry as you," replies the other; and herewith smiling sweetly on each other, gaudy with plumes, and gold, and blazing coats

of armour, bestriding prancing war-horses covered also with gay housings and bright steel, at it the two gentlemen go, with lances in rest, shouting their war-cries gaily. "A Manny! a Manny!" "Our Lady for Alençon!" says one or the other. "For the love of the saints parry me that cut, sir," says Sir Walter Manny, delivering it gracefully with his heavy battle-sword. "Par la Sambleu, beau sire, voilà un beau coup d'espée," says the constable to the other, politely, who has just split his nose in two, or carried off his left whisker and cheek;—and the common people go to work just as genteelly;—whizz! how the bowstrings thrum, as the English archers, crying "Saint George for England!" send their arrows forth!

Montjoie Saint Denis!—how the French men-at-arms come thundering over the corn-fields, their lances and corslets shining in the sun!—As for me, my dears, when I read the story, I fancy myself, for a moment or two, Jane of Montfort, dressed in armour, and holding up my son in my arms, calling upon my faithful nobles of Bretagne to defend me and him.

[*Here* Miss TICKLETOBY, *seizing playfully hold of* Master TIMSON, *lifted him gaily in one of her arms, and stood for a moment in an heroic attitude; but the children, never having before heard of Jane of Montfort or her history, were quite frightened, and fancied their venerable instructress mad—while* Master TIMSON, *who believed he had been elevated for the purpose of being flogged, set up a roar which caused the worthy lady to put him quickly down again.*

But to speak of King Edward III. The first act of his reign may be said to have been the seizing of one Mortimer, the queen's lover, whom he caused to be hanged, and of her Majesty, whom he placed in a castle, where she lived for the last seven-and-twenty years of her life, with a handsome allowance made to her by her son.

The chief of his time hereafter was filled up with wars—those wars which are so pleasant to read of in Froissart, before mentioned, but which I need not tell any little child here who ever by chance has had a black eye or a whipping, are by no means pleasant in reality. When we read that the king's son, the Black Prince, burned down no less than five hundred towns and villages in the South of France, laying the country waste round about them, and driving the population Heaven knows where, you may fancy what the character of these wars must have been, and that if they were good fun to the knights and soldiers, they were by no means so pleasant to the people.

By such exploits, however, the reign of Edward is to be noted. Robert Bruce being dead, and his son a child, Edward fell on the Scots, slaughtered forty thousand of them at Halidon Hill, and aided

the younger Baliol, who in return promised the submission of himself and kingdom to England, to take a temporary possession of the throne. The Scotch, however, soon rose against Baliol; and Edward Bruce got back his crown—such as it was.

Then our Lord Sir Edward took a fancy to France, and, upon a most preposterous claim advanced by him, assumed the French arms, called himself king of that country, and prepared to take possession of the same. The first thing he did, to this end, was to obtain a glorious victory over the French navy, taking no less than two hundred and forty of their ships, and killing I don't know how many thousands of their men.

I don't know if the French wore "wooden shoes" in those days, but the English hated them for that or some other equally good cause; and the Parliaments for ever granted the king money to carry on the war in assertion of his just rights. Just rights, forsooth!—a private man putting forward such claims to another's purse, and claiming his just rights with a pistol at your head, would be hanged for his pains. Bishops and priests said prayers for King Edward, and judges and lawyers wrote long lying documents in support of his cause.

In spite of the hundreds of thousands of pounds which his subjects gave him, and the hundreds of thousands of men he brought into the field against the King of France, Edward for some time made very ittle way, and did not overcome the French king's armies—for the very good reason, that the latter would never meet him. And it is a singular thing that, when the two armies *did* meet, and the English obtained those two victories about which we have been bragging for near five hundred years, we did not fight until we were forced, and because we could not help it. Burning, robbing, ravaging, Edward's troops had arrived at the gates of Paris, not with the hope of conquering the country, but of plundering it simply; and were making the best of their way home again from the pursuit of an immense French army which was pressing them very hard, when Edward, finding he could not escape without a fight, took a desperate stand and the best ground he could find on the famous hill of Cressy.

Here, sheltered amidst the vines, the English archers and chivalry took their posts; and the blundering French, as absurdly vain and supercilious in those days as they are at this moment, thinking to make easy work of *ces coquins d Anglais*, charged the hill and the vineyards—not the English, who were behind them, and whose arrows slaughtered them without pity.

When the huge mass of the French army was thrown into disorder by these arrows, the English riders issued out and plunged among them, murdering at their ease; and the result was a glorious triumph

to the British arms. King Edward's son, a lad of fourteen, distinguished himself in the fight, holding his ground bravely against the only respectable attack which the French seem to have made in the course of the day. And ever since that day, the Princes of Wales, as you know, have had for a crest that of an old King of Bohemia (the blind old fool!), who could not see the English, but bade his squires lead him towards them, so that he might exchange a few *coups de lance* with them. So the squires laced their bridles into his, made their attack, and were run through the body in a minute; and SERVE 'EM RIGHT, say I.

Whilst Edward was fighting this battle, those marauding Scotchmen, under David Bruce their new king (as great a robber, my dears, as his father), thought they might take advantage of the unprotected state of the kingdom, and came across the border in great force, to plunder as usual. But I am happy to state that her Majesty, Queen Philippa, heading a small English army, caught them at a place called Nevil's Cross, and utterly defeated the thievish rogues, killing vast numbers of them. She was as kind-hearted, too, as she was brave. For at the siege of Calais, after Edward had reduced the town, he swore, in his rage at the resistance of the garrison, that he would hang six of the principal inhabitants. These unhappy six came before him "in their shirts, with halters round their necks," the old chroniclers say.

The queen interceded for their lives; the monarch granted her prayer, and her Majesty gave the poor burghers what must have been very acceptable to them after six months' starvation, a comfortable meal of victuals.

"I hope they went home first TO DRESS FOR DINNER," here remarked an intelligent pupil.

"Of course they must have done so, my dear," answered Miss Tickletoby; "but, for my part, I believe that the whole scene must have been arranged previously between the king and queen; indeed, neither of them coul dhelp laughing at the ridiculous figure the burgesses cut."

The company separated in immense good-humour, saying that the Lecturer had, on this occasion, mingled amusement with much stern instruction.

(1842.)

THE END OF "LECTURES ON ENGLISH HISTORY."

PAPERS

BY THE

FAT CONTRIBUTOR

PAPERS BY THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

WANDERINGS OF OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

I.

[The fattest of our contributors left London very suddenly last week, without giving the least idea of his movements until we received the following communication. We don't know whether he is going to travel, nor do we pledge ourselves in the least to publish another line of the Fat Contributor's correspondence. As far as his tour goes at present, it certainly is, if not novel, at least treated in a novel manner; for the reader will remark that there is not a word about the places visited by our friend, while there is a prodigious deal of information regarding himself. Interesting as our Fat Contributor is, yet it *may* chance that we shall hear enough about him ere many more letters are received from him.—EDITOR.]

THERE were eleven more dinners hustling one another in my invitation-book. "If you eat two more, you are in for an apoplexy," said Glauber, my medical man. "But Miss Twaddlings is to be at the Macwhirters' on Thursday," I expostulated, "and you know what money she has." "She'll be a widow before she's married," says Glauber, "if you don't mind.—Away with you!—Take three grains of blue pill every night, and my draught in the morning—if you don't, I won't answer for the consequences.—You look as white as a sheet—as puffy as a bolster—this season you've grown so inordinately gross and fa——"

It's a word I can't bear applied to myself. I wrote letters round to decline my dinners; and agreed to go——

But whither? Why not to Brighton? I went a few days before the blow-up.* I was out for four hours in a fly on that day. I saw Lord Brougham in a white hat and telescope—I saw the sea lighted up with countless smiles—I saw the chain-pier, and the multitudes swarming on it—I saw the bucks smoking cigars on the terrace of the Albion.

* On July 23rd, 1844, a good deal of excitement was caused by the trial at Brighton of Captain Warner's invention for destroying ships at sea.

I could not smoke—I was with three ladies in the fly—they were all fat, and, oh! how hot! The sun beat down upon us ruthlessly. Captain Warner *wouldn't* come. We drove and put back the dinner. Then Miss Bogle said she would like to drive to the Library for the last volume of Grant's "Visit to Paris."

While we were at Folthorpe's, their messenger came running in—he had been out but one minute that day; he had seen it. We had been out four hours; it was all over! All that we could see when we got back was the sea, and a mast sticking up in it.

That was what I had come to Brighton for—to eat prawns for breakfast—to pay five shillings for a warm bath—and not to see the explosion!

I set off for London the next day. One of my dinners was coming off that day—I had resigned it. There would very likely be turtle; and I wasn't there! Flesh and blood couldn't stand it. "I will go to Dover to-morrow," I said, "and take the first packet that goes—that goes anywhere."

I *am* at Dover. This is written from the Ship Hotel: let me recollect the adventures of the day.

The Dover trains go from two places at once: but my belief is, the cabmen try and perplex you. If it is the turn of the Bricklayers' Arms train, they persuade you to London Bridge; if of the London Bridge, they inveigle you to the Bricklayers' Arms—through that abominable suburb stretching away from Waterloo Bridge, and into the Greater London, which seems as it were run to seed.

I passed a theatre—these creatures have a theatre it appears—it is called (to judge from a painted placard) the Victoria. It is a brick building, large, and with the windows cracked and stuffed with coats.

At the Bricklayers' Arms, which we reached at length after paying several base turnpikes, and struggling through a noisy, dirty, bustling, dismal city of small houses and queer shops and gin-palaces—the policeman comes grinning up to the cab, and says, "No train from here, sir—next train from London Bridge—hoften these mistakes. Cab drove away only just this minute. You'll be in time if you go."

The cabman gallops off, with a grin. The brute! he knew it well enough. He went for an extra fare.

As I do not wish to have a *coup-de-soleil*; or to be blinded with dust; or to have my nerves shattered by the infernal screaming of the engine as we rush howling through the tunnels: as I wish to sit as soft as I can in this life, and find a board by no means so elastic as a cushion, I take the first class, of course.—I should prefer having some of the third-class people for company, though—I find them generally less vulgar than their betters.

I selected, as may be imagined, an empty carriage: in which I lived pretty comfortably until we got to Reigate, where two persons with free tickets—engineers and Scotchmen—got into the carriage.

Of course one insisted upon sitting down in the very seat opposite me. There were four seats, but he must take that, on purpose to mingle his legs with mine, and make me uncomfortable. I removed to the next seat—the middle one. This was what the wretch wanted. He plumped into my place. He had the two places by the window—the two best in the coach—he leered over my shoulder at his comrade a great, coarse, hideous Scotch smile.

I hate engineers, I hate Scotchmen, I hate brutes with free tickets, who take the places of gentlemen who pay.

On alighting at Dover, and remembering the extravagance of former charges at the "Ship," under another proprietor (pray heavens the morrow's little bill may be a mild one!), I thought of going elsewhere. Touters were about seizing upon the passengers and recommending their hotels—"NOW, GENTS, THE 'GUN'!" roared one monster. I turned sickening away from him. "Take me to the 'Ship,'" I faintly gasped.

On proposing dinner, the waiter says with an air as if he was inventing something extremely clever, "Whiting, sir? Nice fried sole?"

Mon Dieu! what have I done to be pursued in this way by whiting and fried sole? Is there nothing else in the world? Ain't I sick of fried sole and whiting—whiting and fried sole? Having eaten them for long years and years until my soul is weary of them. "You great ass," I felt inclined to exclaim, "I can get whiting and sole in London, give me something new!" . . . .

Ah for that something new! I have seen the dry toast come up for my breakfast so many times—the same old tough stiff leathery tasteless choky dried toast, that I can bear it no longer. The other morning (I had been rather feverish all night) it came up and I declare I burst into tears.

"Why do you haunt me," I said, "you *demd* old toast? What have I done that there is no other companion for me but you? I hate and spurn you—and yet up you come. Day by day, heartless brute, I leave you in the rack, and yet it's not you that suffer torture:" and I made a passionate speech to that toast full of eloquence, and howled and flung the plateful at the door—just as Mary came in.

She is the maid. She could not understand my feelings. *She* is contented with toast for breakfast, with bread I believe, poor wretch! So are cows contented with grass. Horses with corn. The fine spirit pants for novelty—and mine is sick of old toast.

"Gents" are spoken of familiarly even at this hotel. During dinner a messenger comes to ask if a young "gent" was dining in the coffee-room?

"No," says the waiter.

"How is that," thinks I, "am I not a young gent myself?" He continues, "There's two holdish ladies and a *very* young gent in No. 24; *but there's only a* MIDDLE-HAGED *gent in the coffee-room.*"

Has it come to this, then? Thirty something last birthday, and to be called a middle-aged gent? Away! Away! I can bear this ribaldry no more. Perhaps the sea may console me.

And how? it's only a dim straight line of horizon, with no gaiety or variety in it. A few wretched little vessels are twiddling up and down. A steam-tug or two—yachts more or less—the town is hideous, except for a neat row of houses or two—the cliffs only respectable. The castle looks tolerable. But who, I should like to know, would be such a fool as to climb up to it? Hark! There is a band playing—it is a long mile on, and yet I go to listen to it.

It is a band of wind-instruments of course, a military band, and the wretches listening in their stupid good-humour are giving the players—*beer*. I knew what would happen immediately upon the beer (I'm forbidden it myself). They played so infernally out of tune that they blasted me off the ground—away from the Dover bucks, and the poor girls in their cheap finery, and the grinning yokels, and the maniacs riding velocipedes.

This is what I saw most worthy of remark all day. This person

was standing on the beach, and her garments flapped round about her in the breeze. She stood and looked and looked until somebody came—to her call apparently. Somebody, a male of her species, dressed in corduroys and a frock. Then they paired off quite happy.

That thing had a lover!

Good-night, I can say no more. A monster has just told me that a vessel starts at seven for Ostend: I will take it. I would take one for Jericho if it started at six.

II.

THE SEA.

I HAD one comfort in quitting Dover. It was to see Towzer, my tailor, of Saint James's Street, lounging about the pier in a marine jacket, with a tuft to his chin.

His face, when he saw me in the boat, was one of the most intense agony. I owe Towzer 203*l.*

"Good-bye, Towzer," I said. "I shall be back in four years." And I laughed a demoniac yell of scorn, and tumbled clattering down the brass stairs of the cabin.

An Israelite had already taken the best place, and was preparing to be unwell. I have observed that the "Mosaic Arabs," as Coningsby calls them, are always particularly amenable to maritime discomfiture. The Jew's internal commotions were frightful during the passage.

Two Oxford youths, one of whom had been growing a moustache since the commencement of the vacation, began to smoke cigars, and assume particularly piratical airs.

I took the picture of one of them an hour afterwards—stretched lifeless on the deck, in the agonies of sea-sickness.

I will not print that likeness. It is too excellent. If his mamma saw it, she would catch her death of fright, and order her darling Tommy home. I will rather publish the one on the following page.

That man is studying Levizac's grammar. He is a Scotchman. He has not the least sense of modesty. As he gets up phrases out of that stale old grammar of 1803 (bought cheap on a stall in Glasgow), the wretch looks up, and utters the sentences he has just acquired—serves them up hot in his hideous jargon. "Parly voo Fransis," says he, or

"Pranny garde de mong tait." He thinks he has quite the accent. He never doubts but that he is in a situation to cope with the natives. And *au fait*, he speaks French as well as many Belgians or Germans in those lands whither he is wandering.

Poor Caledonian youth! I have been cramming him with the most dreadful lies all the way. I should have utterly bewildered him and made him mad with lies, but for this circumstance :—

In the middle of a very big one, which (administered by me) was slipping down his throat as glibly as an oyster, there came up from the cabin a young woman, not very pretty, but kind-looking, and she laid her hand upon the shoulder of that Levizac-reading Scotchman, and smiled, and he said with an air of immense superiority—

"*Wall*, Eliza, are ye batter noo?"

It was his wife! She loved him. She was partial to that snob. She did not mind the strings of his shirt-collar sticking out behind his back.

Gentle Eliza! a man whom you love and whose exposed follies would give you pain, shall never be made the butt of the Fat Contributor.

It will hardly be credited—but, upon my honour, there are four people on deck learning French dialogues as hard as they can. There is the Oxford man who is not sick. A young lady who is to be the spokeswoman of her party of nine. A very pompous man, who swore last night in my hearing that he was a capital hand at French, and the Caledonian student before mentioned.

What a wise race! They learn French phrases to speak to German waiters, who understand English perfectly.

The couriers and gentlemen's servants are much the most *distingué*-looking people in the ship. Lord Muffington was on board, and of course I got into conversation with his lordship—a noble-looking

person. But just when I thought he might be on the point of asking me to Muffington Castle, he got up suddenly, and said, "Yes, my lord," to a fellow I never should have suspected of a coronet. Yet he was the noble Earl, and my friend was but his flunkey.

Such is life! and so may its most astute observers be sometimes deceived.

OSTEND: *August* 6.

While the couriers, commissioners, footmen, gentlemen, ladies'-maids, Scotchman with the shirt-collar, the resuscitated Oxford youth, the family of nine, and the whole ship's passengers are struggling, puffing, stamping, squeezing, bawling, cursing, tumbling over their boxes and one another's shins, losing their keys, screaming to the commissioners, having their treasures unfolded, their wonderful packed boxes unpacked so that it is impossible ever to squeeze the articles back into their receptacles again; while there is such a scene of Babel clatter and confusion around me, ah! let me thank Heaven that I have but a carpet-bag!

Any man going abroad who purchases this number of *Punch* a day previous to his departure, will bless me for ever. Only take a carpet-bag! You can have everything there taste or luxury demands; six shirts, a fresh suit of clothes, as many razors as would shave the beards of a regiment of Turks, and what more does a traveller require? Buy nothing! Get a reading of Murray's Guide-book from your neighbour, and be independent and happy.

My acquaintance, the Hon. James Jillyflower, was in the boat with fifteen trunks as I am a sinner. He was induced to take packages for his friends. This is the beauty of baggage—if you have a bag you can refuse. On this score I refused twenty-four numbers of the *Metropolitan Magazine*, a tea-pot, and a ham, which he accepted.

Lady Scramjaw—the packet was opened before my eyes by the custom-house officers at Ostend—gave Jillyflower a parcel of law papers to carry to Italy—"only deeds, upon her honour"—and deeds they were, but with six pair of gloves inside. All his fifteen trunks were opened in consequence of that six pair of gloves. He is made miserable for those gloves. But what cares Lady Scramjaw? Let all travellers beware, then, and again and again bless me for the hint.

I have no passport. They have arrested me

I am about to be conducted to the police. I may be put into a dungeon like O'Connell. Tyrants! lead on!

* * * * * * * *

I was not led to prison, as might have been expected. I was only conducted to a corner of the room, where was an official with large

mustachios and a conical cap. Eyeing me with lowering brows, the following dialogue took place between me and this myrmidon of tyrants :—

Man in the Cap. Monsieur, votre passeport.

Fat Contributor. Monsieur, je n'en ai pas.

Man in the Cap. Alors, Monsieur, vous pourrez passer à votre hôtel.

Fat Contributor. Bonjour, Monsieur (*ici le Gros Rédacteur tire un profond coup de chapeau*).

Man in the Cap. Monsieur, je vous salue.

We separated. I want to know how long Britons are to be subjected to such grinding oppression?

We went then to our hotel—the Hôtel des Bains. We were so foolish as to order champagne for dinner. It is the worst champagne I ever drank in my life: worse than champagne at Vauxhall—worse than used to be supplied by a wine-merchant at the University—worse even than the Bordeaux provided in the Hôtel des Bains. Good heavens! is it for this I am come abroad?

Is it for this? To drink bad wine—to eat fried soles as tough as my shoe—to have my nerves agitated about a passport—and, by way of a second course, to be served with flabby raw mutton-chops? Away! I can get these in Chancery Lane. Is there not such a place as Greenwich in the world? and am I come two hundred miles for such an iniquitous dinner as this?

I thought of going back again. Why did I come away? If there had been a gig at the door that instant to carry me to my native country, I would have jumped in. But there is no hope. Look out of the window, miserable man, and see you are a stranger in a foreign land. There is an alehouse opposite, with "HIER VERKOOPT MAN TRANKEN" over the porch. A woman is standing before me—a woman in wooden shoes. She has a Belgic child at her neck, another at her side in little wooden shoekins.

To them approaches their father—a mariner—he kisses his wife, he kisses his children, and what does he do next? Why, he wipes the nose of the eldest child, and then the fond father wipes the nose of the youngest child. You see his attitude—his portrait. You cannot see his child's face because 'tis hidden in the folds of the paternal handkerchief.

Fancy its expression of gratitude, ye kind souls who read this. I am a fat man, but somehow that touch of nature pleased me. It went to the heart through the nose. Ah! happy children, *sua si bona nôrint*; if they did but know their luck! They have a kind father

to tend them now, and defend their delicate faces from the storms of life. I am alone in the world—sad and lonely. I have nobody to blow *my* nose. There are others yet more wretched, who must steal the handkerchief with which they perform the operation.

I could bear that feeling of loneliness no longer. Away ! let us hasten to the dyke to enjoy the pleasures of the place. All Ostend is there, sitting before the Restaurant, and sipping ices as the sun descends into the western wave.

Look at his round disc as it sinks into the blushing waters !—look, too, at that fat woman bathing—as round as the sun. She wears a brown dressing-gown—two bathers give her each a hand—she advances backwards towards the coming wave, and as it reaches her—plop ! she sits down in it.

She emerges, puffing, wheezing, and shaking herself. She retires creeping up the steps of the bathing machine. She is succeeded by other stout nymphs, disporting in the waves. For hours and hours the Ostenders look on at this enchanting sight.

The Ostend oyster is famous in Paris, and the joy of the gormandiser. Our good-natured neighbours would not enjoy them, perhaps, did they know of what country these oysters are natives.

At Ostend they are called *English oysters.* Yes; they are born upon the shores of Albion. They are brought to Belgium young, and educated there. Poor molluscous exiles! they never see their country again.

We rose at four, to be ready for the train. A ruffianly Boots (by what base name they denominate the wretch in this country I know not) was pacing the corridors at half-past two.

Why the deuce *will* we get up so confoundedly early on a journey? Why do we persist in making ourselves miserable?—depriving our souls of sleep, scuffling through our blessed meals, that we may be early on the road? Is not the sight of a good comfortable breakfast more lovely than any landscape in any country? And what turn in the prospect is so charming as the turn in a clean snug bed, and another snooze of half-an-hour?

This alone is worth a guinea of any man's money. If you are going to travel, never lose your natural rest for *anything.* The prospect that you want to see will be there next day. You can't see an object fairly unless you have had your natural sleep. A woman in curl-papers, a man unshorn, are not fit to examine a landscape. An empty stomach makes blank eyes. If you would enjoy exterior objects well, dear friend, let your inner man be comfortable.

Above all, young traveller, take my advice, and never, *never*, be such a fool as to go up a mountain, a tower, or a steeple. I have tried it. Men still ascend eminences to this day, and, descending, say they have been delighted. But it is a lie. They have been miserable the whole day. Keep you down: and have breakfast while the asinine hunters after the picturesque go braying up the hill.

It is a broiling day. Some arduous fellow-countrymen, now that we have arrived, think of mounting the tower of

ANTWERP.

Let you and me rather remain in the cool Cathedral, and look at the pictures there, painted by the gentleman whom Lady Londonderry calls Reuben.

We examined these works of art at our leisure. We thought to ourselves what a privilege it is to be allowed to look at the works of Reuben (or any other painter) after the nobility have gazed on them! "What did the Noble Marquis think about Reuben?" we

mentally inquired—it would be a comfort to know his opinion : and that of the respected aristocracy in general.

So thought some people at the *table d'hôte*, near whom we have been sitting. Poor innocents ! How little they knew that the fat gentleman opposite was the contributor of—ha ! ha !

My mind fills with a savage exultation every now and then, as, hearing a piece of folly, I say inwardly—" Ha, my fine fellow ! you are down." The poor wretch goes pottering on with his dinner : he little knows he will be in *Punch* that day fortnight.

There is something fierce, mighty, savage, inquisitorial, demoniac, in the possession of that power ! But we wield the dreadful weapon justly. It would be death in the hands of the inexperienced to hold the thunderbolts of *Punch*.

There they sit, poor simple lambs ! All browsing away at their victuals ; frisking in their innocent silly way—making puns some of them—quite unconscious of their fate.

One man quoted a joke from *Punch*. It was one of my own. Poor wretch ! And to think that you, too, must submit to the knife !

Come, gentle victim ! Let me plunge it into you.

But my paper is out. I will reserve the slaughter for the next letter.

III.

[The relations, friends, and creditors of the singular and erratic being who, under the title of the Fat Contributor (he is, by the way, the thinnest mortal that ever was seen), wrote some letters in August last in this periodical, have been alarmed by the sudden cessation of his correspondence ; and the public, as we have reason to know from the innumerable letters we have received, has participated in this anxiety.

Yesterday, by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamship "Tagus," we received a packet of letters in the strange handwriting of our eccentric friend ; they are without date, as might be expected from the author's usual irregularity, but the first three letters appear to have been written at sea, between Southampton and Gibraltar, the last from the latter-named place. The letters contain some novel descriptions of the countries which our friend visited, some neat and apposite moral sentiments, and some animated descriptions of maritime life ; we therefore hasten to lay them before the public.

He requests us to pay his laundress in Lincoln's Inn "a small forgotten account." As we have not the honour of that lady's acquaintance, and as no

doubt she reads this Miscellany (in company with every lady of the land), we beg her to apply at our office, where her claim, upon authentication, shall be settled.—EDITOR.]

HAVING been at Brussels for three whole days (during which time, I calculate, I ate no less than fifty-four dishes at that admirable *table-d'hôte* at the Hôtel de Suède), time began to hang heavily upon me. Although I am fat, I am one of the most active men in the universe—in fact, I roll like a ball—and possess a love of locomotion which would do credit to the leanest of travellers, George Borrow, Captain Clapperton, or Mungo Park. I therefore pursued a rapid course to Paris, and thence to Havre.

As Havre is the dullest place on earth, I quitted it the next day by the "Ariadne" steamer—the weather was balm, real balm. A myriad of twinkling stars glittered down on the deck which bore the Fat Contributor to his native shores—the crescent moon shone in a sky of the most elegant azure, and myriads of dimples decked the smiling countenance of the peaceful main. I was so excited I would not turn into bed, but paced the quarter-deck all night, singing my favourite sea songs—all the pieces out of all the operas which I had ever heard, and many more tunes which I invented on the spot, but have forgotten long since.

I never passed a more delicious night. I lay down happily to rest, folded in my cloak—the eternal stars above me, and beneath me a horsehair mattress, which the steward brought from below. When I rose like a giant refreshed at morn, Wight was passed; the two churches of Southampton lay on my right hand; we were close to the pier.

"What is yonder steamer?" I asked of the steward, pointing to a handsome, slim, black craft that lay in the harbour—a flag of blue, red, white, and yellow on one mast; a blue-peter (signal of departure) at another.

"That," said the steward, "is the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company's ship 'Lady Mary Wood.' She leaves port to-day for Gibraltar, touching on her way at Vigo, Oporto, Lisbon, and Cadiz."

I quitted the "Ariadne"—Jason did the same in Lemprière's Dictionary, and she consoled herself with drinking it is said—I quitted the ship, and went to the inn, with the most tremendous thoughts heaving, panting, boiling in my bosom!

"Lisbon!" I said, as I cut into a cold round of beef for breakfast (if I have been in foreign parts for a week, I always take cold beef and ale for breakfast), "Lisbon!" I exclaimed, "the *fleuve du Tage!* the [illegible]ge groves of Cintra! the vast towers of Mafra, Belem, the

Gallegos, and the Palace of Necessidades! Can I see all these in a week? Have I courage enough to go and see them?" I took another cut at the beef.

"What!" continued I (my mouth full of muffin), "is it possible that I, sitting here as I am, may without the least trouble, and at a trifling expense, transport myself to Cadiz, skimming over the dark blue sea to the land of the Sombrero and the Seguidilla—of the Puchera, the Muchacha, and the Abanico? If I employ my time well, I may see a bull-fight, an *auto-da-fé*, or at least a revolution. I may look at the dark eyes of the Andalusian maid flashing under the dark meshes of her veil; and listen to Almaviva's guitar as it tinkles beneath the balcony of Rosina!"—"What time does the 'Mary Wood' go, waiter?" I cried.

The slave replied she went at half-past three.

"And does she make Gibraltar?" I continued. "Say, John, will she land me at Gibel el Altar? opposite the coasts of Afric, whence whilom swarmed the galleys of the Moor, and landed on the European shores the dusky squadrons of the Moslemah? Do you mean to say, Thomas, that if I took my passage in yon boat, a few days would transport me to the scene renowned in British story—the fortress seized by Rooke, and guarded by Eliott? Shall I be able to see the smoking ruins of Tangiers, which the savage bully of Gaul burned down in braggadocio pride?"

"Would you like anything for dinner before you go?" William here rather sulkily interrupted me; "I can't be a-listening to you all day—there's the bell of 24 ringing like mad."

My repast was by this time concluded—the last slice of boiled beef made up my mind completely. I went forth to the busy town—I sought a ready-made linen warehouse—and in the twinkling of an eye I purchased all that was necessary for a two months' voyage.

From that moment I let my mustachios grow. At a quarter-past three, a mariner of a stout but weather-beaten appearance, with a quantity of new carpet-bags and portmanteaus, containing twenty-four new shirts (six terrifically striped), two dozen ditto stockings—in brief, everything necessary for travel—tripped lightly up the ladder of the "Lady Mary Wood."

I made a bow as I have seen T. P. Cooke do it on the stage. "Avast there, my hearty," I said; "can you tell me which is the skipper of this here craft, and can a seaman get a stowage in her?"

"I am the captain," said the gentleman, rather surprised.

"Tip us your daddle then, my old sea-dog, and give us change for this here Henry Hase."

'Twas a bank-note for 100*l.*, and the number was 33769.

IV.

THE SHIP AT SEA.—DOLORES!

THE first thing that a narrow-minded individual does on shipboard is to make his own berth comfortable at the expense of his neighbours. The next is to criticise the passengers round about him.

Do you remark, when Britons meet, with what a scowl they salute each other, as much as to say, "Bless your eyes, what the angel do you do here?" *Young* travellers, that is to say, adopt this fascinating mode of introduction. I am old in voyaging—I go up with a bland smile to one and every passenger. I originate some clever observation about the fineness of the weather; if there are ladies I manage to make some side appeal to *them*, which is sure of a tender appreciation: above all, if there are old ladies, fat ladies, very dropsical, very sea-sick, or ugly ladies, I pay them some delicate attention—I go up and insinuate a pillow under their poor feet. In the intervals of sickness I whisper, "A leetle hot sherry and water?" All these little kindnesses act upon their delicate hearts, and I know that they say to themselves, "How exceedingly polite and well-bred that stout young man is!"

"It's a pity he's so fat," says one.

"Yes, but then he's so active," ejaculates another.

And thus, my dear and ingenuous youth who read this, and whom I recommend to lay to heart every single word of it—I am adored by all my fellow-passengers. When they go ashore they feel a pang at parting with their amiable companion. I am only surprised that I have not been voted several pieces of plate upon these occasions—perhaps, dear youth, if you follow my example, you may be more lucky.

Acting upon this benevolent plan, I shall not begin satirically to describe the social passengers that tread with me the deck of the "Lady Mary Wood." I shall not, like that haughty and supercilious wretch with the yellow whiskers, yonder, cut short the gentle efforts at good fellowship which human beings around me may make—or grumble at the dinner, or the head-wind, or the narrowness of the berths, or the jarring of the engines—but shall make light of all these—nay, by ingenuity, turn them to a facetious and moral purpose.

There! I flatter myself that is a masterpiece of perspective. If the Royal Academy would exhibit, or Mr. Moon would publish, a

large five-guinea plate of the "main-deck of a steamer," how the public would admire and purchase! With a little imagination, you may fancy yourself on shipboard. Before you is the iron grating, up to which you see peeping every minute the pumping head of the engine; on the right is the galley, where the cook prepares the victuals that we eat or not, as weather permits, near which stands a living likeness of Mr. Jones, the third engineer; to the left, and running along the side of the paddle-boxes, are all sorts of mysterious little houses painted green, from which mates, mops, cabin-boys, black engineers, and oily cook's assistants emerge; above is the deck between the two paddle-boxes, on which the captain walks in his white trousers and telescope (you may catch a glimpse of the former), and

from which in bad weather he, speaking-trumpet in hand, rides the whirlwind and directs the storm. Those are the buckets in case of fire; see how they are dancing about! because they have nothing else to do—I trust they will always remain idle. A ship on fire is a conveyance by which I have no mind to travel.

Farther away, by the quarter-deck ladder, you see accurate portraits of Messrs. MacWhirter and MacMurdo, of Oporto and Saint Mary's, wine-merchants; and far far away, on the quarter-deck, close by the dark helmsman, with the binnacle shining before his steadfast eyes, and the English flag streaming behind him—(it is a confounded head-wind)—you see—O my wildly beating, my too susceptible heart—you see—DOLORES!

I write her name with a sort of despair. I think it is four hours ago since I wrote that word on the paper. They were at dinner, but (for a particular reason) I cared not to eat, and sat at my desk apart The dinner went away, either down the throats of the eager passengers

or to the black caboose whence it came—dessert passed—the sun set—tea came—the moon rose—she is now high in heaven, and the steward is laying the supper things, and all this while I have been thinking of DOLORES, DOLORES, DOLORES!

She is a little far off in the picture; but by the aid of a microscope, my dear sir, you may see every lineament of her delicious countenance—every fold of the drapery which adorns her fair form, and falls down to the loveliest foot in the world! Did you ever see anything like that ankle?—those thin open-worked stockings make my heart thump in an indescribable rapture. I would drink her health out of that shoe; but I swear it would not hold more than a liqueur-glass of wine. Before she left us—ah me! that I should have to write the words *left us*—I tried to make her likeness; but the abominable brute of a steam engine shook so that—would you believe it?—I could make nothing of the loveliest face in the world!

Her complexion is a sort of gold colour—her eyes of a melting deep, unfathomably deep, brown—and as for her hair, the varnish of my best boots for evening parties is nothing compared to it for blackness and polish.

She used to sit on the quarter-deck of sunny afternoons, and smoke paper cigars—oh if you could have seen how sweetly she smiled and how prettily she puffed out the smoke! I have got a bit of one of them which has been at her sweet lips. I shall get a gold box to keep it in some day when I am in cash. There she sat smoking, and the young rogues of the ship used to come crowding round her. MacWhirter was sorry she didn't stop at Oporto, MacMurdo was glad because she was going to Cadiz—I warrant he was—my heart was burst asunder with a twang and a snap, and she carried away half of it in the Malta boat, which bore her away from me for ever.

Dolores was not like your common mincing English girls—she had always a repartee and a joke upon her red lips which made everyone around her laugh—some of these jokes I would repeat were it not a breach of confidence, and had they not been uttered in the Spanish language, of which I don't understand a word. So I used to sit quite silent and look at her full in the face for hours and hours, and offer her my homage that way.

You should have seen how Dolores ate too! Our table was served four times a day—at breakfast, with such delicacies as beefsteaks, bubble-and-squeak, fried ham and eggs, hashed goose, &c., twice laid—of all which trifles little Dolores would have her share; the same at dinner when she was well; and when beneath the influence of angry Neptune the poor soul was stretched in the berth of sickness, the stewards would nevertheless bear away plates upon plates of

victuals to the dear suffering girl; and it would be "Irish stew for a lady, if you please, sir;"—"Rabbit and onions for the ladies' cabin;" "Duck, if you please, and plenty of stuffing, for the Spanish lady." And such is our blind partiality when the heart is concerned, that I admired that conduct in my Dolores which I should have detested in other people. For instance, if I had seen Miss Jones or Miss Smith making peculiar play with her knife, or pulling out a toothpick after dinner, what would have been my feelings!

But I only saw perfection in Dolores.

V.

FROM MY LOG-BOOK AT SEA.

WE are at sea—yonder is Finisterre.

The only tempest I have to describe during the voyage is that raging in my own stormy interior. It is most provokingly uncomfortably fine weather. As we pass Ushant there is not a cloud on the sky, there scarcely seems a ripple on the water—and yet—oh yet! it is not a calm *within*. Passion and sea-sickness are raging there tumultuously.

Why is it I cannot eat my victuals? Why is it that when Steward brought to my couch a plateful of Sea-Pie (I called wildly for it, having read of the dish in maritime novels), why is it that the onions of which that delectable condiment seems to be mainly composed caused a convulsive shudder to pass from my nose through my whole agonised frame, obliging me to sink back gasping in the crib, and to forego all food for many many hours?

I think it must be my love for Dolores that causes this desperate disinclination for food, and yet I have been in love many times before, and I don't recollect ever having lost my desire for my regular four meals a day. I believe I must be very far gone this time.

I ask Frank, the steward, how is the Señora? She suffers, the dear dear Soul! She is in the ladies' cabin—she has just had a plate of roast-pork carried in to her.

She always chooses the dishes with onions—she comes from the sunny South, where both onions and garlic are plentifully used—and yet somehow, in the depression of my spirits—I wish, I wish she hadn't a partiality for that particular vegetable.

It is the next day. I have lost almost all count of time; and only know how to trace it faintly, by remembering the champagne days—Thursday and Sunday.

I am abominably hungry. And yet when I tried at breakfast !—O horror !—I was obliged to plunge back to the little cabin again, and have not been heard of since. Since then I have been lying on my back, sadly munching biscuit and looking at the glimmer of the sun through the deadlight overhead.

I was on the sofa, enjoying (if a wretch so miserable can be said to enjoy anything) the fresh sea-breeze which came through the open port-hole, and played upon my dewy brow. But a confounded great wave came flouncing in at the orifice, blinded me, wet me through, wet all my linen in the carpet-bag, rusted all my razors, made water-buckets of my boots, and played the deuce with a tin of sweet biscuits which have formed my only solace.

Ha ! ha ! What do I want with boots and razors ? I could not put on a boot now if you were to give me a thousand guineas. I could not shave if my life depended on it. I think I could cut my head off—but the razors are rusty, and would not cut clean. O Dolores, Dolores !

The hunger grows worse and worse. It seems to me an age since butcher's meat passed these lips; and, to add to my misery, I can hear every word the callous wretches are saying in the cabin; the clatter of the plates, the popping of the soda-water corks—or, can it be champagne day, and I a miserable groveller on my mattress ? The following is the conversation :—

Captain. Mr. Jones, may I have the honour of a glass of wine ? Frank, some champagne to Mr Jones.

Colonel Condy (of the Spanish service). That's a mighty delicate ham, Mr. Carver ; may I thrubble ye for another slice ?

Mr. MacMurdo (of Saint Mary's, sherry-merchant). Where does the Proveedor get this sherry ? If he would send to my cellars in Saint Mary's, I would put him in a couple of butts of wine that shouldn't cost him half the money he pays for this.

Mr. MacWhirter (of Oporto). The sherry's good enough for sherry, which is never worth the drinking ; but the port is abominable. Why doesn't he come to our house for it ?

Captain. There is nothing like leather, gentlemen.—More champagne, Frank. Mr. Bung, try the macaroni. Mr. Perkins, this plum-pudding is capital.

Steward. Some pudding for Mrs. Bigbody in the cabin, and another slick of duck for the Señora.

And so goes on the horrid talk. They are eating—*she* is eating ; they laugh, they jest. Mr. Smith jocularly inquires, " How is the fat gentleman that was so gay on board the first day ? " Meaning *me*, of course ; and I am lying supine in my berth, without even strength enough to pull the rascal's nose. I detest Smith.

Friday.—Vigo; its bay; beauty of its environs.—Nelson.

Things look more briskly; the swell has gone down. We are upon deck again. We have breakfasted. We have made up for the time lost in abstinence during the two former days. Dolores is on deck; and when the spring sun is out, where should the butterfly be but on the wing? Dolores is the sun; I am the remainder of the simile.

It is astonishing how a few hours' calm can make one forget the long hours of weary bad weather. I can't fancy I have been ill at all, but for those melancholy observations scrawled feebly down in pencil in my journal yesterday. I am in clean shining white ducks, my blue shirt-collars falling elegantly over a yellow bandanna. My mustachios have come on wonderfully; they are a little red or so. But the Spanish, they say, like fair faces. I would do anything for Dolores but smoke with her; *that* I confess I dare not attempt.

It appears it was THE BAY OF BISCAY that made me so ill. We were in Vigo yesterday (a plague take it! I have missed what is said to be one of the most beautiful bays in the world); but I was ill, and getting a little sleep; and when it is known as a fact that a Nelson was always ill on first going to sea, need a Fat Contributor be ashamed of a manly and natural weakness?

Saturday.—Description of Oporto.

We were off the bar at an exceedingly early hour—so early, that although a gun fired and waked me out of a sound sleep, I did not rise to examine the town.

It is three miles inland, and therefore cannot be seen. It is famous for the generous wine which bears the name of port, and is drunk by some after dinner; by other, and I think wiser, persons simply after cheese.

As about ten times as much of this liquor is drunk in England as is made in Portugal, it is needless to institute any statistical inquiries into the growth and consumption of the wine.

Oporto was besieged by Don Miguel, the rightful king, who, although he had Marshal Bourmont and justice on his side, was defeated by Don Pedro and British Valour. Thus may our arms ever triumph! These are the only facts I was enabled to gather regarding Oporto.

New Passengers.—On coming on deck, I was made aware that we had touched land by the presence on the boat of at least a hundred passengers, who had not before appeared among us. They had come from Vigo, and it appears were no more disposed to rouse

at the morning gun than I was; for they lay asleep on the fore-deck for the most part, in various attitudes.

They were Gallegos going to Lisbon for service—in their scarfs and their tufted hats, with their brown faces shining as they lay under the sun.

Nor were these the only new passengers; with them came on board a half-dozen of Hungarian cloth-sellers, of one of whom here is the accurate portrait as he lay upon two barrels, and slept the sleep of innocence *sub Jove*.

But see the same individual—ah, how changed! He is suffering

from the pangs of sea-sickness, and I have no doubt yearning for fatherland, or land of some sort. But I am interrupted. Hark! 'tis the bell for lunch!

[Though our fat friend's log has been in the present instance a little tedious, the observant reader may nevertheless draw from it a complete and

agreeable notion of the rise, progress, and conclusion of the malady of sea-sickness. He is exhausted; he is melancholy; he is desperate; he rejects his victuals; he grows hungry, but dares not eat; he mends; his spirits rise; all his faculties are restored to him, and he eats with redoubled vigour. This fine diagnosis of the maritime complaint, we pronounce from experience may be perfectly relied upon.—EDITOR.]

PUNCH IN THE EAST.

FROM OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

ON BOARD THE P. & O. COMPANY'S SHIP
"BURRUMPOOTER," OFF ALEXANDRIA.

FAT CONTRIBUTOR, indeed! I lay down my pen, and smile in bitter scorn as I write the sarcastic title—I remember it was that which I assumed when my peregrinations began.—It is now an absurd misnomer.

I forget whence I wrote to you last. We were but three weeks from England, I think—off Cadiz, or Malta, perhaps—I was full of my recollections of Dolores—full in other ways, too. I have travelled in the East since then. I have seen the gardens of Bujukdere and the kiosks of the Seraglio: I have seen the sun sinking behind Morea's hills, and rising over the red waves of the Nile. I have travelled like Benjamin Disraeli, Ulysses, Monckton Milnes, and the eminent sages of all times. I am not the fat being I was (and proudly styled myself) when I left my dear dear Pall Mall. You recollect my Nugee dress-coat, with the brass buttons and canary silk lining, that the author of the "Spirit of the Age" used to envy? I never confessed it—but I was in agonies when I wore that coat. I was girthed in (inwardly) so tight, that I thought every day after the third *entrée* apoplexy would ensue—and had my name and address written most legibly in the breast-flap, so that I might be carried home in case I was found speechless in the street on my return from dinner. A smiling face often hides an aching heart; I promise you mine did in that coat, and not my heart only, but other regions. There is a skeleton in every house—and mine—no—I wasn't exactly a skeleton in that garment, but suffered secret torments in it, to which, as I take it, those of the Inquisition were trifles.

I put it on t'other day to dine with Bucksheesh Pasha at Grand Cairo—I could have buttoned the breast over to the two buttons behind. My dear Sir—I looked like a perfect Guy. I am wasted

away—a fading flower—I don't weigh above sixteen and a half now. Eastern travel has done it—and all my fat friends may read this and consider it. It is something at least to know. Byron (one of *us*) took vinegar and starved himself to get down the disagreeable plenitude. Vinegar?—nonsense—try Eastern travel. I am bound to say, however, that it don't answer in all cases. Waddilove, for instance, with whom I have been making the journey, has bulged out in the sun like a pumpkin, and at dinner you see his coat and waistcoat buttons spirt violently off his garments—no longer able to bear the confinement there. One of them hit Colonel Sourcillon plump on the nose, on which the Frenchman—— But to return to my own case. A man always speaks most naturally and truly of that which occurs to himself.

I attribute the diminution in my size not to my want of appetite, which has been uniformly good. Pale ale is to be found universally throughout Turkey, Syria, Greece, and Egypt, and after a couple of foaming bottles of Bass, a man could eat a crocodile (we had some at Bucksheesh Pasha's, fattened in the tanks of his country villa of El Muddee, on the Nile, but tough—very fishy and tough)—the appetite, I say, I have found to be generally good in these regions—and attribute the corporeal diminution solely TO WANT OF SLEEP.

I give you my word of honour as a gentleman, *that for seven weeks I have never slept a single wink.* It is my belief that nobody does in the East. You get to do without it perfectly. It may be said of these countries, they are so hospitable, you are never alone. You have always friends to come and pass the night with you, and keep you alive with their cheerful innocent gambols. At Constantinople, at Athens, Malta, Cairo, Gibraltar, it is all the same. Your watchful friends persist in paying you attention. The frisky and agile flea—the slow but steady-purposed bug—the fairy mosquito with his mellow-sounding horn—rush to welcome the stranger to their shores—and never leave him during his stay. At first, and before you are used to the manners of the country, the attention is rather annoying.

Man is a creature of habit. I did not at first like giving up my sleep. I had been used to it in England. I occasionally repined as my friends persisted in calling my attention to them, grew sulky and peevish, wished myself in bed in London—nay, in the worst bed in the most frequented, old, mouldy, musty, wooden-galleried coach inn in Aldgate or Holborn. I recollect a night at the "Bull," in poor dear old Mrs. Nelson's time—well, well, it is nothing to the East. What a country would this be for Tiffin, and what a noble field for his labours!

Though I am used to it now, I can't say but it is probable that when I get back to England I shall return to my old habits. Here, on board the Peninsular and Oriental Company's magnificent steamship "Burrumpooter," I thought of trying whether I could sleep any more. I had got the sweetest little cabin in the world; the berths rather small and tight for a man of still considerable proportions—but everything as neat, sweet, fresh, and elegant as the most fastidious amateur of the night-cap might desire. I hugged the idea of having the little palace all to myself. I placed a neat white nightgown and my favourite pink silk cap on the top berth ready. The sea was as clear as glass—the breeze came cool and refreshing through the port-hole—the towers of Alexandria faded away as our ship sailed westward. My Egyptian friends were left behind. It would soon be sunset. I longed for that calm hour, and meanwhile went to enjoy myself at dinner with a hundred and forty passengers from Suez, who laughed and joked, drank champagne and the exhilarating Hodgson, and brought the latest news from Dumdum or Futtyghur.

I happened to sit next at table to the French gentleman before mentioned, Colonel Sourcillon, in the service of the Rajah of Lahore, returning to Europe on leave of absence. The Colonel is six feet high—with a grim and yellow physiognomy, with a red ribbon at his button-hole of course, and large black mustachios curling up to his eyes—to one eye that is—the other was put out in mortal combat, which has likewise left a furious purple gash down one cheek, a respectable but terrible sight.

"Vous regardez ma cicatrice," said the Colonel, perceiving that I eyed him with interest. "Je l'ai reçue en Espagne, Monsieur, à la bataille de Vittoria, que nous avons gagnée sur vous. J'ai tué de ma main le grrredin Feldmaréchal Anglais qui m'a donné cette noble blessure. Elle n'est pas la seule, Monsieur. Je possède encore soixante-quatorze cicatrices sur le corps. Mais j'ai fait sonner partout le grrrand nom de Frrance. Vous êtes militaire, Monsieur? Non?—Passez-moi le poivre rouge, s'il vous plaît."

The Colonel emptied the cayenne-pepper cruet over his fish, and directed his conversation entirely to me. He told me that ours was a perfidious nation, that he esteemed some individuals, but detested the country, which he hoped to see *écrrrasé un jour*. He said I spoke French with remarkable purity; that on board all our steamers there was an infamous conspiracy to insult every person bearing the name of Frenchman; that he would call out the Captain directly they came ashore; that he could not even get a cabin—had I one? On my affirmative reply, he said I was a person of such amiable manners, and so unlike my countrymen, that he would share my cabin with

me—and instantly shouted to the steward to put his trunks into number 202.

What could I do? When I went on deck to smoke a cigar, the Colonel retired, pretending a *petite santé*, suffering a horrible *mal de mer*, and dreadful shooting pains in thirty-seven of his wounds. What, I say, could I do? I had not the cabin to myself. He had a right to sleep there—at any rate, I had the best berth, and if he did not snore, my rest would not be disturbed.

But ah! my dear friends—when I thought I would go down and sleep—the first sleep after seven weeks—fancy what I saw—he was asleep in my berth.

His sword, gun, and pistol-cases blocked up the other sleeping-place; his bags, trunks, pipes, cloaks, and portmanteaus, every corner of the little room.

"QUI VA LÀ?" roared the monster, with a terrific oath, as I entered the cabin. "Ah! c'est vous, Monsieur: pourquoi diable faites-vous tant de bruit? J'ai une petite santé; laissez-moi dormir en paix."

I went upon deck. I shan't sleep till I get back to England again. I paid my passage all the way home; but I stopped, and am in quarantine at Malta. I couldn't make the voyage with that Frenchman. I have no money; send me some, and relieve the miseries of him who was once

THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE PROSPECTS OF PUNCH IN THE EAST.

To the Editor of Punch (confidential).

MY DEAR SIR,—In my last letter (which was intended for the public eye), I was too much affected by the recollection of what I may be permitted to call the Arabian nights' entertainments, to allow me for the moment to commit to paper that useful information, to the imparting of which your Journal—*our* Journal—the world's Journal—yields to none, and which the British public will naturally expect from all who contribute to your columns. I address myself therefore privately to you, so that you may deal with the facts I may communicate as you shall think best for the general welfare.

What I wish to point out especially to your notice is, the astonishing progress of *Punch* in the East. Moving according to your orders in strict incognito, it has been a source of wonder and delight to me to hear how often the name of the noble Miscellany was in the mouths

of British men. At Gibraltar its jokes passed among the midshipmen, merchants, Jews, &c., assembled at the hotel table (and quite unconscious how sweetly their words sounded on the ear of a silent guest at the board) as current, ay, much more current, than the coin of the realm. At Malta, the first greeting between Captain Tagus and some other Captain in anchor-buttons, who came to hail him when we entered harbour, related to *Punch*. "What's the news?" exclaimed the other Captain. "Here's *Punch*," was the immediate reply of Tagus, handing it out—and the other Captain's face was suffused with instant smiles as his enraptured eye glanced over some of the beauteous designs of Leech. At Athens, Mr. Smith, second-cousin of the respected vice-consul, who came to our inn, said to me mysteriously, "I'm told we've got PUNCH on board." I took him aside, and pointed him out (in confidence) Mr. Waddilove, the stupidest man of all our party, as the author in question.

Somewhat to my annoyance (for I was compelled to maintain my privacy), Mr. W. was asked to a splendid dinner in consequence—a dinner which ought by rights to have fallen to my share. It was a consolation to me, however, to think, as I ate my solitary repast at one of the dearest and worst inns I ever entered, that though *I* might be overlooked, *Punch* was respected in the land of Socrates and Pericles.

At the Piræus we took on board four young gentlemen from Oxford, who had been visiting the scenes consecrated to them by the delightful associations of the Little Go; and as they paced the deck and looked at the lambent stars that twinkled on the bay once thronged with the galleys of Themistocles—what, Sir, do you think was the song they chanted in chorus? Was it a lay of burning Sappho? Was it a thrilling ode of Alcæus? No; it was—

> "Had I an ass averse to speed,
> Deem ye I'd strike him? no, indeed," &c.

which you had immortalised, I recollect, in your sixth volume. (Donkeys, it must be premised, are most numerous and flourishing in Attica, commonly bestridden by the modern Greeks, and no doubt extensively popular among the ancients—unless human nature has very much changed since their time.) Thus we find that *Punch* is respected at Oxford as well as in Athens, and I trust at Cambridge likewise.

As we sailed through the blue Bosphorus at midnight, the Health of *Punch* was enthusiastically drunk in the delicious beverage which shares his respectable name; and the ghosts of Hero and Leander must have been startled at hearing songs appropriate to the toast, and very different from those with which I have no doubt they amused

each other in times so affectingly described in Lemprière's delightful Dictionary. I did not see the Golden Horn at Constantinople, nor hear it blown, probably on account of the fog; but this I can declare, that *Punch* was on the table at Misseri's Hotel, Pera, the spirited proprietor of which little knew that one of its humblest contributors ate his pilaff. Pilaff, by the way, is very good; kabobs are also excellent; my friend Mehemet Effendi, who keeps the kabob shop, close by the Rope-bazaar in Constantinople, sells as good as any in town. At the Armenian shops, too, you get a sort of raisin wine at two piastres a bottle, over which a man can spend an agreeable half-hour. I did not hear what the Sultan Abdul Medjid thinks of *Punch*, but of wine he is said to be uncommonly fond.

At Alexandria there lay the picture of the dear and venerable old face, on the table of the British hotel; and the 140 passengers from Burrumtollah, Chowringhee, &c. (now on their way to England per "Burrumpooter") rushed upon it—it was the July number, with my paper, which you may remember made such a sensation—even more eagerly than on pale ale. I made cautious inquiries amongst them (never breaking the incognito) regarding the influence of *Punch* in our vast Indian territories. They say that from Cape Comorin to the Sutlej, and from the Sutlej to the borders of Thibet, nothing is talked of but *Punch*. Dost Mahommed never misses a single number; and the Tharawaddie knows the figure of Lord Brougham and his Scotch trousers as well as that of his favourite vizier. *Punch*, my informant states, has rendered his lordship so popular throughout our Eastern possessions, that were he to be sent out to India as Governor, the whole army and people would shout with joyful recognition. I throw out this for the consideration of Government at home.

I asked Bucksheesh Pasha (with whom I had the honour of dining at Cairo) what his august Master thought of *Punch*. AND AT THE PYRAMIDS—but of these in another letter. You have here enough to show you how kingly the diadem, boundless the sway, of *Punch* is in the East. By it we are enabled to counterbalance the influence of the French in Egypt; by it we are enabled to spread civilisation over the vast Indian Continent, to soothe the irritated feelings of the Sikhs, and keep the Burmese in good-humour. By means of *Punch*, it has been our privilege to expose the designs of Russia more effectually than Urquhart ever did, and to this Sir Stratford Canning can testify. A proud and noble post is that which you, Sir, hold over the Intellect of the World; a tremendous power you exercise! May you ever wield it wisely and gently as now! "Subjectis parcere, superbos debellare," be your motto! I forget whether I mentioned in my last that I was without funds in quarantine at Fort Manuel, Malta, and

shall anxiously expect the favour of a communication from you—*poste restante*—at that town.

With assurances of the highest consideration,
Believe me to be, Sir,
Your most faithful Servant and Correspondent,
THE F— CONTRIBUTOR.

P.S.—We touched at Smyrna, where I purchased a *real Smyrna sponge*, which trifle I hope your lady will accept for her toilette; some *real Turkey rhubarb* for your dear children; and a friend going to Syria has promised to procure for me *some real Jerusalem artichokes*, which I hope to see flourishing in your garden at ——.

[This letter was addressed "strictly private and confidential" to us; but at a moment when all men's minds are turned towards the East, and every information regarding "the cradle of civilisation" is anxiously looked for, we have deemed it our duty to submit our Correspondent's letter to *the public*. The news which it contains is so important and startling—our Correspondent's views of Eastern affairs so novel and remarkable—that they *must* make an impression in Europe. We beg the *Observer*, the *Times*, &c., to have the goodness to acknowledge their authority, if they avail themselves of our facts. And for *us*, it cannot but be a matter of pride and gratification to think—on the testimony of a Correspondent who has never deceived us yet—that our efforts for the good of mankind are appreciated by such vast and various portions of the human race, and that our sphere of usefulness is so prodigiously on the increase. Were it not that dinner has been announced (and consequently is getting cold), we would add more. For the present, let us content ourselves by stating that the intelligence conveyed to us is most welcome as it is most surprising, the occasion of heartfelt joy, and we hope of deep future meditation. —EDITOR.]

CHAPTER III.

ATHENS.

THERE are some beautiful windmills near Athens, not, I believe, depicted by any artist, and which I dare say some people will admire because they are Athenian windmills. The world is made so.

I was not a brilliant boy at school—the only prize I ever remember to have got was in a kind of lottery in which I was obliged to subscribe with seventeen other competitors—and of which the prize was a flogging. That I won. But I don't think I carried off any other. Possibly from laziness, or if you please from incapacity, but I certainly was rather inclined to be of the side of the dunces—Sir Walter Scott, it will be recollected, was of the same species. Many young plants

sprouted up round about both of us, I dare say, with astonishing rapidity—but they have gone to seed ere this, or were never worth the cultivation. Great genius is of slower growth.

I always had my doubts about the classics. When I saw a brute of a schoolmaster, whose mind was as cross-grained as any plough-boy's in Christendom; whose manners were those of the most insufferable of Heaven's creatures, the English snob trying to turn gentleman; whose lips, when they were not mouthing Greek or grammar, were yelling out the most brutal abuse of poor little cowering gentlemen standing before him: when I saw this kind of man (and the instructors of our youth are selected very frequently indeed out of this favoured class) and heard him roar out praises of, and pump himself up into enthusiasm for, certain Greek poetry,—I say I had my doubts about the genuineness of the article. A man may well thump you or call you names because you won't learn—but I never could take to the proffered delicacy; the fingers that offered it were so dirty. Fancy the brutality of a man who began a Greek grammar with "τύπτω, I thrash"! We were all made to begin it in that way.

When, then, I came to Athens, and saw that it was a humbug, I hailed the fact with a sort of gloomy joy. I stood in the Royal Square and cursed the country which has made thousands of little boys miserable. They have blue stripes on the new Greek flag; I thought bitterly of my own. I wished that my schoolmaster had been in the place, that we might have fought there for the right; and that I might have immolated him as a sacrifice to the manes of little boys flogged into premature Hades, or pining away and sickening under the destiny of that infernal Greek grammar. I have often thought that those little cherubs who are carved on tombstones and are represented as possessing a head and wings only, are designed to console little children—usher- and beadle-belaboured—and say "there is no flogging where we are." From their conformation, it is impossible. Woe to the man who has harshly treated one of them!

Of the ancient buildings in this beggarly town it is not my business to speak. Between ourselves it must be acknowledged that there was some merit in the Heathens who constructed them. But of the Temple of Jupiter, of which some columns still remain, I declare with confidence that not one of them is taller than our own glorious Monument on Fish-Street Hill, which I heartily wish to see again, whereas upon the columns of Jupiter I never more desire to set eyes. On the Acropolis and its temples and towers I shall also touch briefly. The frieze of the Parthenon is well known in England, the famous *chevaux de frieze* being carried off by Lord Elgin, and now in the British Museum, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury. The Erechtheum is another build-

ing, which I suppose has taken its name from the genteel club in London at a corner of Saint James's Square. It is likewise called the Temple of Minerva Polias—a capital name for a club in London certainly; fancy gentlemen writing on their cards "Mr. Jones, Temple-of-Minerva-Polias Club."—Our country is surely the most classical of islands.

As for the architecture of that temple, if it be not entirely stolen from Saint Pancras Church, New Road, or *vice versâ*, I am a Dutchman. "The Tower of the Winds" may be seen any day at Edinburgh—and the Lantern of Demosthenes is at this very minute perched on the top of the church in Regent Street, within a hundred yards of the lantern of Mr. Drummond. Only in London you have them all in much better preservation—the noses of the New Road caryatides are not broken as those of their sisters here. The Temple of the Scotch Winds I am pleased to say I have never seen, but I have no doubt it is worthy of the Modern Athens—and as for the Choragic temple of Lysicrates, erroneously called Demosthenes' Lantern—from Waterloo Place you can see it well: whereas here it is a ruin in the midst of a huddle of dirty huts, whence you try in vain to get a good view of it.

When I say of the Temple of Theseus (quoting Murray's Guide-book) that "it is a peripteral hexastyle with a pronaos, a posticum, and two columns between the antæ," the commonest capacity may perfectly imagine the place. Fancy it upon an irregular ground of copper-coloured herbage, with black goats feeding on it, and the sound of perpetual donkeys braying round about. Fancy to the south-east the purple rocks and towers of the Acropolis meeting the eye—to the south-east the hilly islands and the blue Ægean. Fancy the cobalt sky above, and the temple itself (built of Pentelic marble) of the exact colour and mouldiness of a ripe Stilton cheese, and you have the view before you as well as if you had been there.

The Royal Palace is built in the style of High-Dutch-Greek, and resembles Newgate whitewashed and standing on a sort of mangy desert.

The King's German Guards (*Σπιτζβουβοι*) have left him perforce; he is now attended by petticoated Albanians, and I saw one of the palace sentries, as the sun was shining on his sentry-box, wisely couched *behind* it.

The Chambers were about to sit when we arrived. The Deputies were thronging to the capital. One of them had come as a third-class passenger of an English steamer, took a first-class place, and threatened to blow out the brains of the steward, who remonstrated with him on the irregularity. It is quite needless to say that he kept his place—and as the honourable deputy could not read, of course he could not be expected to understand the regulations imposed by the

avaricious proprietors of the boat in question. Happy is the country to have such makers of laws, and to enjoy the liberty consequent upon the representative system!

Besides Otho's palace in the great square, there is another house and an hotel; a fountain is going to be erected, and roads even are to be made. At present the king drives up and down over the mangy plain before mentioned, and the grand officers of state go up to the palace on donkeys.

As for the Hotel Royal—the Folkestone Hotel might take a lesson from it—they charge five shillings sterling (the coin of the country is the gamma, lambda, and delta, which I never could calculate) for a bed in a double-bedded room; and our poor young friend Scratchley, with whom I was travelling, was compelled to leave his and sit for safety on a chair, on a table in the middle of the room.

As for me—but I will not relate my own paltry sufferings. The post goes out in half-an-hour, and I had thought ere its departure to have described to you Constantinople and my interview with the Sultan there—his splendid offers—the Princess Badroulbadour, the order of the Nisham, the Pashalic with three tails—and my firm but indignant rejection. I had thought to describe Cairo—interview with Mehemet Ali—proposals of that prince—splendid feast at the house of my dear friend Bucksheesh Pasha, dancing-girls and magicians after dinner, and their extraordinary disclosures! But I should fill volumes at this rate; and I can't, like Mr. James, write a volume between breakfast and luncheon.

I have only time rapidly to jot down my GREAT ADVENTURE AT THE PYRAMIDS—and *Punch's* enthronisation there.

CHAPTER IV.

PUNCH AT THE PYRAMIDS.

THE 19th day of October, 1844 (the seventh day of the month Hudjmudj, and the 1229th year of the Mohammedan Hejira, corresponding with the 16,769th anniversary of the 48th incarnation of Veeshnoo), is a day that ought hereafter to be considered eternally famous in the climes of the East and West. I forget what was the day of General Bonaparte's battle of the Pyramids; I think it was in the month Quintidi of the year Nivôse of the French Republic and he told his soldiers that forty centuries looked down upon them from the summit of those buildings—a statement which I very much doubt But I say the 19TH DAY OF OCTOBER, 1844, is the most im-

portant era in the modern world's history. It unites the modern with the ancient civilisation; it couples the brethren of Watt and Cobden with the dusky family of Pharaoh and Sesostris; it fuses Herodotus with Thomas Babington Macaulay; it intertwines the piston of the blond Anglo-Saxon steam-engine with the needle of the Abyssinian Cleopatra; it weds the tunnel of the subaqueous Brunel with the mystic edifice of Cheops. Strange play of wayward fancy! Ascending the Pyramid, I could not but think of Waterloo Bridge in my dear native London—a building as vast and as magnificent, as beautiful, as useless, and as lonely. Forty centuries have not as yet passed over the latter structure 'tis true; scarcely an equal number of hackney-coaches have crossed it. But I doubt whether the individuals who contributed to raise it are likely to receive a better dividend for their capital than the swarthy shareholders in the Pyramid speculation, whose dust has long since been trampled over by countless generations of their sons.

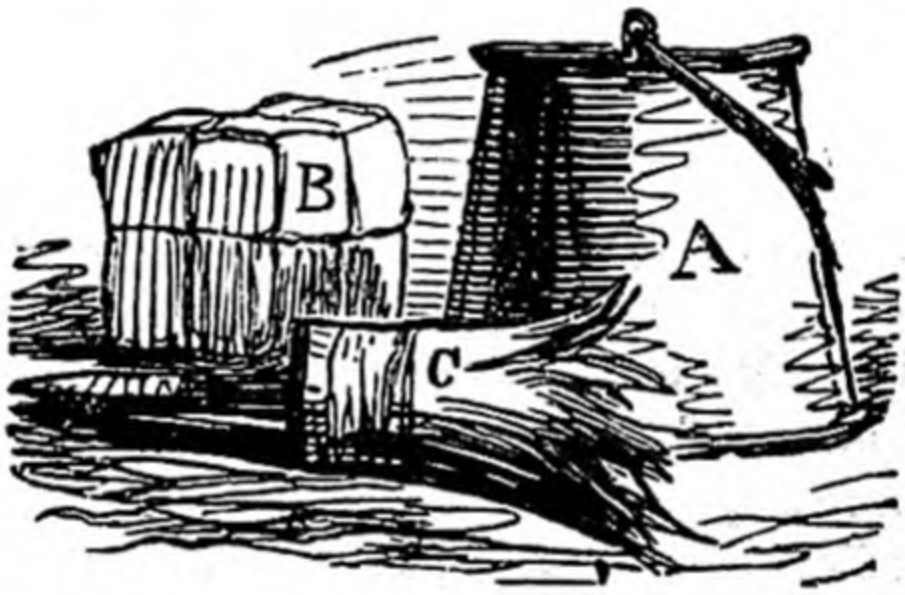
If I use in the above sentence the longest words I can find, it is because the occasion is great and demands the finest phrases the dictionary can supply; it is because I have not read Tom Macaulay in vain; it is because I wish to show I am a dab in history, as the above dates will testify; it is because I have seen the Reverend Mr. Milman preach in a black gown at St. Margaret's, whereas at the Coronation he wore a gold cope. The 19th of October was *Punch's Coronation*: I officiated at the august ceremony. To be brief—as illiterate readers may not understand a syllable of the above piece of ornamental eloquence—ON THE 19TH OF OCTOBER, 1844, I PASTED THE GREAT PLACARD OF PUNCH ON THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS. I did it. The Fat Contributor did it. If I die, it could not be undone. If I perish, I have not lived in vain.

If the forty centuries *are* on the summit of the Pyramids, as Bonaparte remarks, all I can say is, *I* did not see them. But *Punch* has really been there; this I swear. One placard I pasted on the first landing-place (who knows how long Arab rapacity will respect the sacred hieroglyphic?). One I placed under a great stone on the summit; one I waved in air, as my Arabs raised a mighty cheer round the peaceful victorious banner; and I flung it towards the sky, which the Pyramid almost touches, and left it to its fate, to mount into the azure vault and take its place among the constellations; to light on the eternal Desert, and mingle with its golden sands; or to flutter and drop into the purple waters of the neighbouring Nile, to swell its fructifying inundations, and mingle with the rich vivifying influence which shoots into the tall palm-trees on its banks, and generates the waving corn.

I wonder were there any signs or omens in London when that event occurred? Did an earthquake take place? Did Stocks or the Barometer preternaturally rise or fall? It matters little. Let it suffice that the thing has been done, and forms an event in History by the side of those other facts to which these prodigious monuments bear testimony. Now to narrate briefly the circumstances of the day.

On Thursday, October 17, I caused my dragoman to purchase in the Frank Bazaar at Grand Cairo the following articles, which will be placed in the Museum on my return :—

A tin pot holding about a pint, and to contain a packet of flour (which of course is not visible, as it is tied up in brown paper), and a pigskin brush of the sort commonly used in Europe—the whole costing about five piastres, or one shilling sterling. They were all the implements needful for this tremendous undertaking.



Horses of the Mosaic Arab breed—I mean those animals called Jerusalem ponies by some in England, by others denominated donkeys—are the common means of transport employed by the subjects of Mehemet Ali. My excellent friend Bucksheesh Pasha would have mounted me either on his favourite horse, or his best dromedary. But I declined those proffers—if I fall, I like better to fall from a short distance than a high one.—I have tried tumbling in both ways, and recommend the former as by far the pleasantest and safest. I chose the Mosaic Arab then—one for the dragoman, one for the requisites of refreshment, and two for myself—not that I proposed to ride two at once, but a person of a certain dimension had best have a couple of animals in case of accident.

I left Cairo on the afternoon of October 18, never hinting to a single person the mighty purpose of my journey. The waters were out, and we had to cross them thrice—twice in track-boats, once on the shoulders of abominable Arabs, who take a pleasure in slipping and in making believe to plunge you in the stream. When in the midst of it, the brutes stop and demand money of you—you are

alarmed, the savages may drop you if you do not give—you promise that you will do so. The half-naked ruffians who conduct you up the Pyramid, when they have got you panting to the most steep, dangerous, and lonely stone, make the same demand, pointing downwards while they beg, as if they would fling you in that direction on refusal. As soon as you have breath, you promise more money—it is the best way—you are a fool if you give it when you come down.

The journey I find briefly set down in my pocket-book as thus :—Cairo Gardens — Mosquitoes — Women dressed in blue—Children dressed in nothing—Old Cairo—Nile, dirty water, ferry-boat—Town—Palm-trees, ferry-boat, canal, palm-trees, town—Rice fields—Maize fields—Fellows on dromedaries—Donkey down—Over his head—Pick up pieces—More palm-trees—More rice fields—Water-courses—Howling Arabs—Donkey tumbles down again—Inundations—Herons or cranes—Broken bridges—Sands—Pyramids. If a man cannot make a landscape out of *that* he has no imagination. Let him paint the skies very blue—the sands very yellow—the plains very flat and green—the dromedaries and palm-trees very tall—the women very brown, some with veils, some with nose-rings, some tattooed, and none with stays—and the picture is complete. You may shut your eyes and fancy yourself there. It is the pleasantest way, *entre nous*.

CHAPTER V.

PUNCH AT THE PYRAMIDS (*concluded*).

IT is all very well to talk of sleeping in the tombs : *that* question has been settled in a former paper, where I have stated my belief that people do not sleep at all in Egypt. I thought to have had some tremendous visions under the shadow of those enormous Pyramids reposing under the stars. Pharaoh or Cleopatra, I thought, might appear to me in a dream. But how could they, as I didn't go to sleep? I hoped for high thoughts, and secret communings with the Spirit of Poesy—I hoped to have let off a sonnet at least, as gentlemen do on visiting the spot—but how could I hunt for rhymes, being occupied all night in hunting for something else? If this remonstrance will deter a single person from going to the Pyramids, my purpose is fully answered.

But *my* case was different. I had a duty to perform—I had to introduce PUNCH to Cheops—I had vowed to leave his card at the gates of History—I had a mission, in a word. I roused at sunrise the snoring dragoman from his lair. I summoned the four Arabs who had engaged to assist me in the ascent, and in the undertaking. We

lighted a fire of camels' dung at the north-east corner of the Pyramid, just as the god of day rose over Cairo. The embers began to glow,—water was put into the tin pot before mentioned,—the pot was put on the fire—'twas a glorious—a thrilling moment!

At 46 minutes past 6 A.M. (by one of Dollond's chronometers) *the water began to boil.*

At 47 minutes the flour was put gradually into the water—it was stirred with the butt-end of the brush brought for the purpose, and Schmaklek Beg, an Arab, peeping over the pot too curiously, I poked the brush into his mouth at 11 minutes before 7 A.M.

At 7, THE PASTE WAS MADE—doubting whether it was thick enough, Schmaklek tried it with his finger. It was pronounced to be satisfactory.

At 11 minutes past 7, I turned round in a majestic attitude to the four Arabs, and said, "Let us mount." I suggest this scene, this moment, this attitude, to the Committee of the Fine Arts as a proper subject for the Houses of Parliament—PUNCH pointing to the Pyramids, and introducing civilisation to Egypt—I merely throw it out as a suggestion. What a grand thing the Messieurs Foggo would make of it!

Having given the signal—the Sheikh of the Arabs seized my right arm, and his brother the left. Two volunteer Arabs pushed me (quite unnecessarily) behind. The other two preceded—one with a water-bottle for refreshment; the other with the posters—the pot—the paint-brush and the paste. Away we went—away!

I was blown at the third step. They are exceedingly lofty; about five feet high each, I should think—but the ardent spirit will break his heart to win the goal—besides, I could not go back if I would. The two Arabs dragged me forward by the arms—the volunteers pushed me up from behind. It was in vain I remonstrated with the latter, kicking violently as occasion offered—they still went on pushing. We arrived at the first landing-place.

I drew out the poster—how it fluttered in the breeze! With a trembling hand I popped the brush into the paste-pot, and smeared the back of the placard; then I pasted up the standard of our glorious leader—at 19 minutes past 7, by the clock of the great minaret at Cairo, which was clearly visible through my refracting telescope. My heart throbbed when the deed was done. My eyes filled with tears—I am not at liberty to state here all the emotions of triumph and joy which rose in my bosom—so exquisitely overpowering were they. where was PUNCH—familiar old PUNCH—his back to the desert, his beaming face turned towards the Nile.

"Bless him!" I exclaimed, embracing him; and almost choking, gave the signal to the Arabs to move on.

These savage creatures are only too ready to obey an order of this nature. They spin a man along, be his size never so considerable. They rattled up to the second landing so swiftly that I thought I should be broken-winded for ever. But they gave us little time to halt. Yallah ! Again we mount !—'tis the last and most arduous ascent—the limbs quiver, the pulses beat, the eyes shoot out of the head, the brain reels, the knees tremble and totter, and you are on the summit ! I don't know how many hundred thousand feet it is above the level of the sea, but I wonder after that tremendous exercise that I am not a roarer to my dying hour.

When consciousness and lungs regained their play, another copy of the placard was placed under a stone—a third was launched into air in the manner before described, and we gave three immense cheers for PUNCH, which astonished the undiscovered mummies that lie darkling in tomb-chambers, and must have disturbed the broken-nosed old Sphinx who has been couched for thousands of years in the desert hard by. This done, we made our descent from the Pyramid.

And if, my dear Sir, you ask me whether it is worth a man's while to mount up those enormous stones, I will say, in confidence, that thousands of people went to see the Bottle Conjuror, and that we hear of gentlemen becoming Freemasons every day.

(*August* 1844 *to February* 1845.)

BRIGHTON.

BY "PUNCH'S" COMMISSIONER.

AS there are some consumptive travellers, who, by dodging about to Italy, to Malta, to Madeira, manage to cheat the winter, and for whose lungs a perpetual warmth is necessary ; so there are people to whom, in like manner, London is a necessity of existence, and who follow it all the year round.

Such individuals, when London goes out of town, follow it to Brighton, which is, at this season, London *plus* prawns for breakfast and the sea air. Blessings on the sea air, which gives you an appetite to eat them !

You may get a decent bedroom and sitting-room here for a guinea a day. Our friends the Botibols have three rooms, and a bedstead disguised like a chest of drawers in the drawing-room, for which they pay something less than a hundred pounds a month. I could not understand last night why the old gentleman, who usually goes to bed early, kept yawning and fidgetting in the drawing-room after tea ; until, with some hesitation, he made the confession that the apartment

in question was his bedroom and revealed the mystery of the artful chest of drawers. Botibol's house in Bedford Square is as spacious as an Italian palace; the second-floor front, in which the worthy man sleeps, would accommodate a regiment; and here they squeeze him into a *chiffonnière*! How Mrs. B. and the four delightful girls can be stowed away in the back room, I tremble to think: what bachelor has a right to ask? But the air of the sea makes up for the closeness of the lodgings. I have just seen them on the cliff—mother and daughters were all blooming like crimson double dahlias!

You meet everybody on that Cliff. For a small charge you may hire a fly, with a postilion, in a pink striped chintz jacket—which may have been the cover of an armchair once—andstraight whity-brown hair, and little wash-leather inexpressibles,—the cheapest little caricature of a post-boy eyes have ever lighted on.

I seldom used to select his carriage, for the horse and vehicle looked feeble, and unequal to bearing a person of weight; but last Sunday I saw an Israelitish family of distinction ensconced in the poor little carriage—the ladies with the most flaming polkas, and flounces all the way up; the gent in velvet waistcoat, with pins in his breast big enough once to have surmounted the door of his native pawnbroker's shop, and a complement of hook-nosed children, magnificent in attire. Their number and magnificence did not break the carriage down; the little postilion bumped up and down as usual, as the old horse went his usual pace. How they spread out, and basked, and shone, and were happy in the sun there—those honest people!

The Mosaic Arabs abound here; and they rejoice and are idle with a grave and solemn pleasure, as becomes their Eastern origin.

If you don't mind the expense, hire a ground-floor window on the Cliff, and examine the stream of human nature which passes by. That stream is a league in length; it pours from Brunswick Terrace to Kemp Town, and then tumbles back again; and so rolls, and as it rolls perpetually, keeps rolling on from three o'clock till dinner-time.

Ha! what a crowd of well-known London faces you behold here—only the sallow countenances look pink now, and devoid of care.

I have seen this very day, at least—

Forty-nine Railroad Directors, who would have been at Baden-Baden but for the lines in progress; and who, though breathing the fresh air, are within an hour and a half of the City.

Thirteen barristers, of more or less repute, including the Solicitor-General himself, whose open and jovial countenance beamed with benevolence upon the cheerful scene.

A Hebrew dentist driving a curricle.

At least twelve well-known actors or actresses. It went to my

heart to see the most fashionable of them driving about in a little four-wheeled pony-chaise, the like of which might be hired for five shillings.

Then you have tight-laced dragoons, trotting up and down with solemn, handsome, stupid faces, and huge yellow mustachios. Myriads of flys, laden with happy cockneys ; pathetic invalid-chairs trail along, looking too much like coffins already, in which poor people are brought out to catch a glimpse of the sun. Grand equipages are scarce ; I saw Lady Wilhelmina Wiggins's lovely nose and auburn ringlets peeping out of a cab, hired at half-a-crown an hour, between her ladyship and her sister, the Princess Oysterowski.

* * * * * * * *

The old gentleman who began to take lessons when we were here three years ago, at the Tepid Swimming Bath with the conical top, I am given to understand is still there, and may be seen in the water from nine till five.

(*October* 1845.)

A BRIGHTON NIGHT ENTERTAINMENT.

BY "PUNCH'S" COMMISSIONER.

I HAVE always had a taste for the second-rate in life. Second-rate poetry, for instance, is an uncommon deal pleasanter to my fancy than your great thundering first-rate epic poems. Your Miltons and Dantes are magnificent—but a bore : whereas an ode of Horace, or a song of Tommy Moore, is always fresh, sparkling, and welcome. Second-rate claret, again, is notoriously better than first-rate wine : you get the former genuine, whereas the latter is a loaded and artificial composition that cloys the palate and bothers the reason.

Second-rate beauty in women is likewise, I maintain, more agreeable than first-rate charms. Your first-rate Beauty is grand, severe, awful—a faultless frigid angel of five feet nine—superb to behold at church, or in the park, or at a Drawing-room—but ah ! how inferior to a sweet little second-rate creature, with smiling eyes, and a little second-rate *nez retroussé*, with which you fall in love in a minute.

Second-rate novels I also assert to be superior to the best works of fiction. They give you no trouble to read, excite no painful emotions—you go through them with a gentle, languid, agreeable interest. Mr. James's romances are perfect in this way. The *ne plus ultra* of indolence may be enjoyed during their perusal.

For the same reason, I like second-rate theatrical entertainments —a good little company in a provincial town, acting good old stupid

stock comedies and farces; where nobody comes to the theatre, and you may lie at ease in the pit, and get a sort of intimacy with each actor and actress, and know every bar of the music that the three or four fiddlers of the little orchestra play throughout the season.

The Brighton Theatre would be admirable but for one thing—Mr Hooper, the manager, will persist in having Stars down from London —blazing Macreadys, resplendent Miss Cushmans, fiery Wallacks, and the like. On these occasions it is very possible that the house may be filled and the manager's purpose answered; but where does all your comfort go then? You can't loll over four benches in the pit—you are squeezed and hustled in an inconvenient crowd there—you are fatigued by the perpetual struggles of the apple-and-ginger-beer boy, who *will* pass down your row—and for what do you undergo this labour? To see Hamlet and Lady Macbeth, forsooth! as if everybody had not seen them a thousand times. No, on such star nights "The Commissioner" prefers a walk on the Cliff to the charms of the Brighton Theatre. I can have first-rate tragedy in London: in the country give me good old country fare—the good old comedies and farces—the dear good old melodramas.

We had one the other day in perfection. We were, I think, about four of us in the pit; the ginger-beer boy might wander about quite at his ease. There was a respectable family in a private box, and some pleasant fellows in the gallery; and we saw, with leisure and delectation, that famous old melodrama, "The Warlock of the Glen."

In a pasteboard cottage, on the banks of the Atlantic Ocean, there lived once a fisherman, who had a little canvas boat, in which it is a wonder he was never swamped, for the boat was not above three feet long; and I was astonished at his dwelling in the cottage too; for though a two-storied one, it was not above five feet high; and I am sure the fisherman was six feet without his shoes.

As he was standing at the door of his cot, looking at some young persons of the neighbourhood who were dancing a reel, a scream was heard, as issuing from the neighbouring forest, and a lady with dishevelled hair, and a beautiful infant in her hand, rushed in. What meant that scream? We were longing to know, but the gallery insisted on the reel over again, and the poor injured lady had to wait until the dance was done before she could explain her unfortunate case.

It was briefly this: she was no other than Adela, Countess of Glencairn; the boy in her hand was Glencairn's only child: three years since her gallant husband had fallen in fight, or, worse still, by the hand of the assassin.

He had left a brother, Clanronald. What was the conduct of that surviving relative? Was it fraternal towards the widowed Adela?

Was it avuncular to the orphan boy? Ah, no! For three years he had locked her up in his castle, under pretence that she was mad, pursuing her all the while with his odious addresses. But she loathed his suit; and refusing to become Mrs. (or Lady) Clanronald, took this opportunity to escape and fling herself on the protection of the loyal vassals of her lord.

She had hardly told her pathetic tale when voices were heard without. Cries of "Follow, follow!" resounded through the wild-wood; the gentlemen and ladies engaged in the reel fled, and the Countess and her child, stepping into the skiff, disappeared down a slope, to the rage and disappointment of Clanronald, who now arrived —a savage-looking nobleman indeed! and followed by two ruffians of most ferocious aspect, and having in their girdles a pair of those little notched dumpy swords, with round iron hilts to guard the knuckles, by which I knew that a combat would probably take place ere long. And the result proved that I was right.

Flying along the wild margent of the sea, in the next act, the poor Adela was pursued by Clanronald; but though she jumped into the waves to avoid him, the unhappy lady was rescued from the briny element, and carried back to her prison; Clanronald swearing a dreadful oath that she should marry him that very day.

He meanwhile gave orders to his two ruffians, Murdoch and Hamish, to pursue the little boy into the wood, and there—there *murder* him.

But there is always a power in melodramas that watches over innocence; and these two wretched ones were protected by THE WARLOCK OF THE GLEN.

All through their misfortunes, this mysterious being watched them with a tender interest. When the two ruffians were about to murder the child, he and the fisherman rescued him—their battle-swords (after a brief combat of four) sank powerless before his wizard staff, and they fled in terror.

Haste we to the Castle of Glencairn. What ceremony is about to take place? What has assembled those two noblemen, and those three ladies in calico trains? A marriage! But what a union! The Lady Adela is dragged to the chapel-door by the truculent Clanronald. "Lady," he says, "you are mine. Resistance is unavailing. Submit with good grace. Henceforth, what power on earth can separate you from me?"

"MINE CAN," cries the Warlock of the Glen, rushing in. "Tyrant and assassin of thy brother! know that Glencairn—Glencairn, thy brother and lord, whom thy bravos were commissioned to slay—know that, for three years, a solemn vow (sworn to the villain that spared his

life, and expired yesterday) bound him never to reveal his existence —know that he is near at hand; and repent, while yet there is time."

The Lady Adela's emotion may be guessed when she heard this news; but Clanronald received it with contemptuous scepticism. "And where *is* this dead man come alive?" laughed he.

"HE IS HERE," shouted the Warlock of the Glen; and to fling away his staff—to dash off his sham beard and black gown—to appear in a red dress, with tights and yellow boots, as became Glencairn's Earl—was the work of a moment. The Countess recognised him with a scream of joy. Clanronald retired led off by two soldiers; and the joy of the Earl and Countess was completed by the arrival of their only son (a clever little giri of the Hebrew persuasion) in the arms of the fisherman.

The curtain fell on this happy scene. The fiddlers had ere this disappeared. The ginger-beer boy went home to a virtuous family that was probably looking out for him. The respectable family in the boxes went off in a fly. The little audience spread abroad, and were lost in the labyrinths of the city. The lamps of the Theatre Royal were extinguished: and all—all was still.

(*October* 1845.)

MEDITATIONS OVER BRIGHTON.

BY "PUNCH'S" COMMISSIONER.

(*From the Devil's Dyke.*)

WHEN the exultant and long-eared animal described in the fable revelled madly in the frog-pond, dashing about his tail and hoof among the unfortunate inhabitants of that piece of water, it is stated that the frogs remonstrated, exclaiming, "Why, O donkey, do you come kicking about in our habitation? It may be good fun to you to lash out, and plunge, and kick in this absurd manner, but it is death to us:" on which the good-natured quadruped agreed to discontinue his gambols; and left the frogs to bury their dead and rest henceforth undisturbed in their pool.

The inhabitants of Brighton are the frogs—and I dare say they will agree as to the applicability of the rest of the simile. It might be good fun to *me* to "mark their manners, and their ways survey;" but could it be altogether agreeable to them? I am sorry to confess it has not proved so, having received at least three hundred letters of pathetic remonstrance, furious complaint, angry swagger, and threatening

omens, entreating me to leave the Brightonians alone. The lodging-house keepers are up in arms. Mrs. Screw says *she* never let her lodgings at a guinea a day, and invites me to occupy her drawing and bed-room for five guineas a week. Mr. Squeezer swears that a guinea a day is an atrocious calumny: he would turn his wife, his children, and his bedridden mother-in-law out of doors if he could get such a sum for the rooms they occupy—(but this, I suspect, is a pretext of Squeezer's to get rid of his mother-in-law, in which project I wish him luck). Mrs. Slop hopes she may never again cut a slice out of a lodger's joint (the cannibal!) if she won't be ready at the most crowdidest of seasons to let her first-floor for six pounds; and, finally, Mr. Skiver writes:—"Sir,—Your ill-advised publication has passed like a whirlwind over the lodging-houses of Brighton. You have rendered our families desolate, and prematurely closed our season. As you have destroyed the lodging-houses, couldn't you, now, walk into the boarding-houses, and say a kind word to ruin the hotels?"

And is it so? Is the power of the Commissioner's eye so fatal that it withers the object on which it falls? Is the condition of his life so dreadful that he destroys all whom he comes near? Have I made a post-boy wretched—five thousand lodging-house keepers furious—twenty thousand Jews unhappy? If so, and I really possess a power so terrible, I had best come out in the tragic line.

I went, pursuant to orders, to the Swiss Cottage, at Shoreham, where the first object that struck my eye was the scene overleaf, in the green lake there, which I am credibly informed is made of pea-soup: two honest girls were rowing about their friend on this enchanting water. There was a cloudless sky overhead—rich treats were advertised for the six frequenters of the gardens; a variety of entertainments was announced in the Hall of Amusement—Mr. and Mrs. Aminadab (here, too, the Hebrews have penetrated) were advertised as about to sing some of their most favourite comic songs and——

But *no*, I will not describe the place. Why should my fatal glance bring a curse upon it? The pea-soup lake would dry up—leaving its bed a vacant tureen—the leaves would drop from the scorched trees—the pretty flowers would wither and fade—the rockets would not rise at night, nor the rebel wheels go round—the money-taker at the door would grow mouldy and die in his moss-grown and deserted cell—Aminadab would lose his engagement. Why should these things be, and this ruin occur? James! pack the portmanteau and tell the landlord to bring the bill; order horses immediately—this day I will quit Brighton.

Other appalling facts have come to notice; all showing more or less the excitement created by my publication.

The officers of the 150th Dragoons, accused of looking handsome solemn, and stupid, have had a meeting in the messroom, where the two final epithets have been rescinded in a string of resolutions.

But it is the poor yellow-breeched postilion who has most suffered. When the description of him came out, crowds flocked to see him. He was mobbed all the way down the Cliff; wherever he drove his little phaëton, people laughed, and pointed with the finger and said, "That is he." The poor child was thus made the subject of public laughter by my interference—and what has been the consequence? In order to disguise him as much as possible, *his master has bought him a hat.*

The children of Israel are in a fury too. They do not like to ride in flys, since my masterly description of them a fortnight since. They are giving up their houses daily. You read in the Brighton papers, among the departures, "—— Nebuzaradan, Esquire, and family for London;" or, "Solomon Ramothgilead, Esquire, has quitted his mansion in Marine Crescent; circumstances having induced him to shorten his stay among us;" and so on. The people emigrate by hundreds; they can't bear to be made the object of remark in the public walks and drives—and they are flying from a city of which they might have made a new Jerusalem.

(*October* 1845.)

BRIGHTON IN 1847.

BY THE F. C.

CHAPTER I.

HAVE the kindness, my dear Pugsby, to despatch me a line when they have done painting the smoking-room at the Megatherium, that I may come back to town. After suffering as we have all the year, not so much from the bad ventilation of the room, as from the suffocating dulness of Wheezer, Snoozer, and Whiffler, who frequent it, I had hoped for quiet by the sea-shore here, and that our three abominable acquaintances had quitted England.

I had scarcely been ten minutes in the place, my ever-dear Pugsby, when I met old Snoozer walking with young De Bosky, of the Tatters-and-Starvation Club, on the opposite side of our square, and ogling the girls on the Cliff, the old wretch, as if he had not a wife and half-a-dozen daughters of his own in Pocklington Square. He hooked on to my arm as if he had been the Old Man of the Sea, and I found myself introduced to young De Bosky, a man whom I have carefully avoided as an odious and disreputable tiger, the tuft on whose chin has been always particularly disagreeable to me, and who is besides a Captain, or Commodore, or some such thing, in the Bundelcund Cavalry. The clink and glitter of his spurs is perfectly abominable: he is screwed so tight in his waistband that I wish it could render him speechless (for when he *does* speak he is so stupid that he sends you to sleep while actually walking with him); and as for his chest, which he bulges out against the shoulders of all the passers-by, I am sure that he carries a part of his wardrobe in it, and that he is wadded with stockings and linen as if he were a walking carpet-bag.

This fellow saluted two-thirds of the carriages which passed with a knowing nod, and a military swagger so arrogant, that I feel continually the greatest desire to throttle him.

Well, sir, before we had got from the Tepid Swimming Bath to Mutton's the pastrycook's, whom should we meet but Wheezer, to be sure. Wheezer driving up and down the Cliff at half-a-crown an hour, with his hideous family, Mrs. Wheezer, the Miss Wheezers in fur tippets and drawn bonnets with spring-flowers in them, a huddle and squeeze of little Wheezers sprawling and struggling on the back seat of the carriage, and that horrible boy whom Wheezer brings to the Club sometimes, actually seated on the box of the fly, and ready to drive, if the coachman should be intoxicated or inclined to relinquish his duty.

Wheezer sprang out of the vehicle with a cordiality that made me shudder. "Hullo, my boy!" said he, seizing my trembling hand.

"What! *you* here? Hang me if the whole Club isn't here. I'm at 56 Horse Marine Parade. Where are you lodging? We're out for a holiday, and will make a jolly time of it."

The benighted, the conceited old wretch! He would not let go my hand until I told him where I resided—at Mrs. Muggeridge's in Black Lion Street, where I have a tolerable view of the sea, if I risk the loss of my equilibrium and the breakage of my back, by stretching three-quarters of my body out of my drawing-room window.

As he stopped to speak to me, his carriage of course stopped likewise, forcing all the vehicles in front and behind him to halt or to precipitate themselves over the railings on to the shingles and the sea. The cabs, the flys, the shandrydans, the sedan-chairs with the poor old invalids inside; the old maids', the dowagers' chariots, out of which you see countenances scarcely less deathlike; the stupendous cabs, out of which the whiskered heroes of the gallant Onety-oneth look down on us people on foot; the hacks mounted by young ladies from the equestrian schools, by whose sides the riding-masters canter confidentially—everybody stopped. There was a perfect strangury in the street; and I should have liked not only to throttle De Bosky, but to massacre Wheezer, too.

The wretched though unconscious being insisted on nailing me for dinner before he would leave me; and I heard him say (that is, by the expression of his countenance, and the glances which his wife and children cast at me, I *knew* he said), "That is the young and dashing Folkstone Canterbury, the celebrated contributor to *Punch*."

The crowd, sir, on the Cliff was perfectly frightful. It is my belief nobody goes abroad any more. Everybody is at Brighton. I met three hundred at least of our acquaintances in the course of a quarter of an hour, and before we could reach Brunswick Square I met dandies, City men, Members of Parliament. I met my tailor walking with his wife, with a geranium blooming in his wretched button-hole, as if money wasn't tight in the City, and everybody had paid him everything everybody owed him. I turned and sickened at the sight of that man. "Snoozer," said I, "I will go on the Pier."

I went, and to find what?—Whiffler, by all that is unmerciful!—Whiffler, whom we see every day, in the same chair, at the Megatherium. Whiffler, whom not to see is to make all the good fellows at the Club happy. I have seen him every day, and many times a day since. At the moment of our first rencontre I was so *saisi*, so utterly overcome by rage and despair, that I would have flung myself into the azure waves sparkling calmly around me, but for the chains of the Pier.

I did not take that aqueous suicidal plunge—I resolved to live, and w[illegible]y dear Pugsby? Who do you think approached us? Were you

not at one of his parties last season? I have polked in his saloons. I have nestled under the mahogany of his dining-room at least one hundred and twenty thousand times. It was Mr. Goldmore, the East India Director, with Mrs. G. on his arm, and—oh, heavens!—Florence and Violet Goldmore, with pink parasols, walking behind their parents.

"What! *you* here!" said the good and hospitable man, holding out his hand, and giving a slap on the boards (or deck, I may say) with his bamboo; "hang it, everyone's here. Come and dine at seven. Brunswick Square."

I looked in Violet's eyes. Florence is rather an old bird, and wears spectacles, so that looking in *her* eyes is out of the question. I looked in Violet's eyes, and said I'd come with the greatest pleasure.

"As for *you*, De Bosky"—(I forget whether I mentioned that the whiskered Bundelcund buck had come with me on to the Pier, whither Snoozer would not follow us, declining to pay the twopence)—"as for *you*, De Bosky, you may come or not, as you like."

"Won't I," said he, grinning, with a dandified Bundelcund nod, and wagging his odious head.

I could have wrenched it off and flung it in the ocean. But I restrained my propensity, and we agreed that, for the sake of economy, we would go to Mr. Goldmore's in the same fly.

CHAPTER II.

THE very first spoonful of the clear soup at the Director's told me that my excellent friend Paradol (the *chef* who came to Mr. Goldmore, Portland Place, when Guttlebury House was shut up by the lamented levanting of the noble Earl) was established among the furnaces below. A clear brown soup,—none of your filthy, spiced, English hell-broths, but light, brisk, and delicate,—always sets me off for the evening: it invigorates and enlivens me, my dear Pugsby: I give you my honour it does—and when I am in a *good* humour, I am, I flatter myself—what shall I say?—well, *not disagreeable.*

On this day, sir, I was delightful. Although that booby De Bosky conducted Miss Violet Goldmore downstairs, yet the wretch, absorbed in his victuals, and naturally of an unutterable dulness, did not make a single remark during dinner, whereas I literally blazed with wit. Sir, I even made one of the footmen laugh—a perilous joke for the poor fellow, who, I dare say, will be turned off in consequence. I talked sentiment to Florence (women in spectacles are almost always sentimental); cookery to Sir Harcourt Gulph, who particularly asked my address, and I have no doubt intends to invite me to his dinners in

town; military affairs with Major Bangles of the Onety-oneth Hussars, who was with the regiment at Aliwal and Ferozeshah, and drives about a prodigious cab at Brighton, with a captured Sikh behind, disguised as a tiger; to Mrs. Goldmore I abused Lady Toddle-Rowdy's new carriages and absurd appearance (she is seventy-four if she is a day, and she wears a white muslin frock and frilled trousers, with a wig curling down her old back, and I do believe puts on a pinafore, and has a little knife and fork and silver mug at home, so girlish is she): I say, in a word—and I believe without fear of contradiction—that I delighted everybody.

"Delightful man!" said Mrs. Bangles to my excellent friend, Mrs. Goldmore.

"Extraordinary creature; so odd, isn't he?" replied that admirable woman.

"What a flow of spirits he has!" cried the charming Violet.

"And yet sorrows repose under that smiling mask, and those outbreaks of laughter perhaps conceal the groans of smouldering passion and the shrieks of withering despair," sighed Florence. "It is always so: the wretched *seem* to be most joyous. If I didn't think that man miserable, I couldn't be happy," she added, and lapsed into silence. Little Mrs. Diggs told me every word of the conversation, when I came up, the first of the gentlemen, to tea.

"Clever fellow that," said (as I am given to understand) Sir Harcourt Gulph. "I liked that notion of his about *croquignoles à la pouffarde*: I will speak to Moufflon to try it."

"I really shall mention in the Bank parlour to-morrow," the Director remarked, "what he said about the present crisis, and his project for a cast-iron currency: that man is by no means the trifler he pretends to be."

"Where did he serve?" asked Bangles. "If he can manœuvre an army as well as he talks about it, demmy, he ought to be Commander-in-Chief. Did you hear, Captain De Bosky, what he said about pontooning the échelons, and operating with our reserve upon the right bank of the river at Ferozeshah? Gad, sir, if that manœuvre had been performed, not a man of the Sikh army would have escaped:"—in which case of course Major Bangles would have lost the black tiger behind his cab; but De Bosky did not make this remark. The great stupid hulking wretch remarked nothing; he gorged himself with meat and wine, and when quite replete with claret, strutte[illegible]o the drawing-room, to show his chest and his white waistcoat th[illegible]

I was p[illegible]ring into Violet's ear (to the discomfiture of Florence, wh[illegible]as knocking about the tea-things madly) some of those delight-

ful nothings with which a well-bred man in society entertains a female. I spoke to her about the last balls in London—about Fanny Finch's elopement with Tom Parrot, who had nothing but his place in the Foreign Office—about the people who were at Brighton—about Mr. Midge's delightful sermon at church last Sunday—about the last fashions, and the next—*que sais-je?*—when that brute De Bosky swaggered np.

"Ah, hum, haw," said he, "were you out *raiding* to-day, Miss Goldmaw?"

Determined to crush this odious and impertinent blunderer, who has no more wit than the horses he bestrides, I resolved to meet him on his own ground, and to beat him even on the subject of horses.

I am sorry to say, my dear Pugsby, I did not confine myself strictly to truth; but I described how I had passed three months in the Desert with an Arab tribe; how I had a mare, during that period, descended from Boorawk, the mare of the Prophet, which I afterwards sold for 50,000 piastres to Mahomet Ali; and how, being at Trebizond, smoking with the sanguinary Pasha of that place, I had bitted, saddled, and broke to carry a lady, a grey Turkoman horse of his which had killed fourteen of his grooms, and bit off the nose of his Kislar Aga.

"Do join us in our ride to-morrow," cried Violet; "the Downs are delightful."

"Fairest lady, to hear is to obey," answered I, with a triumphant glance at De Bosky. I had done *his* business, at any rate.

Well, sir, I came at two o'clock, mounted on one of Jiggot's hacks —an animal that I know, and that goes as easy as a sedan-chair— and found the party assembling before the Director's house, in Brunswick Square. There was young Goldmore—the lovely Violet, in a habit that showed her form to admiration, and a perfectly ravishing Spanish tuft in her riding-hat, with a little gold whip and a little pair of gauntlets—*à croquer*, in a word. Major Bangles and lady were also of the party: in fact, we were "a gallant company of cavaliers," as James says in his novels; and with my heels well down, and one of my elbows stuck out, I looked, sir, like the Marquis of Anglesea. I had the honour of holding Violet's little foot in my hand, as she jumped into her saddle. She sprang into it like a fairy.

Last of all, the stupid De Bosky came up. He came up moaning and groaning. "I have had a kick in the back from a horse in the livery-stables," says he; "I can't hold this horse—will you ride him, Canterbury?" His horse was a black, wicked-looking beast as ever I saw, with bloodshot eyes and a demoniacal expression.

What could I do, after the stories about Boorawk and the Pasha

of Trebizond? Sir, I was obliged to get off my sedan-chair, and mount the Captain's Purgatory, as I call him—a disgusting brute, and worthy of his master.

Well, sir, off we set,—Purgatory jumping from this side of the road to t'other, shying at Miss Pogson, who passed in her carriage (as well he might at so hideous a phenomenon)—plunging at an apple-woman and stall—going so wild at a baker's cart that I thought he would have jumped into the hall-door where the man was delivering a pie for dinner—and flinging his head backwards, so as to endanger my own nose every moment. It was all I could do to keep him in. I tugged at both bridles till I tore his jaws into a fury, I suppose.

Just as we were passing under the viaduct, whirr came the streaming train with a bang, and a shriek, and a whizz. The brute would hold in no longer: he ran away with me.

I stuck my feet tight down in the stirrups, and thought of my mother with inexpressible agony. I clutched hold of all the reins and a great deal of the mane of the brute. I saw trees, milestones, houses, villages, pass away from me—away, away, away—away by the cornfields—away by the wolds—away by the eternal hills—away by the woods and precipices—the woods, the rocks, the villages flashed by me. Oh, Pugsby! how I longed for the Megatherium during that ride!

It lasted, as it seemed to me, about nine hours, during which I went over, as I should think, about 540 miles of ground. I didn't come off—my hat did, a new Lincoln and Bennett, but I didn't—and at length the infuriate brute paused in his mad career, with an instinctive respect for the law, at a turnpike gate. I little knew the blessing of a turnpike until then.

In a minute Bangles came up, bursting with laughter. "You can't manage that horse, I think," said the Major, with his infernal good-nature. "Shall I ride him? Mine is a quiet beast."

I was off Purgatory's back in a minute, and as I mounted on Bangles's hackney, felt as if I was getting into bed, so easy, so soft, so downy he seemed to me.

He said, though I never can believe it, that we had only come about a mile and a half; and at this moment the two ladies and De Bosky rode up.

"Is that the way you broke the Pasha of Trebizond's horse?" Violet said. I gave a laugh; but it was one of despair. I should have liked to plunge a dagger in De Bosky's side.

I shall come to town directly, I think. This Brighton is a miserable Cockney place.

(*October* 1847.)

MISCELLANEOUS

CONTRIBUTIONS TO "PUNCH"

(ARRANGED CHRONOLOGICALLY)

MISCELLANEOUS CONTRIBUTIONS TO "PUNCH"

(ARRANGED CHRONOLOGICALLY).

MR. SPEC'S REMONSTRANCE.

FROM THE DOOR STEPS.

SIR,—Until my Cartoons are exhibited, I am in an exceedingly uncomfortable state. I shall then have about fourteen hundred pounds (the amount of the seven first prizes), and but a poor reward for the pains and care which I have bestowed on my pieces.

Meanwhile how am I to exist?—how, I say, is an historical painter to live? I despise humour and buffoonery, as unworthy the aim of a great artist. But I am hungry, Sir,—HUNGRY! Since Thursday, the 13th instant, butcher's meat has not passed these lips, and then 'twas but the flap of a shoulder of mutton, which I ate cold—cold, and without pickles,—*icy* cold, for 'twas grudged by the niggard boor at whose table I condescended to sit down.

That man was my own cousin—Samuel Spec, the eminent publisher of Ivy Lane; and by him and by all the world I have been treated with unheard-of contumely. List but to a single instance of his ingratitude!

I need not ask if you know my work, "Illustrations of Aldgate Pump." All the world knows it. It is published in elephant folio, price seventy guineas, by Samuel Spec before mentioned; and many thousands of copies were subscribed for by the British and Foreign nobility.

Nobility!—why do I say nobility?—KINGS, Sir, have set their august signatures to the subscription-list. Bavaria's sovereign has placed it in the Pinakothek. The Grecian Otho (though I am bound to say he did not pay up) has hung it in the Parthenon—in the *Parthenon*! It may be seen on the walls of the Vatican, in the worthy company of Buonarroti and Urbino, and figures in the gilded saloons of the Tuileries, the delight of Delaroche and Delacroix.

From all these Potentates, save the last, little has been received in return for their presentation-copies but unsubstantial praise. It is true the King of Bavaria wrote a sonnet in acknowledgment of the "Illustrations;" but I do not understand German, Sir, and am given to understand by those who do, that the composition is but a poor one. His Holiness the Pope gave his blessing, and admitted the publisher to the honour of kissing his great toe. But I had rather have a beefsteak to my lips any day of the week; and "fine words," as the poet says, "butter no parsnips." Parsnips!—I have not even parsnips to butter.

His Majesty Louis Philippe, however, formed a noble exception to this rule of kingly indifference. Lord Cowley, our Ambassador, presented my cousin Spec to him with a copy of my work. The Royal Frenchman received Samuel Spec with open arms in the midst of his Court, and next day, through our Ambassador, offered the author of the "Illustrations" the choice of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour or a snuff-box set with diamonds. I need not say the latter was preferred.

Nor did the monarch's gracious bounty end here. Going to his writing-table, he handed over to the *officier d'ordonnance* who was to take the snuff-box, a purely artistic memento of his royal good-will. "Go, Count," said he, "to Mr. Spec, in my name, offer him the snuff-box—'tis of trifling value; and at the same time beg him to accept, as a testimony of the respect of *one artist for another*, my own identical piece of INDIA-RUBBER."

When Sam came back, I hastened to his house in Ivy Lane. I found him, Sir, as I have said—I found him eating cold mutton; and so I requested him (for my necessities were pressing) to hand me over the diamond box, and returning to my humble home greedily opened the packet he had given me.

Sir, he kept the box and *gave me the india-rubber*! 'Tis no falsehood—I have left it at your office, where all the world may see it. I have left it at your office, and with it this letter. I hear the sound of revelry from within—the clink of wine-cups, the merry song and chorus. I am waiting outside, and a guinea would be the saving of me.

What shall I do? My genius is tragic-classic-historic—little suited to the pages of what I must call a frivolous and ridiculous publication; but my proud spirit must bend. Did not the MAJESTY OF FRANCE give lessons on Richmond Hill?

Heaven bless you! Send me out something, and succour the unhappy

ALONZO SPEC,

HISTORICAL PAINTER.

(*February* 1843.)

SINGULAR LETTER FROM THE REGENT OF SPAIN.

WE have received, by our usual express, the following indignant protest, signed by His Highness the Regent of Spain.

His Highness's Bando refers to the following paragraph, which appears in the *Times* of December 7th :—

"The Agents of the Tract Societies have lately had recourse to a new method of introducing their tracts into Cadiz. The tracts were put into glass bottles, *securely corked;* and, taking advantage of the tide flowing into the harbour, they were committed to the waves, on whose surface they floated towards the town, where the inhabitants eagerly took them up on their arriving on the shore. The bottles were then uncorked, and the tracts they contain are *supposed to have been* read with much interest."

BANDO, BY THE REGENT OF SPAIN.

The undersigned, Regent of Spain, Duke of Victory, and of the Regent's Park, presents his compliments to your Excellency, and requests your excellent attention to the above extraordinary paragraph.

Though an exile from Spain, the undersigned still feels an interest in everything Spanish, and asks *Punch*, Lord Aberdeen, and the British nation, whether friends and allies are to be insulted by such cruel stratagems? If the arts of the Jesuit have justly subjected him to the mistrust and abhorrence of Europe, ought not the manœuvres of the Dissenting-Tract Smuggler (*Tractistero dissentero contrabandistero*) to be likewise held up to public odium?

Let *Punch*, let Lord Aberdeen, let Great Britain at large, put itself in the position of the poor mariner of Cadiz, and then answer. Tired with the day's labour, thirsty as the seaman naturally is, he lies perchance, and watches at eve the tide of ocean swelling into the bay What does he see cresting the wave that rolls towards him? A bottle. Regardless of the wet, he rushes eagerly towards the advancing flask. "Sherry, perhaps," is his first thought (for 'tis the wine of his country). "Rum, I hope," he adds, while, with beating heart and wringing pantaloons, he puts his bottle-screw into the cork. But, ah! Englishmen! fancy his agonising feelings on withdrawing from the flask a Spanish translation of "The Cowboy of Kennington Common," or "The Little Blind Dustman of Pentonville."

Moral and excellent those works may be, but not at *such* a moment. No. His Highness the Duke of Victory protests, in the face of Europe, against this audacious violation of the right of nations.

He declares himself dissentient from the Dissenters; he holds up these black-bottle Tractarians to the contumely of insulted mankind.

And against the employment of bottles in this unnatural fashion he enters a solemn and hearty protest; lest British captains might be induced to presume still farther; lest, having tampered with the bottle department, they might take similar liberties with the wood, and send off missionaries in casks (securely bunged) for the same destination.

In conclusion, his Highness the Regent presents to your Excellency (and the Lady Judy) the assurances of his most distinguished consideration. May you both live nine hundred and ninety-nine years.

(Signed) BALDOMERO ESPARTERO.

REGENT'S PARK: *December 7th.*

(*December* 1843.)

THE GEORGES.

AS the statues of these beloved Monarchs are to be put up in the Parliament palace, we have been favoured by a young lady (connected with the Court) with copies of the inscriptions which are to be engraven under the images of those Stars of Brunswick.

GEORGE THE FIRST—STAR OF BRUNSWICK.

He preferred Hanover to England,
He preferred two hideous Mistresses
To a beautiful and innocent Wife.
He hated Arts and despised Literature;
But He liked train-oil in his salads,
And gave an enlightened patronage to bad oysters.
And he had Walpole as a Minister:
Consistent in his Preference for every kind of Corruption.

GEORGE II.

In most things I did as my father had done,
I was false to my wife and I hated my son:

My spending was small and my avarice much,
My kingdom was English, my heart was High Dutch:

At Dettingen fight I was known not to blench,
I butchered the Scotch, and I bearded the French

I neither had morals, nor manners, nor wit;
I wasn't much missed when I died in a fit.

Here set up my statue, and make it complete—
With Pitt on his knees at my dirty old feet.

GEORGE III.

Give me a Royal niche—it is my due,
The virtuousest King the realm e'er knew.

I, through a decent reputable life,
Was constant to plain food and a plain wife.

Ireland I risked, and lost America;
But dined on legs of mutton every day.

My brain, perhaps, might be a feeble part;
But yet I think I had an English heart.

When all the Kings were prostrate, I alone
Stood face to face against Napoleon;

Nor ever could the ruthless Frenchman forge
A fetter for Old England and Old George:

I let loose flaming Nelson on his fleets;
I met his troops with Wellesley's bayonets.

Triumphant waved my flag on land and sea:
Where was the King in Europe like to me?

Monarchs exiled found shelter on my shores;
My bounty rescued Kings and Emperors.

But what boots victory by land or sea?
What boots that Kings found refuge at my knee?

I was a conqueror, but yet not proud;
And careless, even though Napoleon bow'd.

The rescued Kings came kiss my garments' hem:
The rescued Kings I never heeded them.

My guns roar'd triumph, but I never heard:
All England thrilled with joy, I never stirred.

What care had I of pomp, or fame, or power—
A crazy old blind man in Windsor Tower?

GEORGIUS ULTIMUS

He left an example for age and for youth
To avoid.
He never acted well by Man or Woman,
And was as false to his Mistress as to his Wife.
He deserted his Friends and his Principles.
He was so Ignorant that he could scarcely Spell;
But he had some Skill in Cutting out Coats,
And an undeniable Taste for Cookery.
He built the Palaces of Brighton and of Buckingham;
And for these Qualities and Proofs of Genius,
An admiring Aristocracy
Christened him the "First Gentleman in Europe."
Friends, respect the King whose Statue is here,
And the generous Aristocracy who admired him.

(*October* 1845.)

TITMARSH v. *TAIT.*

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You are acknowledged to be the censor of the age, and the father and protector of the press; in which character allow one of your warmest admirers to appeal to you for redress and protection. One of those good-natured friends, of whom every literary man can boast, has been criticising a late work of mine in *Tait's Magazine.* What his opinion may be is neither here nor there. Every man has a right to his own: and whether the critic complains of want of purpose, or says (with great acuteness and ingenuity) that the book might have been much better, is not at all to the point. Against criticism of this nature no writer can cavil. It is cheerfully accepted by your subscriber.

But there is a passage in the *Tait* criticism which, although it may be actuated by the profoundest benevolence, a gentleman may be pardoned for protesting against politely. It is as follows:—

"In the circumstance of a steamer being launched on a first voyage to Margate, or were it but to Greenwich, there is always an invited party, a band of music, a couple of *Times* and *Chronicle* reporters, also champagne and bottled porter, with cakes and jellies for the ladies. *Even* on the Frith of

Forth, or Clyde" [this "even" is very *naif* and fine], "or the rivers Severn or Shannon, the same auspicious event is celebrated by the presence of a piper or blind fiddler, carried cost free, and permitted, on coming home, to send round his hat. On something like the same principle, the Peninsular and Oriental Company were so fortunate as to crimp Mr. Titmarsh. . . . We hope they have voted him a yachting service of plate, of at least five hundred ounces."

This latter suggestion I complain of, as being *too* friendly. Why should the critic insist on a collection? Who asked the gentleman for plack or bawbee? However, this again is a private matter.

It is that comparison of the blind fiddler who "*sends round his hat*," that ought to be devoted to the indignation of the press of these kingdoms. Your constant reader has never played on the English—or on the Scotch fiddle.

He leaves the sending round of hats to professors of the Caledonian Cremona. He was not "crimped" by the Peninsular and Oriental Company, nor called upon to fiddle for their amusement, nor rewarded with silver spoons by that excellent Company. A gentleman who takes a vacant seat in a friend's carriage is not supposed to receive a degrading obligation, or called upon to pay for his ride by extra joking, facetiousness, &c.; nor surely is the person who so gives you the use of his carriage required to present you also with a guinea, or to pay your tavern-bill. The critic, in fact, has shown uncommon keenness in observing the manners of his national violinists; but must know more of them than of the customs of English gentlemen.

If the critic himself is a man of letters, and fiddles professionally, why should he abuse his Stradivarius? If he is some disguised nobleman of lofty birth, superb breeding, and vast wealth, who only fiddles for pleasure, he should spare those gentlefolks in whose company he condescends to perform. But I don't believe he's a noble amateur;—I think he must be a professional man of letters. It is only literary men, nowadays, who commit this suicidal sort of impertinence; who sneak through the world ashamed of their calling, and show their independence by befouling the trade by which they live.

That you will rebuke, amend, or (if need be) utterly smash all such, is, my dear Mr. PUNCH, the humble prayer of

Your constant reader and fellow-labourer,

MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH.

BLUE POSTS: *March* 10, 1846.

(*March* 1846.)

A PLEA FOR PLUSH.

BELGRAVIA: *July* 1, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR,—Having observed on several occasions in your paper a tone of kindly feeling expressed towards the Jeameses of the metropolis, I desire to call the attention of the public, through your means, to an instance of excessive cruelty which is daily practised by a heartless Duchess, who resides in this parish, towards several of the finest specimens of humanity which it has ever been my good fortune to behold.

You must recollect, Mr. PUNCH, the state of the thermometer during the past month—generally between eighty and ninety degrees in the shade. Well, Sir, during the whole of that fiery season, the merciless woman whom I am anxious to expose kept four of her fellow-creatures daily encased in close-fitting garments of *scarlet* plush!!! They wear them still.

It makes my heart bleed to witness the protracted sufferings of these large plethoric men; one of them a Hall Porter, of mature age and startling obesity. There they stand, on the steps before the street door, making passers-by wink and nursery-maids blush at the splendour of their attire—white, scarlet, and gold—perspiring exceedingly, and irritated to madness by the bluebottle flies and impudent little boys of the vicinity, who unceasingly exclaim, with exasperating monotony, "I say, Blazes, vy don't you buy a Wenham 'frigerator?"

I have ascertained with grief, Mr. PUNCH, that these unfortunate men have little or no hard work to do, that all their messages are performed by deputy; they get their five meals a day—with beer—regular, besides snacks, and I feel convinced, that if the hot weather lasts, unless they are indulged with some light genteel occupation, and the nankeen shorts (which have latterly been introduced with great success by several benevolent ladies of rank in the neighbourhood), the wretched creatures will inevitably be struck down by apoplexy on the hall steps on which they are so barbarously exposed every day from two till seven.

I have the honour to remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

Φιλοφλυνκης.

[We readily give admission to our correspondent's benevolent remonstrance in behalf of the injured Plush family. But if he had seen, as we did, at the Duchess of Douche's *déjeuner* (where the rain came down in torrents, and the beeakfast was served under a macintosh marquee), the dripping condition of

several of the nobility's footmen who sported the new summer nankeen lower uniform, Φιλοφλυνκης would acknowledge, that in our variable climate PLUSH is, after all, a better stuff than nankeen for the breeches of a British footman.—EDITOR.]

(*July* 1846.)

PROFESSOR BYLES'S OPINION OF THE WESTMINSTER HALL EXHIBITION.

SIR,—My three pictures, from "Gil Blas," from the "Vicar of Wakefield," and from English History (King John signing that palladium of our liberties, Magna Charta), not having been sent to Westminster, in consequence of the dastardly refusal of Bladders, my colour-merchant, to supply me with more paint—I have lost 1,500*l.* as a painter, but gained a right to speak as a *critic* of the Exhibition. A more indifferent collection of works it has seldom been my lot to see.

I do not quarrel much with the decision of the Committee: indifferent judges called upon to decide as to the merits of indifferent pictures, they have performed their office fairly. I congratulate the three prize-holders on their *success*. I congratulate them that three pictures, *which shall be nameless*, were kept, by *conspiracy*, from the Exhibition.

Mr. Pickersgill is marked first; and I have nothing to say,—his picture is very respectable, very nicely painted, and so forth. It represents the burial of King Harold—there are monks, men-at-arms, a livid body, a lady kissing it, and that sort of thing. Nothing can be more obvious; nor is the picture without merit. And I congratulate the public that King Harold *is buried at last*; and hope that British artists will leave off *finding his body any more*, which they have been doing, in every Exhibition, for these fifty years.

By the way, as the Saxon king is here represented in the blue stage of decomposition, I think Mr. P. might as well step up to my studio, and look at a certain Icenian chief in my great piece of "Boadicea," who is tattooed all over an elegant light blue, and won't lose by comparison with the "Norman Victim."

Mr. Watts, too, appears to have a hankering for the Anglo-Saxons. I must say I was very much surprised to find that one figure was supposed to represent King Alfred standing on a plank, and inciting his

subjects to go to sea and meet the Danes, whose fleet can be perceived in the distant ocean—or *ultra-marine*, as I call it. This is another of your five-hundred-pounders: and I must say that this King of the Angles has had a narrow escape that the "Queen of the Iceni" was not present.

They talk about air in pictures: there is, I must say, more *wind* in this than in any work of art I ever beheld. It is blowing everywhere and from every quarter. It is blowing the sail one way, the royal petticoat another, the cloak another, and it is almost blowing the royal hair off his Majesty's head. No wonder the poor English wanted a deal of encouraging before they could be brought to face such a tempest as that.

By the way, there is an anecdote which I met with in a scarce work regarding this monarch, and which might afford an advantageous theme for a painter's skill. It is this:—Flying from his enemies, those very Danes, the king sought refuge in the house of a neatherd, whose wife set the royal fugitive a-toasting muffins. But, being occupied with his *misfortunes*, he permitted the *muffins* to burn; whereupon, it is said, his hostess actually boxed the royal ears. I have commenced a picture on this subject, and beg artists to *leave it to the discoverer*. The reader may fancy the muffins boldly grouped and in flames, the *incensed harridan*, the rude hut,—and the disguised monarch. With these materials I hope to effect a great, lofty, national, and original work, when my "Boadicea" is off the easel.

With respect to the third prize—a "Battle of Meeanee"—in this extraordinary piece they are stabbing, kicking, cutting, slashing, and poking each other about all over the picture. A horrid sight! I like to see the British lion mild and good-humoured, as Signor Gambardella has depicted him, not fierce, as Mr. Armitage has shown him.

How, I ask, is any delicate female to look without a shudder upon such a piece? A large British soldier, with a horrid bayonet poking into a howling Scindian. Is the monster putting the horrid weapon into the poor benighted heathen's chest, or is the ruffian pulling the weapon out, or wriggling it round and round to hurt his victim so much the more? Horrid, horrid! "*He's giving him his gruel*," I heard some fiend remark, little knowing by whom he stood. To give 500*l.* for a work so immoral, and so odious a picture, is encouraging murder, and the worst of murders—that of a black man. If the Government grants premiums for massacre, of course I can have no objection; but if Mr. Armitage will walk to my studio, and look at my "Battle of Bosworth Field," he will see how the subject *may* be treated, *without* hurting the feelings, *with* a combination of the beautiful and the ideal—not like Mr. Cooper's "Waterloo," where the French cuirassiers are

riding about, run through the body, or with their heads cut off, and smiling as if they liked it; but with the severe *moral grandeur* that befits the "Historic Muse."

So much for the three first prizes. I congratulate the winners of the secondary prizes (and very secondary their talents are indeed), that some of my smaller pictures were not sent in, owing to my mind being absorbed with greater efforts. What does Mr. Cope mean by his picture of "Prince Henry trying his Father's Crown"? The subject is mine, discovered by me in my studies in recondite works; and any man who borrows it is therefore guilty of a plagiarism. "Bertrand de Gourdon pardoned by Richard," is a work of some merit—but why kings, Mr. Cross? Why kings, Messieurs artists? Have men no hearts save under the purple? Does sorrow only sit upon thrones? For instance, we have Queen Emma walking over hot ploughshares in her night-clothes—her pocket-handkerchief round her eyes. Have no other women burnt their limbs or their fingers with shares? My aunt, Mrs. Growley, I know did two years ago. But she was a mere English lady; it is only kings and queens that our courtiers of painters *condescend to feel for*.

Their slavishness is quite sickening. There is the "Birth of the First Prince of Wales" (my subject, again); there is the "White Ship going down with King Henry's Son aboard;" there is "King Henry being informed of the Death of his Son by a little Boy;" "King Charles (that odious profligate) up in the Oak" (again my subject). Somebody will be painting "Queen Boadicea" next, and saying I did not invent *that*.

Then there are Allegories.—Oh! allegories, of course! Every painter must do his "Genius of Britannia," forsooth, after mine; and subjects in all costumes, from the Ancient Britons in trews (whom Mr. Moore has represented as talking to Sir Robert Peel's friend, and the founder of the Trent Valley Railroad, Mr. Julius Agricola) down to the Duke of Marlborough in jack-boots, and his present Grace in those of his own invention. So there are some pictures in which, I regret to say, there is very little costume indeed.

There are "Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise," with the birds of Paradise flying out too. There are "Peace, Commerce, and Agriculture," none of them with any clothes to their backs. There is "Shakspeare being educated by Water Nymphs" (which I never knew kept a school), with a Dolphin coming up to give him a lesson—out of the "Delphin Classics," I suppose. Did the painter ever see my sketch of "Shakspeare"? Is the gentleman who has stripped "Commerce" and "Agriculture" of their gowns aware that I have treated a similar allegory in, I flatter myself, a different style? I invite

them all to my studio to see: North Paradise Row, Upper Anna Maria Street, Somers Town East. And wishing, Mr. PUNCH, that you would exchange your ribaldry for the seriousness befitting men of honesty,

I remain, your obedient Servant.

GROWLEY BYLES.

(*July* 1847.)

"PUNCH" AND THE INFLUENZA.

AT the beginning of the week, when the Influenza panic seemed at the highest—when the Prime Minister and his household—when the public offices and all the chiefs and subordinates—when the public schools and all the masters and little boys—when the very doctors and apothecaries of the tow were themselves in bed—it was not a little gratifying to Mr. PUNCH to find that his contributors, though sick, were at their duty: and, though prostrate, were prostrate still round their post. At the first moment when Mr. PUNCH himself could stir after his own attack, he rushed to the couches of his young men; and he found them in the following positions and circumstances of life. First—

That favourite writer, and amusing man, Mr. J–nes (author of some of the most popular pages in this or any other miscellany), was prostrate on his bed. Tortured by pain, and worn down by water-gruel, covered over by his pea-jacket, his dressing-gown, his best and inferior clothes, and all the blankets with which his lodging-house supplies him, with six phials of medicine and an ink-bottle by his side, J–nes was still at work, on the bed of sickness—still making jokes under calamity. The three most admirable articles in the present number are written, let it suffice to say, by J–nes.

J–nes's manuscript secured, it became Mr. PUNCH'S duty to hurry to Sm–th for his designs. Sm–th, too, was at his duty. Though Mrs. Sm–th, the artist's wife, told Mr. PUNCH that her husband's death was certain, if he should be called upon to exert himself at such a moment, Mr. PUNCH, regardless of the fond wife's fears, rushed into the young artist's bedchamber. And what did he see there?

Sm–th at work, drawing the very cleverest caricature which his admirable pencil had as yet produced; drawing cheerfully, though torn by cough, sore-throat, headache, and pains in the limbs, and though the printer's boy (who never leaves him) was asleep by the bedside in a chair.

Taking out a bank-note of immense value, Mr. PUNCH laid it down on Mr. Sm-th's pillow, and pushed on to another of his esteemed correspondents—the celebrated Br-wn, in a word—who was found in a warm bath, composing those fine sentiments which the reader will recognise in his noble and heart-stirring articles of this week, and as resigned and hearty as if he had been Seneca.

He was very ill, and seemingly on the point of dissolution; but his gaiety never deserted him.

"You see I am trying to get the steam up still!" he exclaimed, with a sickly smile, and a look of resignation so touching, that Mr. PUNCH, unable to bear the sight, had only leisure to lay an order for a very large amount of £. *s.* *d.* upon the good-natured martyr's clothes-horse, and to quit the room.

The last of his Contributors whom Mr. PUNCH visited on that day was the Fat One. "Nothing will ever ail *him*," Mr. P. mentally remarked. "He has (according to his own showing) had the Yellow Fever in Jamaica and New Orleans; the Plague twice, and in the most propitious spots for that disease; the Jungle Fever, the Pontine Ague, &c., &c.; every disease, in fact, in every quarter of this miserable globe. A little Influenza won't make any difference to such a tough old traveller as that; and we shall find him more jocose and brilliant than ever."

Mr. PUNCH called at the F. C.'s chambers in Jermyn Street, and saw—what?

An immense huddle of cloaks and blankets piled over an immovable mass. All Mr. P. could see of the contributor was a part of his red Turkish cap (or tarboosh) peeping from under the coverlids. A wheezy groan was the tarboosh's reply to Mr. PUNCH'S interrogatories.

"Come, F. C., my boy," said Mr. P. encouragingly, "everybody else is doing his duty. You must be up and stirring. We want your notes upon Archdeacon Laffan, this week; and your Latin version of Mr. Chisholm Anstey's speech."

There was no reply, and Mr. PUNCH reiterated his remark.

"Archdeacl Alstey—ald PULCH—ald everyol bay go to blazes," moaned out the man under the counterpanes, and would say no more. He was the only man who failed PUNCH in the sad days of the Influenza.

(*December* 1847.)

THE PERSECUTION OF BRITISH FOOTMEN.

BY MR. JEAMES.

I.

LIVIN remoke from the whirld: hockupied with the umble dooties of my perfeshun, which moacely consists of droring hale & beer for the gence who freguent my otel, politticle efairs hinterest but suldum, and I confess that when Loy Philip habdigaded (the other day, as I read in my noble & favorite *Dispatch* newspaper, where Publicoaler is the boy for me), I cared no mor than I did when the chap hover the way went hoff without paying his rent. No maw does my little Mary Hann. I prommis you she has enough to do in minding the bar and the babbies, to eed the convulsions of hempires or the hagonies of prostrick kings.

I ham what one of those littery chaps who uses our back parlor calls a *pokercuranty* on plitticle subjix. I don't permit 'em to whex, worrit, or distubb me. My objick is to leaf a good beer bisnis to little Jeames, to sckewer somethink comftable for my two gals, Mary Hann and Hangelina (wherehof the latter, who has jest my blew his and yaller air, is a perfick little Sherrybing to behold), and in case Grimb Deth, which may appen to the best on us, shoud come & scru me down, to leaf beHind a somethink for the best wife any gentleman hever ad—tied down of coarse if hever she should marry agin.

I shoodnt have wrote at all, then, at this present juncter, but for sugmstances which affect a noble and galliant body of menn, of which I once was a hornmint; I mean of the noble purfesshn of Henglish footmen & livry suvvants, which has been crooly pussicuted by the firoashus Paris mob. I love my hold companions in harms, and none is more welcome, when they ave money, than they at the "Wheel of Fortune Otel." I have a clubb of twenty for gentlemen outalivery, which has a *riunion* in my front parlor; and Mr. Buck, my lord Dukes hown man, is to stand Godfather to the next little Plush as ever was.

I call the atenshn of Europ, in the most solomon and unpressive manner, to the hinjaries infligted upon my brutherin. Many of them have been obleeged to boalt without receiving their wagis; many of them is egsiles on our shaws: an infewriate Parishn mob has tawn off their shoaldernots, laft at their wenerable liveries and buttons, as they laff at heverythink sacred; and I look upon those pore men as

naythеr mor nor less than marters, and pitty and admire em with hallmy art.

I hoffer to those sacrid rephuGs (to such in coarse as can pay their shott) an esylum under the awspitible roof of Jeames Plush of the "Wheel of Fortune." Some has already come here; two of em occupize our front garrits; in the back Hattix there is room for 6 mor. Come, brave and dontless Hemmigrants! Come childring of Kilammaty for eight-and-six a week; an old member of the Cor hoffers you bed and bord!

The narratif of the ixcapes and dangers which they have gon through, has kep me and Mrs. P. hup in the bar to many a midnike our, a listening to them stories. My pore wife cries her hi's out at their nerations.

One of our borders, and a near relatif, by the Grandmother's side, of my wife's famly (though I despise buth, and don't bragg like some foax of my ginteal kinexions) is a man wenerated in the whole profeshn, and lookt up as one of the fust Vips in Europe. In this country (and from his likeness when in his Vig to our rewered prelicks of the bentch of bishops), he was called Cantyberry—his reel name being Thomas. You never sor a finer sight than Cantyberry on a levy day, a seated on his goold-fringed Ammer-cloth; a nozegy in his busm; his little crisp vig curling quite noble over his jolly red phase; his At laced hallover like a Hadmiral; the white ribbings in his ands, the pransing bay osses befor him; and behind, his state carridge; with Marquiz and Marchyness of Jonquil inside, and the galliant footmen in yalla livery clinging on at the back! "Hooray!" the boys used to cry hout, only to see Cantyberry arrive. Every person of the extableshment called him "Sir," his Master and Missis inklewdid. He never went into the stayble, ixep to smoke a segar; and when the state-carridge was hordered (me and the Jonquils live close together, the W of F being sitiwated in a ginteal Court leading hout of the street), he sat in my front parlor, in full phig, reading the newspaper like a Lord, until such time as his body-suvn't called him, and said Lord and Lady Jonquil was ready to sit behind him. Then he went. Not a minnit sooner: not a minnit latter; and being elped hup to the box by 3 men, he took the ribbings, and drove his employers, to the ressadencies of the nobillaty, or the pallis of the Sovring.

Times is now, R how much changed with Cantyberry! Last yer, being bribed by Sir Thomas and Lady Kicklebury, but chiefly, I fear, because this old gent, being intimat with Butlers, had equired a tayste for Bergamy, and Clarick, and other French winds, he quitted Lord and Lady Jonquil's box for that of the Kicklebury family,

residing Rue Rivuly, at Parris. He was rispected there—that Cantyberry is wherehever he goes; the King, the Hex-Kings coachmen were mere moughs compared to him; and when he eard the Kings osses were sold the other day at 50 frongs apease, he says they was deer at the money.

Well, on the 24th of Febbywerry, being so ableegin as to drive Sir T. and Lady Kicklebury to dinner with the Markee d'Epinard, in the Fobug Sang Jermang, Cantyberry, who had been sittn all day reading *Gallynanny*, and playing at cribbidge at a *Marshong de Vang*, and kawnsquinly was quite hignorant of the ewents in progrice, found hisself all of a sudding serowndid by a set of rewd fellers with pikes and guns, hollerun and bellerin "Veevly liberty," "*Amore* Lewy-Philip," &c.—"Git out of the way there," says Cantyberry, from his box, a vipping his osses.

The puple, as the French people call theirselves, came round the carridge, rawring out, "Ah Bah l'Aristograt!"

Lady Kicklebury looked hout. Her Par was in the Cheese Mongering (olesale) way: and she never was called an aristograt afor. "Your mistaken, my good people," says she; "Je swee Onglase. Wee, boco, Lady Kicklebury, je vay diner avec Munseer d'Eppynar;" and so she went a jabbring on; but I'm blest if the Puple would let her pass that way. They said there was a barrygade in the street, and turning round the Eds of Cantyberry's osses, told him to drive down the next street. He didn't understand, but was reddy to drop hoff his perch at the Hindignaty hoffered the British Vip.

Now they had scarce drove down the next street at a tarin gallop (for when aggrywated, Cantyberry drives like madd, to be sure), when lowinbyold, they come on some more puple, more pikes, more guns, the pavement hup, and a Buss spilt on the ground, so that it was impawsable to pass.

"Git out of the carridge," rors the puple, and a feller in a cock at (of the Pollypicnic School, Cantyberry says, though what that is he doant No), comes up to the door, while hothers old the osses, and says, "Miladi, il faut des cendres;" which means, you must git out.

"Mway ne vu pas, Moi Lady Kicklebury," cries out my lady, waggling her phethers and diminds, and screamin like a Macaw.

"Il le fo pourtong," says the Pollypicnic scholard: very polite, though he was ready to bust with laffin hisself. "We must make a barrygade of the carridge. The cavilry is at one hend of the street, the hartillary at the other; there'll be a fight presently, and out you must git."

Lady Kicklebury set up a screaming louder than hever, and I warrant she hopped out pretty quick this time, and the hoffiser, giving her his harm, led her into a kimmis shop, and giv her a glas of sallyvalattaly.

Meanwild Cantyberry sat puffin like a grampus on his box, his face as red as Cielingwhacks. His osses had been led out before his hi's, his footmen—French minials, unwuthy of a livry—had fratynized with the Mobb, and Thomas Cantyberry sat aloan.

"Descends, mong gros!" cries the mob (which intupprited is "Come down, old fat un"); "come off your box, we're goin to upset the carridge."

"Never," says Thomas, for which he knew the French; and dubbling his phist, he igsclaimed, "Jammy, Dammy!" He cut the fust man who sprang hon the box, hover the fase and i's; he delivered on the nex fellers nob. But what was Thomas Cantyberry against a people in harms? They pulled that brave old man off his perch. They upset his carridge—*his* carridge beside a buss. When he comes to this pint of his narratif, Thomas always busts into tears and calls for a fresh glas.

He is to be herd of at my bar: and being disingaged hoffers hisself to the Nobillaty for the enshuing seasn. His tums is ninety lbs per hannum, the purchesing of the hannimals and the corn, an elper for each two osses: ony to drive the lord and lady of the famly, no drivin at night excep to Ofishl parties, and two vigs drest a day during the seasn. He objex to the country, and won't go abrod no more. In a country (sezee) where I was ableeged to whonder abowt disguised out of livery, amongst a puple who pulled my vig off before my face, Thomas will never mount box agin.

And I eplaud him. And as long as he has enough to pay his skaw, my house is a home for this galliant Hegsile.

II.

SINS last weak the Deaming of Revalution has been waiving his flamming sord over France, and has drove many more of our unfortnit feller suvnts to hemigrat to the land of their Buth.

The aggrywation of the Boddy of Gentlemen at Livvry agenst the Forriner I am sorry to say is intence. Meatings of my bruthring have took place at many of their Houses of Call in this town. Some gence who use our back parlor had an Eccembly there the other

night called the Haggrygit British Plush Protection Society, which, in my capasty of Lanlord and Xmember of the Boddy, I was called upon to attend. Everythink was conducted on ordly redymoney prinsaples, and the liquor paid for as soon as called for, and drunk as soon as paid.

But the feelings of irratation against Foring Sevvants as igsibbited by our Domestic projuice was, I grieve to say, very bitter. Sevral of our Marters came amongst us, poor Egsiles wrankling under the smarts of their ill-treatment. The stories of their Rongs caused a furmentation amongst the bruthring. It was all I could do to check the harder of some Howtragus Sperrits, and awhirt peraps a Massykry of French curriers and lackys employed by our nobillaty and gentry. I am thankful to think that peraps I prewented a dellidge of foring blood.

The tails told by our Marters igsited no small and unnatral simpithy : when Chawls Garters, late Etendant in the famly of the Duke of Calymanco in the Fobug St. Honory, came amongst and igsplained how—if he had been aloud to remane a few weeks longer in Parris—Madamasell de Calymanco, the Duke's only daughter and hairis, would probbly have owned the soft pashn which she felt for our por Chawls, and have procured the consent of her Par to her marridge with the galliant and andsum Henglishman, the meeting thrild with Amotion, and tears of pitty for our comrid bedimd each hi. His hart's afections have been crusht. Madymasell was sent to a Convent ; and Chawls dismist with a poltry 3 months wages in adwance, and returns to Halbion's shores & to servitude once more.

Frederic Legs also moved us deaply ; we call him leggs, from the bewty of those limbs of his, which from being his pride and hornymint had nearly projuised his *rewing*. When the town was in kemotion, and the furious French Peuple pursewing every Henglish livary, Fredrick (in suvvice with a noble famly who shall be nameliss) put on a palto and trowseys, of which his master made him a presnt, and indeavoured to fly.

He mounted a large tricolore cockade in his At, from which he tor the lace, and tried as much as possable to look like a siwillian. But it wouldn't do. The clo's given him by his X-master, who was a little mann, were too small for Frederick—the bewty of his legs epeared through his trowsies. The Rebublikins jeered and laft at him in the streats ; and it is a mussy that he ever reached Balone alive.

I tried to cumsole Chawls by pinting out that the Art which has truly loved never forgits, but as trewly loves on to the clothes ; and that if Madamasell reely did love him as he said, he had a better chans of winning her And now than under a monarchickle and aras-

tacrattic Guvment; and as for Frederic, I pinted out to him that a man of his appearants was safe of implymint and promoashn in *any* country.

I did everythink, in a word, to sooth my frends. In a noble speach I showed, that if others do wrong, that is no reason why we shouldn't do right. "On the contry now is the time," I said, "for Hengland to show she is reely the Home of the World; and that all men, from a Black to a Frenchman, ought to be safe under the Banner of Brittannier.

"The pholly of these consperracies and jellowsies, I think may be pinted out to my feller-suvants, and igsemplafied in the instants of the famlies of the Prince of Bovo, at Parris, and of Lord Y Count Guttlebury, in this country.

"At Parris, As is well ascertained, the nobill Prins, who kep a large studd of osses, with English groombs to take care of em (as by natur Britns are formed to do that, and everythink better than everybody)—the noble Prins, I say, was called upon by the Puple to dishmiss his Hinglish osskeepers. 'Serviture,' says the Prince, 'Veeve la liberty; let the Hosskeepers be turned out, as the Sovring Puple is inimichael to their stoppin in France.' The Puple left the Sitzen Prins with a chear for fratunnity, & the por groombs packed up, and have come back to their native hilind.

"But what inshood? The nex day, the Prins sent away the hosses after the hosskeepers; sold up the studd; locked up the carridges, broombs, cabs, bogeys (as those hignorant French call buggiz), landores & all, and goes about now with an umbereller. And how, I should lick to know, is the puple any better for meddling?

"Lord Ycount Guttlebury's is a case, dear friends, which still mor comes hoam to our busms and our bisniss, and has made no small sensatiun in the Plush and in the fashionable wuld. The splender of his lodships entytainments is well known. That good and uprike nobleman only lived for wittles. And be ard on him? why should we?—Nayter has implanted in our busum tastis of a thousand deferent kinds. Some men have a pashn for fox-untin, some like listening to dybatts in Parlymink and settn on railrode committies; some like Politticle Aconomy. I've waited behind a chair and heard foax talk about Jollagy, Straty, and red sanstone, until I've nearly dropt asleap myself while standing a Santynel on jewty. What then? Give every mann his taste, I say, and my Lord Guttlebury's was his dinner.

"He had a French Hartist at the head of his Quizeen of coarse—that sellabrated mann Munseer Suprême. Munseer Sooflay persided hover the cumfeckshnary; and under Supraym were three young

aidy-congs: a Frenchman, a Bulgian, and a young feller from the City, who manidged the tertle and wenson department.

"He was a clever young mann. He has hofn been to take a glas at the W of F: and whenever he came with a cassyrowl of clear turtle, or an ash wenison dish for my Mary Hann, he was I'm sure always welcome. But John Baster was henvious and hambishes. He jined the owtcry which has been rose aginst foring suvnts by some of our bruthring, and he thought to git ridd of Supraym and the other contynentials, and espired to be Chief Guvnor of my lords kitching.

"Forgitting every sentament but haytred of the forryner, this envius raskle ingaged the kitching-boys and female elpers (who, bein a hansum young mann, looked on him with a kindly i) in a fowl conspirracy against the Frenchmen. He introjuiced kyang pepper into the pattys, garlick into the Blemongys, and sent up the souffly flavored with ingyans. He pysoned my lord's chocolate with shalott, he put Tarrygin vinegar into the Hices. There never was such a conwulsion, or so horrid an igspreshn of hagny in a man's, has (I'm told by my exlent friend, the Majordomy) my lord's face ashumed, when he tasted black pepper in the clear soup.

"The axdence occurred day after day. It was one day when a R——l P-ss-n-dge was dining with his loddship; another when 6 egsiled sovrings took their mutton (when he didn't so much mind); a 3d when he wished to dine more igspecially better than on any other, because the docter had told him to be careful, and he was dining by himself: this last day drove him madd. He sent for Suprame, addresst that gentilman in languidge which he couldn't brook (for he was a Major of the Nashnal Guard of his Betallian, and Commander of the Legend of Honour), and Suprame rasined on the spott—which the French and the Bulgian did it too.

"Soufflay and the cumfectioners hemigrated the nex day. And the house steward, who has a heasy master, for Lord G. is old, fibble, and 70 years of hage, and whose lady has an uncommon good apinnion of Master Baster, recommended him to the place, or at least to have the Purvisional Guvment of my lord's Quizeen.

"It wasn't badd. Baster has tallint of no mien horder. You couldn't egsactly find folt with his souperintendiance. But a mere good dinner is fur from enough to your true amature. A dellixy, a something, a *jennysquaw*, constatutes the diffrants between talint and Genius—and my lord soughered under it. He grew melumcolly and silent; he dined, its trew, taysting all the ontrays as usual, but he never made any remarx about 'em, for good or for bad. Young Baster at the Igth of his Hambishn, tor his Air with rage as his dinners came down 1 by 1, and nothing was said about 'em—nothing.

"Lord Guttlebury was *breaking his Art.* He didn' know how fond he was of Supraym, till he lost him—how nessasurry that mann was to his igsistence. He sett his confidenshle Valick to find out where Supraym had retreated; and finding he was gone to Gascony of which he is a naytif, last weak without saying a word to his frends with only Sangsew his valet, and the flying ketching fourgong, without which he never travels—my lord went to France and put himself again under Supraym. The sean between 'em, I'm told, was very affecting. My lord has taken a Shatto near Supraym's house, who comes to dress the dinner of which the noble Ycount partakes aloan.

"The town-house is shet up, and everybody has ad orders to quit—all the footmen—all the quizeen, in coarse including Baster—and this is all he has gained by his insidjus haytrid of forraners, and by his foolish hambishn.

"No, my friends," I concluded; "if gentlemen choose to have foreign suvnts, it's not for *us* to intafear, and there must be a free trayd in flunkies as in every other kimodaty of the world."

I trust that my little remarks pazyfied some of the discontented sperrits presnt—and can at least wouch for the fact that every man shook Ands; every man paid his Skoar.

(*April* 1848.)

IRISH GEMS.

FROM THE "BENIGHTED IRISHMAN."

OUR TROOPS having smashed through that castle, and pulled down that flag, which now floats over the butcher Clarendon and his minions, a flood of prosperity will rush into the country, such as only the Annals of the Four Masters gives count of. Since the days of Brian Boroimhe such days of peace, plenty, and civilisation shall not have been known, as those that are in store for our liberated Erin.

There will be a Capital.

The Ambassadors of the foreign Powers will bring their suites and their splendours to the Court of the Republic. The nobility will flock back in crowds to our deserted squares. Irish poplin will rise in price to ten shillings a yard, so vast will be the demand for that web by the ladies of our city. Irish diamonds will reach the price of the inferior

Golconda article. Irish linen and shirtings will rise immensely. Indeed, all Irish produce, not being depreciated by the ruinous competition for gold, will augment in value.

Debt at home, and absenteeism, have been the curses of our country. Henceforth there shall be no absenteeism, and no debt.

He who refuses to live amongst us is not of us—the soil is for the inhabitants of the soil.

I have already, my dear friends, instructed you in the manner in which every one of you may get a cheap and handsome property for himself, viz. by holding possession of that which you at present occupy. For, as every man has an indefeasible right to subsistence, and as Nature produces for the good of all, it is manifestly right that the many should have the possession, and not the few.

If a landlord should object to this arrangement (who is but a mere accident on the face of the earth), for the love of God, boys, get rifles and blow his brains out. It is much better that a few landlords should perish, and their families (who have been living on the fat of the land hitherto, and may therefore take a turn of ill-fortune) should starve, than that multitudes should die of want.

And thus the curse of quarter-day will be removed at once from this island: and after a very little necessary slaughter. For depend upon it, that when two or three landlords have been served in the way recommended by me, the rest will not care to be pressing for rents. The butchers who govern us instituted the system of hanging for this very reason; arguing, that one example before Kilmainham deterred numbers of waverers; and we may be sure that the rifle, rightly employed, will act upon an aristocrat just as well as upon a housebreaker; for, are not men *men*, whether clad in Saxon ermine, or in the rude frieze-coats of our miserable fatherland? Out with your rifles, boys, in the name of humanity.

They say that the property of Ireland is mortgaged in a great degree, and for the most part to the brutal Saxon shopkeepers and pedlars. You will have the advantage of getting your land entirely free; there will be no manacle of debt to weigh down the free arms which are henceforth to till the beloved soil of our country.

And the land being unencumbered, you will have the farther advantage of being able to invite capitalists to aid you with money to conduct the operations of agriculture. Glorious America, which sympathises with you sincerely, will be much more ready to lend its capital upon unencumbered, than on encumbered property. And we shall negotiate loans in her magnificent commercial cities, where I have no doubt there will be a noble emulation to come to the aid of a free Irish nation.

The idea of sending cattle and pigs to England, to feed Saxon ruffians, is then to be scouted henceforth by all honest Irishmen. We will consume our own beef and pork by our own firesides. There is enough live-stock in this island to give every regenerate Irishman good meals of meat for the next year ensuing; and our lands, notoriously the greenest and most fertile in the world, will have fed up a similar quantity by the year 1850. Thus, we shall never want henceforth; and while we fatten and flourish, we shall see the Saxon enemy decay.

And as the beef-fed scoundrels cannot live upon cotton and hardware, we shall have the satisfaction of reducing the prices of those commodities, and getting them at a much more reasonable rate than that at which the accursed money-mongers now vend them.

FROM THE "UNITED IRISHWOMAN."

The Duties of our Women.

IN the coming time the weapon nearest at hand is always the cheapest. Only *dilettanti* go about picking and choosing. Shilly-shallyers are cowards. Brave men are always armed.

Brave men and brave women, a few suggestions to housekeepers we have already given; we could supply thousands more.

There is no better weapon, for instance, than one which is to be found in every house in the refined quarter of the metropolis. A grand piano sent down upon a troop of hussars will play such a sonata over their heads as the scoundrels never marched off to. A chimney-glass is a rare thing for smashing. I should not like to be the Saxon assassin upon whom some white-armed girl of Erin flung it.

Pokers and tongs everybody will know the use of. A cut-steel fender is an awkward thing for a dragoon to ride over. A guardsman won't look well with a copper coal-scuttle for a helmet.

Ladies' linen will make the best of lint. A laced handkerchief tied round a wounded warrior's brow will be well bestowed. I have seen a servant in college knocked down by a glossy boot, ever so slight, of varnished leather: if a footman, why not a private soldier? Have at him, ladies, from the bedroom windows. Your husbands will be away yonder at the barricades.

A hot saddle of mutton, flung by cook into the face of a bawling Saxon Colonel, will silence him; send the dish-cover with it; or at tea-time try him with the silver tea-urn. Our wife has one. She longs for an opportunity to fling it, heater and all, into a Saxon face.

Besides the bottle-rack, the use of which and its contents are evident, your husband will leave the keys of the cellar with you, and

you know what to do. Old port makes excellent grape-shot; and I don't know any better use which you can make of a magnum of Latouche than to floor an Englishman with it. Have at them with all the glasses in your house, the china, the decanters, the lamps, and the cut-glass chandelier.

A good large cheese would be found rather indigestible by a Saxon, if dropped on his nose from a second story. And the children's washing-tub artfully administered may do execution. Recollect, it is a tub to catch a whale.

There is a lady in Leeson Street who vows to fling her Angola cat and her pet spaniel at the military while engaged there. The cat may escape (and it is not the first time the Saxon ruffians have tasted its claws). The Blenheim cost her twenty-five guineas. She will give that or anything else for her country.

The water-pipes will be excellent things to tear up and launch at the enemy. They may make a slop in the house at first, but the mains and the gas will be let off. The ruffians shall fight us, if they dare, in darkness and drought.

You will of course empty the china-closets on the rascals, and all the bedroom foot-baths and washing-basins. Have them ready, and the chests of drawers balancing on the window-sills. Send those after them too.

And if any coward Saxon bullet pierces the fair bosom of a maid or a wife of Erin, may the curses of Heaven light on the butcherly dastard! May the pikes of Erin quiver in his writhing heart, the bullets of Erin whirl through his screaming eyeballs! May his orphans perish howling, and his true love laugh over his grave! May his sister's fair fame be blighted, and his grandmother held up to scorn! May remorse fang him like a ban-dog, and cowardice whip him like a slave! May life weary him! death dishonour, and futurity punish him! Liar Saxon! ruffian Saxon! coward Saxon! bloody Saxon! The gentle and the pure defy ye, and spit on ye!

(*April* 1848.)

MR. SNOB'S REMONSTRANCE WITH MR. SMITH.

MY DEAR SMITH,—When we last met at the Polyanthus Club, you showed me so remarkably cold a shoulder, that I was hurt by your change of behaviour, and inquired the cause of the alteration. You are a kind and excellent friend, and used to tip me, when I was a

boy at school; and I was glad to find that you had public and not private causes for your diminished cordiality. Jones imparted to me your opinion that a previous letter of mine in this periodical was of so dangerous and disloyal a character, that honest men should avoid the author. He takes leave to exculpate himself through the same medium.

All our difference, my dear sir, is as to the method of displaying loyalty. Without fulsome professions for the virtuous and excellent young matron and lady who fills the Throne nowadays, one may feel that those private virtues and excellences are amongst her noblest titles of honour, and, without in the least implicating the royal personage seated in it, quarrel with the taste of some of the ornaments of the Throne. I do believe that some of these are barbarous, that they often put the occupant of that august seat in a false and ridiculous position, and that it would be greatly to the advantage of her dignity if they were away.

You recollect our talk at the Polyanthus, relative to the private letters which passed between Louis-Philippe and the Sovereign of this country, which the present French Government has thought fit to republish. "Why," said you, "did they condescend to make public these private letters? What could it matter to Europe to know whether, in the voyage from Dover to Calais, 'my poor Montpensier' was dreadfully sick, and the King did not suffer at all?" Royal families must have their talk and gossip, like any other domestic circles. Why placard the town with this harmless private gossip, and drag innocent people into publicity? And, indeed, with the exception of that pretty letter to the Princess Royal (in which her "old cousin," Louis-Philippe, announces to her his present of a doll with six-and-twenty suits of clothes, and exhibits himself very amiably and artlessly for once, as a kind-hearted old grandfather and gentleman), it is a pity that the whole correspondence were not consigned to the bottom of that ocean which made "my poor Montpensier" so unwell.

But if the privacy of royalty is not to be intruded upon, why is it perpetually thrust in our faces? Why is that Court Newsman not stifled? I say that individual is one of the barbarous adjuncts of the Crown whom we ought to abolish, and whom it is an honest man's duty to hoot off the stage. I say it is monstrous, immodest, unseemly, that in our time such details should occupy great columns of the newspapers, as that of a Royal Christening, for instance, which appeared the other day, in which you read as follows—

"His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was dressed in sky-blue velvet embroidered with gold. The dress of Prince Alfred was of white and silver,

and the three Princesses were all dressed alike in frocks of British lace, in imitation of Mechlin lace, with flounces of the same over white satin.

"His Royal Highness Prince Albert and the Duke of Wellington were habited in the uniform of Field-Marshals; the Prince wore the collars of the Garter and the Bath, and the ensigns of the Golden Fleece.

"The Royal infant was dressed in a robe of Honiton lace over white satin, and was attended by the Dowager Lady Lyttelton. Her Royal Highness was carried by the head nurse."

Gracious Goodness! is it bringing ridicule on the Throne to say that such details as these are ridiculous? Does it add to the dignity of the greatest persons in this country that other citizens should be told that Prince Alfred wore white and silver, and the little Princesses were all dressed alike in frocks of British lace, in imitation of Mechlin, with flounces of the same over white satin? Suppose their Royal Highnesses wore their frocks inside out, what the deuce does it matter to us? These details may interest Mr. Mantalini, but not men in England. They should not be put before us. Why do we still laugh at people for kissing the Pope's toe, or applaud Macartney's British spirit in the last age, for refusing kotoo to the Emperor of China? This is just as bad as kotoo. Those people degrade the Throne who do not remove from it these degrading Middle-age ceremonials—as barbarous, as absurd, as unreasonable as Queen Quashymaboo's cocked-hat and epaulets, or King Mumbo-Jumbo's glass beads and tinsel.

When the procession of the sponsors and her Majesty's procession had passed, and the Queen and the other royal personages were conducted to their seats, the following *chorale* was performed—such a *chorale* as was seldom presented to an infant before :—

"In life's gay morn, ere *sprightly* youth
By sin and folly is enslaved,
Oh, may the Maker's glorious name
Be on thy infant mind engraved!
So shall no shade of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of thy early days,
But happiness, in endless round,
Shall still encompass all thy ways."

Now, Mr. Smith, on your honour and conscience, does the publication of stuff like this add to, or diminish, the splendour of the Throne? Is it true that if, in "the morning of youth," the Princess is brought up piously, she is sure of endless happiness to "encompass all her ways"? Who says so? Who believes it? Does it add to your respect for the Head of the State, to represent her Majesty to your imagination surrounded by Bishops, Marshals, and Knights in their

collars, Gold Sticks, Sponsor-proxies, and what not, seated in the place of Divine Worship listening to such inane verses? No; the disrespect is not on our side who protest. No; the disloyalty is with those who acquiesce in ceremonies so monstrous and so vain. O Archbishop, is this the way people should renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world? It is these ceremonies which set more people against you and your like, than all your sermons can convince, or your good example keep faithful.

And I say that we are, Mr. PUNCH and all, a loyal and affectionate people, and that we exult when we see the great personages of the Crown worthily occupied. Take the meeting of last Thursday, for instance, for the Improvement of the Labouring Classes, at which his Royal Highness the Prince attended and spoke.

"Depend upon it that the interests of often contrasted classes are identical, and it is only ignorance which prevents their uniting to the advantage of each other. (*Cheers.*) To dispel that ignorance, and to show how man can help man, notwithstanding the complicated state of civilised society, ought to be the aim of every philanthropic person. (*Loud cheers.*) This is more peculiarly the duty of those who, under the blessing of Divine Providence, enjoy station, wealth, and education." (*Cheers.*)

Every man who heard that, I say, cheered with all his heart. "These are imperial words, and worthy kings." There is no Gold Stick in this empire, no Vice-Chamberlain, Groom of the Stole, Hereditary Grand Dancing Master, or Quarterly Waiter in Waiting, that will yield to Mr. PUNCH and your humble servant in loyalty, when words such as these are spoken, and in such a spirit: and it is in tasks like these that Princes must busy themselves if in our times they ask for loyalty from others or security for themselves. The hold of the great upon us now is by beneficence, not by claptraps and ceremonies. The people is and knows itself to be the stronger. Wisdom, simplicity, affection, must be the guardians of the English Throne; and may God keep those Gentlemen-ushers about the Court of Queen Victoria!

(*May* 1848.)

YESTERDAY: A TALE OF THE POLISH BALL.

BY A LADY OF FASHION.

"The absence of the Life Guards, being on duty against the mob, occasioned some disappointment to many of the fair fashionables at Willis's on Monday night."—*Morning Paper.*

LIONEL DE BOOTS was the son of Lord and Lady de Bootserstown, and one of the most elegant young men of this or any age or country. His figure was tall and slim; his features beauteous: although not more than eighteen years of age, he could spell with surprising correctness, and had a sweet yellow tuft growing on his chin, *already!*

A pattern of every excellence, and brought up under a fond mother's eye, Lionel had all the budding virtues, and none of the odious vices contracted by youth. He was not accustomed to take more than three glasses of wine; and though a perfect Nimrod in the chase, as I have heard his dear mamma remark, he never smoked those horrid cigars while going to hunt.

He received his commission in the Royal Horse Guards Pink (Colonel Gizzard), and was presented, on his appointment, on the birthday of his sovereign. His fond mamma clasped her *mailed warrior* to her bosom, and wept tears of maternal love upon his brilliant cuirass, which reflected her own lovely image.

But besides that of her ladyship, there was another female heart which beat with affection's purest throb for the youthful Lionel. The lovely Frederica de Toffy (whose appearance at Court this year created so thrilling a sensation) had long been designed by her eminent parents, the Earl and Countess of Hardybake, to wed one day with the brilliant heir of the house of De Boots.

Frederica nearly fainted with pleasure when her Lionel presented himself at Alycampayne House in his charming new uniform. "My military duties now call me," said the gallant youth, with a manly sigh. "But 'twill not be long ere next we meet. Remember thou art my partner in Lady Smigsmag's Quadrille at the Polish Ball. *Au revoir*—adieu!" Emotion choked further utterance, and, staggering from the presence of *Love*, Lionel hastened to join his regiment at *Kn-ghtsbr-dge.*

That night, as the Cavaliers of the Horse Guards Pink sate in their tents, carousing to the health of their ladye-loves, news came from the

Commander-in-Chief that England had need of her warriors. The Chartists had risen! They were in arms in Clerkenwell and Pentonville. "Up, Cavaliers!" said the noble De Gizzard, quaffing a bumper of Ypocras. "Gentlemen of the Horse Guards Pink, to arms!" Calling his battle-cry, Lionel laced on his morion; his trusty valet-de-chambre placed it on the golden curls of his young master. To draw his sword, to recommend himself to Heaven and sweet Saint Willibald, and to mount his plunging charger, was the work of a moment. The next—and the plumes of the Horse Guards Pink might be seen waving in the midnight down the avenues of the Park, while the clarions and violins of the band pealed forth the National Anthem of Britons.

Lionel's mother had taken heed that the chamber which he was to occupy at the barracks was comfortably arranged for *her young soldier*. Every elegant simplicity of the toilet had been provided. "Take care that there be bran in his foot-bath," she said to his old servitor (pointing at the same time to a richly-chased silver-gilt *bain de pieds*, emblazoned with the crest of the De Bootses). And she had netted with her own hand a crimson silk night-cap with a gold tassel, which she entreated—nay, commanded him to wear. She imaged him asleep in his war-chamber. "May my soldier sleep well," she exclaimed mentally, "till the ringing trump of morn wake up my gallant boy!"

Frederica, too, as far as modest maiden may, thought of her Lionel. "*Ah*, Crinolinette," she said to her maid, in the French language, of which she was a mistress, "Ah, que ma galant Garde-de-vie puisse bien dormir ce nuit!"

Lionel slept not on that night—not one wink had the young soldier. In the moon, under the stars, in the cold cold midnight, in the icy dawn, he and his gallant comrades patrolled the lanes of Clerkenwell. Now charging a pulk of Chartists—now coming to the aid of a squadron of beleaguered Policemen—now interposing beween the infuriate mob and the astonished Specials—everywhere Lionel's sword gleamed. In the thick of the *mêlée* his voice was heard encouraging the troops and filling the Chartists with terror. "Oh," thought he, "that I could measure steel with Fussell, or could stand for five minutes point to point with Cuffey!" But no actual collision took place, and the Life Guards Pink returned to their barracks at dawn, when Colonel Gizzard sent off a most favourable report to the Commander-in-Chief of the gallantry of young De Boots.

The warriors cared not for rest that day. A night in the saddle is no hardship to the soldier; though Lionel, feeling the approaches of a cold and sore throat, only took a little water-gruel and lay down for

half-an-hour to recruit himself. But he could not sleep—he thought of Frederica! "To-night I shall see her," he said. 'Twas the night of the Polish Ball, and he bade his valet procure from Hammersmith the loveliest bouquet for Frederica, consisting of the rosy Magnolia, the delicate Polyanthus, and the drooping and modest Sunflower.

The banquet of the Horse Guards Pink was served at eight o'clock, and Lionel, to be ready for the ball, dressed himself in pumps and pantaloons, with an embroidered gauze chemise, and a mere riband of lace round his neck. He looked a young Apollo as he sat down to dine!

But scarce had he put the first spoonful of *potage à la reine* to his ruby lips, when the clarion again sounded to arms. "Confusion," said the gallant Gizzard, "the Chartists are again in arms, and we must forth." The banquet was left untasted, and the warriors mounted their steeds.

So great was the hurry, that Lionel only put on his helmet and cuirass, and rode forth in his evening dress. 'Twas a pitiless night; the rain descended; the winds blew icy cold; the young soldier was wet to the skin ere the Guards debouched on Clerkenwell Green.

And at that hour Frederica was looking out of the left window at Almack's, waiting for Lionel.

Hours and hours he sat on his war-steed through that long night—the rain descended, the wind was more chilly, the dastard Chartists would not face the steel of the Loyal Cavaliers of the Horse Guards Pink, but fled at the sight of our warriors. Ah! 'twas a piteous night!

Frederica was carried at daybreak to Alycampayne House from the ball. She had not danced all that night: she refused the most eligible partners, for she could only think of *her* Cavalier; her Lionel, who never came! Her mamma marked her child's frenzied eye and hectic cheek, and shuddered as she put her daughter to bed, and wrote a hurried note to Dr. L—c—ck.

At that hour, too, the Horse Guards Pink returned to their barracks. The veterans were unmoved: but, ah me! for the recruits! Lionel was in a high fever—two nights' exposure had struck down the gallant boy—he was delirious two hours after he was placed in bed! "Mamma! Frederica!" he shouted—

* * * * * * * * *

Last Saturday two hearses—the one bearing the helm and arms of a young warrior, and the escutcheon of the De Bootses, the other the lozenge of the Alycampaynes, wound their way slowly to Highgate Cemetery. Lionel and Frederica were laid in the same grave! But how much of this agony might have been spared if the odious

Chartists would but have stayed at home, or if that young couple had taken from twelve to fourteen of Morison's Universal Pills, instead of the vile medicine with which "the Faculty" killed them?

(*June* 1848.)

SCIENCE AT CAMBRIDGE.

AMONG the new sciences which are to be taught at Cambridge University, and for the teaching of which eminent Professors are to be appointed, we are informed that H.R.H. the Chancellor, and the Heads, have determined to create two new Chairs, upon the applications of the two eminent men whose letters we subjoin.

"*To* HIS ROIL HIGHNESS THE CHANSLOR, *and the Nobs of the University of Cambridge.*

"TOM SPRING'S.

"Sein perposials for astabblishing new Purfessurships in the Univussaty of Cambridge (where there is litell enuff now lurnt, as Evins knows), I beg leaf to hoffer myself to your Royl Ighness as Purfessur of Sulf-defens, which signts I old to be both nessary and useful to every young mann.

"I ave sean on his entry into life without knowing the use of his ands, a young chap flord by a fellar ½ his sighs; and all for the want of those fust principills which a few terms under me would give him.

"I ave sean, on the contry, many an honest young Mann pervented from doing right and knockin down a raskle who insults a lady in distress, or chaughs you, or anythink, simply from not knowing how to imploy them fistis which natur has endowd him with, and which it is manifest were not made for nothink.

"I old that the fust use of a man's ands is to fight with; and that the fust and most nessary duty of a feller is to know how to defend his nob.

"I should like to know in some instanses whether all your Algibry and Mathamadix, your Greik and Latn and that, would serve a young gent half so well as a good nollidge of sparring and fibbing, which I shall be appy to teach him, has also to serve any Ead of any Ouse in the Unaversaty.

"Peraps I could not stand up before Dr. Biggwhigg and Doctor Squartoes in the Latn Mathamadics; but could they stand up to me

with the gloves? Why, I would wop them with one and, and ingage to make the young gentlemen of the Univussaty to do lickwise.

"Therefor I propose to your Royal Ighness and the Eads of Ouses, to allow the manly and trew English Scients of Boxint to be took up for honours by the young gentlemen of Cambridge. Igsamanations might be eld in the Sennit House, both vith and vithout the mufflers, it would be a pretty site—plesnt to parints (for what sight can be nobler than for a fond mother to see a galliant young feller pitchin into his man in good style, or taking his punishment like a trump?) and would ctract quanties of foringers and ladies to the Uniwursaty, like the Hancient games of the Roman athleeks.

"The Cribb Purfessurship in the branch of Mathamatacal Science, which I'm blest if it isn't, I purpose to your Roil Consideration, and ham,

"With the deepest respect,
"Your Royal Highness's obeadient to command,
"BENJAMIN BENDIGO."

From PROFESSOR SOYER.

"PALL MALL.

"MIGHTY PRINCE, AND REVEREND, AND ILLUSTRIOUS GENTLEMEN!—It has been universally allowed by most nations, that Science would be vain if it did not tend to produce happiness, and that that science is the greatest, by which the greatest amount of happiness is produced.

"I agree with the poet Solon in this remark—and if, as I have no doubt, it is one which has also struck the august intelligence of your Royal Highness—I beg to ask with retiring modesty, what Science confers greater pleasure than that which I have the honour to profess, and which has made my name famous throughout the world?

"Eating is the first business of a man. If his food is unpleasant to him, his health suffers, his labour is not so productive, his genius deteriorates, and his progeny dwindles and sickens. A healthy digestion, on the other hand, produces a healthy mind, a clear intellect, a vigorous family, and a series of inestimable benefits to generations yet unborn: and how can you have a good digestion, I ask, without a good dinner? and how have a good dinner, without knowing how to cook it?

"May it please your Royal Highness Consort of the Imperial Crown of England, and you ye learned and reverend doctors, proctors, provosts, gyps, and common sizars of the Royal University of

Cambridge, now that you are wisely resolved to enlarge the former narrow sphere of knowledge in which your pupils move—I ask you at once, and with unanimity, to ordain that MY Science be among the new ones to be taught to the ingenuous youth of England.

"Mine is both a physical and moral science—physical, it acts on the health; moral, on the tempers and tastes of mankind. Under one or other of these heads, then, it deserves to be taught in the famous Halls of Cambridge. I demand and humbly request that the SOYER PROFESSORSHIP of Culinarious Science be established without loss of time. And I ask of your Imperial Highness and the learned Heads of the University, what knowledge more useful than that which I possess and profess could be conferred upon a rising and ardent youth?

"Who are the young men of Cambridge? They are brought up for the most part to the study of the Law or the Church.

"Those who have partaken of food in the miserable chambers of the law student, and seen their cadaverous appearance and unearthly voracity, will at once agree with me that *they* are in a lamentable state as regards eating. But it is of the other profession which I speak.

"I can conceive now no person so likely to become eminently useful and beloved as an interesting young ecclesiastic going down to take possession of his curacy in a distant and barbarous province, where the inhabitants eat their meat raw, their vegetables crude, and know no difference between a white and a brown sauce.—I say, most noble, mighty, and learned Sirs, I can conceive of no character more delightful than a young curate coming into such a district after having graduated honourably in MY science. He is like Saint Augustin, but he bears a saucepan in his train, and he endears the natives to him and to his doctrines by a hundred innocent artifices. In his own humble home—see my Regenerator art, my kitchen at home—he gives a model of neatness, propriety, and elegant moderation. He goes from cottage to cottage, improving the diet of the poor. He flavours the labourers' soup with simple herbs, and roasts the stalled ox of the squire or farmer to a turn. He makes tables comfortable which before were sickening; families are united who once avoided each other, or quarrelled when they met; health returns, which bad diet had banished from the cottager's home; children flourish and multiply, and as they crowd round the simple but invigorating repast, bless the instructor who has taught them to prepare their meal. Ah! honoured Prince and exalted gentlemen, what a picture do I draw of clerical influence and parochial harmony! Talk of schools, indeed! I very much doubt whether a school-inspector could make a soufflé, or S. G. O. of the *Times* could toss a pancake!

"And ah! gentlemen, what a scene would the examination which I picture to myself present! The Professor enters the Hall, preceded by his *casserole* bearers; a hundred furnaces are lighted; a hundred elegant neophytes in white caps are present behind them, exercising upon the roasts, the stews, the vegetables, the sweets. A Board of Examiners is assembled at a table spread with damask, and the exercises of the young men are carried up to them hot and hot. Who would not be proud to sit on such a Board, and superintend the endeavours of youth engaged in such labour? Blushing, the Senior Medallist receives the Vice-Chancellor's compliment, and is crowned with a fillet by the Yeoman Bedell; this—this I would fain behold in the great, the enlightened, the generous, the liberal country of my adoption!

"And if ever British gratitude should erect a statue to a national benefactor, I can suppose an image of myself, the First Professor of Cookery in Cambridge, to be elevated in some conspicuous situation in after ages, holding out the Nectar which he discovered, and the Sauce with which he endowed the beloved country into which he came.

"Waiting your answer with respectful confidence, I am, of your Royal Highness and Gentlemen,

"The profound Servant,

"CORYDON SOYER."

(*November* 1848.)

THE GREAT SQUATTLEBOROUGH SOIRÉE.

GOOD MR. PUNCH,—I am an author by trade, and in confidence send you my card, which will satisfy you of my name and my place of business. If the designer of the series of cuts called "Authors' Miseries" will take my case in hand, I will not ask to plead it myself; otherwise, as it is one which concerns most literary persons, and as the annoyance of which I complain may be a source of serious loss and evil to them, I take leave to cry out on behalf of our craft.

The system of oppression against which I desire to protest, is one which has of late been exercised by various bodies, in various parts of the kingdom—by the harmless, nay, most laudable Literary Societies

there established. These, under the name of Athenæums, Institutes, Parthenons, and what not, meet together for the purposes of literary exercitation; have reading-rooms supplied with magazines, books, newspapers, and your own invaluable miscellany; and lecture-rooms, where orators, and philosophers, and men of science appear to instruct or to amuse. The Sea Serpent, the character of Hamlet, the royal orrery and dissolving views, the female characters in Mrs. Jones's novels, &c.—whatever may be the subject of the lecturer—I am sure no friend to his kind would wish either to prevent that honest man from getting his bread, or his audience from listening to his harangues. Lecturers are not always consummately wise, but that is no reason why audiences should not listen to them. Myself, Sir, as I walked down Holborn the other day, I saw placarded (amongst other names far more illustrious) my own name, in pretty much the following terms :—

"L. A. HUGGLESTONE.

"ARE THE WRITINGS OF HUGGLESTONE MORAL OR IMMORAL?

"Professor Groutage will deliver an Essay on this subject, on the 25th instant, at the Philosophical Arena and Psychogymnasium, Cow Lane, Smithfield. After the Lecture, the Arena will be opened for free discussion. Admission 2*d.*, Children 1*d.*"

I, of course, did not attend, but female curiosity induced Mrs. Hugglestone to pay her money. She returned home, Sir, dissatisfied. I am informed the Professor did not do me justice. My writings are not appreciated by Mr. Groutage (nor indeed by many other critics), and my poor Louisa, who had taken our little James, who is at home for the Christmas holidays, by way of treat, came home with mortification in her heart that our Jemmy should have heard his father so slightingly spoken of by Groutage, and said, with tears in her own eyes, that she should like to scratch out those of the philosopher in question.

Because the Professor has but a mean opinion of me, is that any reason why free discussion should not be permitted? Far otherwise. As Indians make fire with bits of wood, blockheads may strike out sparks of truth in the trituration of debate, and I have little doubt that had my poor dear girl but waited for the discussion in the arena, my works would have had their due, and Groutage got his answer. The people may be lectured to by very stupid quacks (perhaps, Sir, it may have been your fortune to have heard one or two of them); but, as sure as they are quacks, so sure they will be discovered one day or other, and I, for my part, do not care a fig for the opinion of the Professor of Cow Lane. I am putting merely my own case in

illustration of the proposition, which is, that public debates and fair play of thought among men are good, and to be encouraged. Those who like to read better out of a book, than to listen to a long-haired lecturer, with his collars turned down (so that his jaws may wag more freely), those who prefer a pipe at the neighbouring tavern to a debate, however stirring, at the Cow Lane Gymnasium, are welcome and right, but so are the others on the other side.

I will mention a case which seems to me in point. In my early days my friend Huffy, the dentist, with myself and several others, belonged to the Plato Club, meeting of Saturday nights in Covent Garden, to discuss the writings of that philosopher, and to have a plain supper and a smoke. I and some others used to attend pretty regularly, but only at the smoking and supping part, which caused Huffy to say, with a look of considerable scorn, "that there were some minds not capable of sustaining or relishing a philosophical investigation." The fact was, we were not anxious to hear Huffy's opinions about Plato at all; and preferred scalloped oysters to that controversy.

I submit that, in this case, both parties were right,—Huffy in indulging himself in Platonic theories, and we for refraining from them. We doubted our lecturer—of our scalloped oysters we were sure. We were only sceptics in this instance, not in all; and so in the multifarious Institutes throughout the country, where speechifying is performed, I own I sometimes have doubts as to the wholesomeness of the practice. But it is certain, that if there may be stupid lectures, there may be clever lectures; there may be quacks or men of genius; there may be knowledge good and sound acquired; there may be but a superficial smattering and parrot-like imitation of a teacher who himself is but a pretender; and also it is clear that people should talk, should think, should read, should have tea in a social manner, and, calling the fiddlers and their wives and daughters, have a dance together at the Parthenon, Athenæum, or Institute, until they are tired, and go home happy. And if in a manufacturing town, of course it is good that the master of the mill should join in the sport in which his hands are engaged; or in the country districts, that the great man or squire should aid. For example, I read last year in the *Squattleborough Sentinel*, how the heir of the noble house of Yawny, the Honourable Mr. Drawleigh, came over ten miles to Squattleborough in the most slushy weather, and delivered four lectures there on his travels in Nineveh, and his measurements of the tombs of Baalbec. Some people fell asleep at these lectures, no doubt, but many liked them, and Mr. Drawleigh was right to give them.

He represents the borough. His family are time out of mind lords

of the neighbourhood. Nothing is more certain than that the heir of Dozeley Castle should do his utmost to give pleasure to his faithful constituents and the children of the quondam retainers of his race. It was he who set up the Squattleborough Parthenon, his father, Lord Yawny, laying the first brick of the edifice; the neighbouring clergy and gentry attending and delivering appropriate orations, and the library beginning with two copies of Drawleigh's own Travels, in morocco gilt. This is all right. But the Squattleborough Parthenon is not, for this, "the Beacon of Truth, the Centre of Civilisation, the Pharos in the Storm which the troubled voyager sees from the dark waters, radiating serenely with the Truthful and the Beautiful," as Professor Jowls said at the Inauguration Meeting,—the Squattleborough Institution, I say, is not in the least like this, but an excellent good place enough, where every man can read the paper if it is not in hand; or get a book from the library, if nobody else has engaged it. Let things be called by their names, Mr. PUNCH; this place at Squattleborough is a good literary club, and that is a good thing, and it promotes the good fellowship, and aids the reading and education of numbers of people there; and Heaven send every such scheme prosperity.

But now the Squattleborough folks are bent on following the fashion, and having a grand tea-party at their Institute. Amongst others, I have been favoured with a card to this party. The secretary writes in the kindest manner; he says the directors of the Institute are going to give a grand *soirée*, which many noblemen and gentlemen of the neighbourhood have promised to attend, and where they are most anxious "to secure the leading literary talent."

Noblemen and Gentlemen of the neighbourhood, *à la bonne heure*—and it is very complimentary, doubtless, to be mentioned amongst the leading literary talent; a noble lord, a couple of most reverend prelates, a great poet, and so forth, we are informed, are asked. But why the deuce does Squattleborough want "to secure literary talent"? Gentlemen, do you think men of letters have nothing to do? Do you go three hundred miles to a tea-party, spend five or six pounds on railroads and inns, give up two days' work and a night's sleep, at the request of people hundreds of miles away, of whom you have no earthly knowledge? There are one or two men of letters who, upon a great occasion, and by a great city, are rightly called to help and to speak; these men are great orators—whom it is a privilege for any community to hear—but for those whose gift does not lie that way, why drag them out from their homes, or their own friends, or their desks, where their right places are?

I, for instance, who write this, have had a dozen invitations within

the last few months. I should have had to travel many thousands of miles—to spend ever so many scores of pounds—to lose weeks upon weeks of time—and for what? In order to stand on a platform, at this town or that, to be pointed out as the author of So-and-so, and to hear Lord This, or the Archbishop of That, say that Knowledge was Power, that Education was a benefit, that the free and enlightened people of What-d'ye-call-'em were daily advancing in Civilisation, and that the learning of the ingenuous arts, as the Latin bard had observed, refined our manners, and mitigated their ferocity.

Advance, civilise, cease to be ferocious, read, meet, be friendly, be happy, ye men of Squattleborough, and other places. I say amen to all this; but if you can read for yourselves it is the best. If you can be wise without bragging and talking so much about it, you will lose none of your wisdom; and as you and your wives and daughters will do the dancing at your own ball, if you must have a talk likewise, why not get your native lions to roar?

Yours, dear Mr. PUNCH, most respectfully,

LEONTIUS ANDROCLES HUGGLESTONE.

(*December* 1848).

PARIS REVISITED.

BY AN OLD PARIS MAN.

REVERED PUNCH,—When your multitudinous readers are put in possession of this confidential note, Paris will be a week older; and who knows what may happen in that time?—Louis Napoleon may be Emperor, or Louis Blanc may be King, or the Revolution that was to have broken out last Monday may be performed on the next;—meanwhile, permit me, Sir, to lay at your feet the few brief observations which I have made during a twenty-four hours' residence in this ancient and once jovial place.

It was on the stroke of eleven at night, Sir, on Wednesday, the 31st of January, that a traveller might have been perceived plunging rapidly through the shingles of Dover, towards a boat which lay in waiting there, to bear him and other exiles to a steamer which lay in the offing, her slim black hull scarcely visible in the mists of night, through which her lights, of a green and ruby colour, burned brilliantly. The moon was looking out on the fair and tranquil scene, the stars were twinkling in a friendly manner, the ancient cliffs of Albion

loomed out of the distant grey. But few lights twinkled in the deserted houses of the terraces along the beach. The bathing machines were gone to roost. There was scarce a ripple on the sluggish wave, as the boat with The Traveller on board went grinding over the shingle, and we pulled to the ship. In fact, the waters of Putney were not more calm than those of the Channel, and the night was as mild as a novel by the last lady of fashion.

Having paid a shilling for the accommodation of the boat, the traveller stepped on board the deck of the famous steamer "Vivid," commanded by the intrepid and polite Captain Smithett; and the Mails presently coming off in their boat with the light at its bows, away went the "Vivid" at the rate of seventeen miles an hour, and we were off Calais almost before the second cigar was smoked, or we had had near time enough to think of those beloved beings whom we left behind.

Sir, there was not water enough in the Calais harbour—so a bawling pilot swore, who came up to us in his lugger; and as she came plunging and bumping against the side of the "Vivid," Captain Smithett caused the mail-bags first, and afterwards the passengers, to be pitched into her, and we all rolled about amongst the ropes and spars on deck, in the midst of the most infernal bawling and yelling from the crew of Frenchmen, whose howls and contortions, as they got their sail up, and otherwise manœuvred the vessel, could be equalled by men of no other nation. Some of us were indignant at being called upon to pay three francs for a ride of a mile in this vessel, and declared we would write to the *Times*; but there was One Traveller who had not heard that noise of Frenchmen for four years, and their noise was to his soul as the music of bygone years. That Man, Sir, is perpetually finding something ludicrous in what is melancholy, and when he is most miserable is always most especially jocular.

Sir, it was the first night of the new Postal arrangement, by which the Mails are made to go from Calais and not from Boulogne, as heretofore. Our goods were whisked through the Custom House with a rapidity and a courtesy highly creditable to Frenchmen, and an enthusiastic omnibus-driver, lashing his horses furiously, and urging them forward with shrieks and howls, brought us to the Saint Pierre Station of the railway, where we took our places in the train. 'Twas two in the bleak winter's morn. The engine whistled—the train set forth—we plunged into the country, away, away, away.

At eleven o'clock, Sir, we dashed into the *enceinte* of the forts that guard the metropolis from foreign invasion, and a few minutes afterwards we were in that dear old Paris that One amongst us had not seen for four years.

How is the old place? How does it look? I should be glad to know is the nightingale singing there yet?—do the roses still bloom by the calm Bendemeer? Have we not all a right to be sentimental when we revisit the haunts of our youth, and to come forward, like the Count in the Opera, as soon as the whips have ceased cracking, and sing "Cari luoghi"? Living constantly with your children and the beloved and respectable Mrs. PUNCH, you don't see how tall Jacky and Tommy grow, and how old—(for the truth must out, and she is by no means improved in looks)—how old and plain your dear lady has become. So thought I, as I once more caught sight of my beloved Lutetia, and trembled to see whether years had affected her.

Sir, the first thing I saw on entering the station, was that it was crammed with soldiers—little soldiers, with red breeches and grey capotes, with little caps, bristling with uncommonly fierce beards, large hairy tufts (those of the carroty hue most warlike and remarkable) that looked as if worn in bravado, as by the American warriors, and growing there convenient to cut their heads off if you could. These bearded ones occupied the whole place; arms were piled in the great halls of the Débarcadère; some fatigued braves were asleep in the straw, pots were cooking, drums were drubbing, officers and non-commissioned officers bustling about. Some of us had qualms, and faintly asked, was the Revolution begun? "No," the omnibus conductors said, laughing, "everything was as quiet as might be:" and we got into their vehicles and drove away. Everything *was* quiet. Only, Sir, when you go to a friend's house for a quiet dinner, and before he lets you into his door he put his head and a blunderbuss out of window and asks "Who is there?"—of course some nervous persons may be excused for feeling a little dashed.

Sir, the omnibus drove rapidly to the hotel whence this is written, with a very scanty cargo of passengers. We hardly had any in the railway; we did not seem to take up any on the line. Nothing seemed to be moving on the road; in the streets there was not much more life. What has become of the people who used to walk here?—of the stalls and the carts and the crowds about the wine-shops, and the loungers, and the cries of the busy throng? Something has stricken the place. Nobody is about: or perhaps there is a review, or a grand *fête* somewhere, which calls the people away as we are passing through a deserted quarter.

As soon as I was dressed, I walked into the town through the ancient and familiar arcades of the Rue Castiglione and so forth. The shops along the Rue de Rivoli are dreary and shabby beyond belief. There was nobody walking in the Tuileries. The palace that used to look so splendid in former days stretches out its great gaunt wings

and looks dismally battered and bankrupt. In the Carrousel there were more troops, with drumming, and trumpeting, and artillery. Troops are perpetually passing. Just now I saw part of a regiment of Mobiles marching out with a regiment of the line. Squads of the young Mobiles are everywhere in the streets; pale, debauched, daring-looking little lads, one looks at them with curiosity and interest, as one thinks that those beardless young fellows have dashed over barricades, and do not care for death or devil.

I worked my way to the Palais Royal, where I have been any time since 1814; and oh, Mr. PUNCH, what a change was there! I can't tell you how dreary it looks, that once cheerfullest garden in the world. The roses do not bloom *there* any more; or the nightingales sing. All the song is gone and the flowers have withered. Sir, you recollect those shops where the beautiful dressing-gowns used to hang out, more splendid and gorgeous than any tulips, I am sure. You remember that wonderful bonnet-shop at the corner of the Galerie Vitrée, where there were all sorts of miraculous caps and hats; bonnets with the loveliest wreaths of spring twined round them; bonnets with the most ravishing plumes of marabouts, ostriches, and birds of paradise—

"Once in their *bows*
Birds of rare plume
Sate in their bloom,"

as an elegant poet of your own sings—they are all gone, Sir; the birds are flown, the very cages are shut up and many of them to let—the Palais Royal is no more than a shabby bazaar. Shutters are up in many of the shops—you see nobody buying in the others—soldiers and a few passengers go about staring at the faded ornaments in the windows, and the great blank daguerreotype pictures which line the walls as dismal as death. There is nobody there: there are not even English people walking about, and staring with their hands in their pockets. Has ruin begun, then, and is Paris going after Rome, Carthage, Palmyra, Russell Square, Kilkenny, and other famous capitals? In the glass galleries there were not a dozen loungers, and the shops facing the Palais Royal proper are closed down the whole line.

As for the square of the palace itself, which always used to look so cheerful—where there used to be, you remember, piles of comfortable wood, giving ideas of warmth and hospitality in the splendid rooms within—that too is, to the last degree, shabby and forlorn. I saw soldiers looking out of the windows, and more—a couple of thousands of them, I should say—were in the court. Many of them with their coats off, and showing very dingy under-vestments, were cooking about

the court; there they formed in squads about the square, without their arms, in their slouching grey coats; and, drums and bugles beginning to make a noise, a small crowd of blackguards and children issued somehow from some of the dark recesses and black passages about the place, and formed a sort of audience for the unromantic military spectacle. A tree of Liberty is planted in the square; the first I have seen, and the most dismal and beggarly emblem I ever set eyes on. A lean poplar, with scarce any branches, a wretched furcated pole with some miserable rags of faded cotton, and, it may be, other fetishes dangling from it here and there. O Liberty! What the deuce has this poplar or those rags to do with you?

My sheet is full—the post hour nigh; but I have one word of rather a cheerful and consolatory nature to say after all this despondency. Sir, I happened in my walk, and from a sense of duty, just to look in at the windows of Chevet, Véfour, and the Trois Frères. The show at all is *very satisfactory indeed.* The game looked very handsome at Chevet's, and the turbots and *pâtés* uncommonly fine. I never saw finer *looking* truffles than those in the baskets in Véfour's window; and the display of fruit at the Frères would make an anchorite's mouth water. More of this, however, anon. There are some subjects that are not to be treated in a trifling manner by your obedient servant and contributor,

FOLKSTONE CANTERBURY.

(*February* 1849.)

TWO OR THREE THEATRES AT PARIS.

IF one may read the history of a people's morals in its jokes, what a queer set of reflections the philosophers of the twentieth century may make regarding the characters of our two countries in perusing the waggeries published on one side and the other! When the future inquirer shall take up your volumes, or a bundle of French plays, and contrast the performance of your booth with that of the Parisian theatre, he won't fail to remark how different they are, and what different objects we admire or satirise. As for your morality, Sir, it does not become me to compliment you on it before your venerable face; but permit me to say, that there never were before published in this world so many volumes that contained so much cause for laughing, and so little for blushing; so many jokes, and so little harm. Why, Sir, say

even that your modesty, which astonishes me more and more every time I regard you, is calculated, and not a virtue naturally inherent in you, that very fact would argue for the high sense of the public morality among us. We will laugh in the company of our wives and children: we will tolerate no indecorum: we like that our matrons and girls should be pure.

Excuse my blushes, Sir; but permit me to say that I have been making a round of the little French theatres, and have come away amazed at the cynicism of the people. Sir, there are certain laws of morality (as believed by us at least) for which these people no more care than so many Otaheitans. They have been joking against marriage ever since writing began—a pretty man you would be, Mr. PUNCH, if you were a Frenchman; and a pretty moral character would be the present spotless wife of your affections, the chaste and immaculate JUDY!

After going to these theatres, seeing the houses all full, and hearing the laughter ringing through every one of them, one is puzzled to know what the people respect at all, or what principle they do believe in. They laugh at religion, they laugh at chastity, they laugh at royalty, they laugh at the Republic most pitilessly of all; when France, in the piece called the "Foire aux Idées," says she is dying under nine hundred doctors, to each of whom she is paying a daily fee of five-and-twenty francs, there was a cheer of derision through the house. The Communists and their schemes were hooted with a still more hearty indignation; there is a general smash and bankruptcy of faith; and, what struck me perhaps most as an instance of the amazing progress of the national atheism, is to find that the theatre audiences have even got to laugh at military glory. They have a song in one of the little plays, which announces that France and Co. have closed that branch of their business; that they wish to stay at home and be quiet, and so forth; and, strange to say, even the cry against perfidious England has died out; and the only word of abuse I read against our nation was in a volume of a novel by poor old Paul de Kock, who saluted the Lion with a little kick of his harmless old heels.

Is the end of time coming, Mr. PUNCH, or the end of Frenchmen? and don't they believe, or love, or hate anything any more? Sir, these funny pieces at the plays frightened me more than the most bloodthirsty melodrama ever did, and inspired your humble servant with a melancholy which is not to be elicited from the most profound tragedies. There was something awful, infernal almost, I was going to say, in the gaiety with which the personages of these satiric dramas were dancing and shrieking about among the tumbled ruins of ever so many ages and traditions. I hope we shall never have the air of

"God save the King" set to ribald words amongst us—the mysteries of our religion, or any man's religion, made the subject of laughter, or of a worse sort of excitement. In the famous piece of "La Propriété c'est le Vol," we had the honour to see Adam and Eve dance a polka, and sing a song quite appropriate to the costume in which they figured. Everybody laughed and enjoyed it—neither Eve nor the audience ever thought about being ashamed of themselves; and, for my part, I looked with a vague anxiety up at the theatre roof, to see that it was not falling in, and shall not be surprised to hear that Paris goes the way of certain other cities some day. They will go on, this pretty little painted population of lorettes and bayadères, singing and dancing, laughing and feasting, fiddling and flirting, to the end, depend upon it. But enough of this theme: it is growing too serious—let us drop the curtain. Sir, at the end of the lively and ingenious piece called the "Foire aux Idées," there descends a curtain, on which what is supposed to be a huge newspaper is painted, and which is a marvel of cynicism.

I have been to see a piece of a piece called the "Mystères de Londres," and most awful mysteries they are indeed. We little know what is going on around and below us, and that London may be enveloped in a vast murderous conspiracy, and that there may be a volcano under our very kitchens, which may blow us all to perdition any day. You perhaps are not aware, Sir, that there lived in London, some three or four years ago, a young Grandee of Spain and Count of the Empire, the Marquis of Rio Santo by name, who was received in the greatest society our country can boast of, and walked the streets of the metropolis with orders on his coat and white light pantaloons and a cocked-hat. This Marquis was an Irishman by birth, and not a mere idle votary of pleasure, as you would suppose from his elegant personal appearance. Under the mask of fashion and levity he hid a mighty design; which was to free his country from the intolerable tyranny of England. And as England's distress is Ireland's opportunity, the Marquis had imagined a vast conspiracy, which should plunge the former into the most exquisite confusion and misery, in the midst of which his beloved Erin might get her own. For this end his lordship had organised a prodigious band of all the rogues, thieves, and discontented persons in the metropolis, who were sworn into a mysterious affiliation, the members of which were called the "Gentlemen of the Night." Nor were these gentlefolks of the lower sort merely—your swell mob, your Saint Giles's men, and vulgar cracksmen. Many of the principal merchants, jewellers, lawyers, physicians, were sworn of the Society. The merchants forged bank-notes, and uttered the same, thus poisoning the stream of commerce in our great

commercial city; the jewellers sold sham diamonds to the aristocracy, and led them on to ruin; the physicians called in to visit their patients, poisoned such as were enemies of the good cause, by their artful prescriptions; the lawyers prevented the former from being hanged; and the whole realm being plunged into anarchy and dismay by these manœuvres, it was evident that Ireland would greatly profit. This astonishing Marquis, who was supreme chief of the Society, thus had his spies and retainers everywhere. The police was corrupted, the magistrature tampered with—Themis was bribed on her very bench; and even the Beefeaters of the Queen (one shudders as one thinks of this) were contaminated, and in the service of the Association.

Numbers of lovely women of course were in love with the Marquis, or otherwise subjugated by him, and the most beautiful and innocent of all was disguised as a Countess, and sent to Court on a Drawing-room day, with a mission to steal the diamonds off the neck of Lady Brompton, the special favourite of his grace Prince Dimitri Tolstoy, the Russian Ambassador.

Sir, his Grace the Russian Ambassador had only lent these diamonds to Lady B., that her ladyship might sport them at the Drawing-room. The jewels were really the property of the Prince's Imperial Master. What, then, must have been his excellency's rage when the brilliants were stolen? The theft was committed in the most artful manner. Lady Brompton came to Court, her train held up by her *jockei*. Suzanna (the Marquis's emissary) came to Court with her train similarly borne by her page. The latter was an experienced pickpocket; the pages were changed; the jewels were taken off Lady Brompton's neck in the antechamber of the palace; and his grace Prince Tolstoy was in such a rage that he menaced war on the part of his Government unless the stones were returned!

Beyond this point I confess, Sir, I did not go, for exhausted nature would bear no more of the Mysteries of London, and I came away to my hotel. But I wish you could have seen the Court of Saint James, the Beefeaters, the Life-Guards, the Heralds-of-Arms in their tabards of the sixteenth century, and have heard the ushers on the stairs shouting the names of the nobility as they walked into the presence of the Sovereign! I caught those of the Countess of Derby, the Lady Campbell, the Lord Somebody, and the Honourable Miss Trevor, after whom the Archbishop of Canterbury came. Oh, such an Archbishop! He had a velvet trencher cap profusely ornamented with black fringe, and a dress something like our real and venerated prelates, with the exception of the wig, which was far more curly and elegant; and he walked by, making the sign of the Cross with his two forefingers, and blessing the people.

I hear that the author of this great work, Monsieur Paul Féval, known for some time to the literature of his country as Sir Francis Trollope, passed a whole week in London to make himself thoroughly acquainted with our manners; and here, no doubt, he saw Countesses whose trains were carried by jockeys; Lords going to Court in full-bottomed wigs; and police magistrates in policemen's coats and oil-skin hats, with white kerseymere breeches and silk stockings to distinguish them from the rank and file. How well the gentlemen of Bow Street would look in it! I recommend it to the notice of Mr. PUNCH.

These, Sir, are all the plays which I have as yet been able to see in this town, and I have the honour of reporting upon them accordingly. Whatever they may do with other pieces, I don't think that our dramatists will be disposed to steal *these*.

(*February* 1849.)

ON SOME DINNERS AT PARIS.

SOME few words about dinners, my dear friend, I know your benevolent mind will expect. A man who comes to Paris without directing his mind to dinners, is like a fellow who travels to Athens without caring to inspect ruins, or an individual who goes to the Opera, and misses Jenny Lind's singing. No, I should be ungrateful to that appetite with which Nature has bountifully endowed me—to those recollections which render a consideration of the past so exquisite an enjoyment to me—were I to think of coming to Paris without enjoying a few quiet evenings at the Trois Frères, alone, with a few dishes, a faithful waiter who knows me of old, and my own thoughts; undisturbed by conversation, or having to help the soup, or carve the turkey for the lady of the house; by the exertion of telling jokes for the entertainment of the company; by the *ennui* of a bored neighbour at your side, to whom you are forced to impart them; by the disgust of hearing an opposition wag talk better than yourself, take the stories with which you have come primed and loaded out of your very mouth, and fire them off himself, or audaciously bring forward old Joe Millers, and get a laugh from all the company, when your own novelties and neatest *impromptus* and *mots* pass round the table utterly disregarded.

I rejoiced, Sir, in my mind, to think that I should be able to dine

alone; without rivals to talk me out, hosts or ladies to coax and wheedle, or neighbours who, before my eyes (as they often have done), will take the best cutlet or favourite snipe out of the dish, as it is handed round, or to whom you have to give all the breast of the pheasant or capon, when you carve it.

All the way in the railroad, and through the tedious hours of night, I whiled away such time as I did not employ in sleeping, or in thinking about Miss Br–wn (who felt, I think, by the way, some little pang in parting with me, else why was she so silent all night, and why did she apply her pocket-handkerchief so constantly to her lovely amethyst eyes?)—all the way in the railroad, I say, when not occupied by other thoughts, I amused the tedium of the journey by inventing little bills of fare for one,—solitary Barmecide banquets,—which I enjoyed in spirit, and proposed to discuss bodily on my arrival in the Capital of the Kitchen.

"Monsieur will dine at the *table d'hôte?*" the *laquais de place* said at the hotel, whilst I was arranging my elegant toilette before stepping forth to renew an acquaintance with our beloved old city. An expression of scornful incredulity shot across the fine features of the person addressed by the *laquais de place.* My fine fellow, thought I, do you think I am come to Paris in order to dine at a *table-d'hôte*?—to meet twenty-four doubtful English and Americans at an ordinary? "Lucullus dines with Lucullus to-day, sir;" which, as the *laquais de place* did not understand, I added, "I never dine at *table-d'hôte*, except at an extremity."

I had arranged in my mind a little quiet week of dinners. Twice or thrice, thinks I, I will dine at the Frères, once at Véry's, once at the Café de Paris. If my old friend Voisin opposite the Assomption has some of the same sort of Bordeaux which we recollect in 1844, I will dine there at least twice. Philippe's, in the Rue Montorgueil, must be tried, which, they say, is as good as the Rocher de Cancale used to be in our time: and the seven days were chalked out already, and I saw there was nothing for it but to breakfast *à la fourchette* at some of the other places which I had in my mind, if I wished to revisit all my old haunts.

To a man living much in the world, or surrounded by his family, there is nothing so good as this solitude from time to time—there is nothing like communing with your own heart, and giving a calm and deliberate judgment upon the great question—the truly vital question, I may say—before you. What is the use of having your children, who live on roast mutton in the nursery, and think treacle-pudding the summit of cookery, to sit down and take the best three-fourths of a *perdreau truffé* with you? What is the use of helping your wife,

who doesn't know the difference between sherry and madeira, to a glass of priceless Romanée or sweetly odoriferous Château Lafitte of '42? Poor dear soul! she would be as happy with a slice of the children's joint, and a cup of tea in the evening. She takes them when you are away. To give fine wine to that dear creature is like giving pearls to—to animals who don't know their value.

What I like, is to sit at a restaurant alone, after having taken a glass of absinthe in water, about half-an-hour previous, to muse well over the *carte*, and pick out some little dinner for myself; to converse with the *sommelier* confidentially about the wine—a pint of Champagne, say, and a bottle of Bordeaux, or a bottle of Burgundy, not more, for your private drinking. He goes out to satisfy your wishes, and returns with the favourite flask in a cradle, very likely. Whilst he is gone, comes old Antoine—who is charmed to see *Monsieur de retour*; and vows that you *rajeunissez tous les ans*—with a plate of oysters—dear little juicy green oysters in their upper shells, swimming in their sweet native brine—not like your great white flaccid natives in England, that look as if they had been fed on pork: and ah! how kindly and pretty that attention is of the two little plates of radishes and butter, which they bring you in, and with which you can dally between the arrival of the various dishes of your dinner; they are like the delicate symphonies which are played at the theatre between the acts of a charming comedy. A little bread-and-butter, a little radish,—you crunch and relish; a little radish, a little piece of bread-and-butter—you relish and crunch—when lo! up goes the curtain, and Antoine comes in with the *entrée* or the roast.

I pictured all this in my mind and went out. I will not tell any of my friends that I am here, thought I. Sir, in five minutes, and before I had crossed the Place Vendôme, I had met five old acquaintances and friends, and in an hour afterwards the arrival of your humble servant was known to all our old set.

My first visit was for Tom Dash, with whom I had business. That friend of my youth received me with the utmost cordiality: and our business transacted and our acquaintances talked over (four of them I had seen, so that it was absolutely necessary I should call on them and on the rest), it was agreed that I should go forth and pay visits, and that on my return Tom and I should dine somewhere together. I called upon Brown, upon Jones, upon Smith, upon Robinson, upon our old Paris set, in a word, and in due time returned to Tom Dash.

"Where are we to dine, Tom?" says I. "What is the crack restaurant now? I am entirely in your hands; and let us be off early and go to the play afterwards."

"Oh, hang restaurants," says Tom—"I'm tired of 'em; we are

sick of them here. Thompson came in just after you were gone, and I told him you were coming, and he will be here directly to have a chop with me."

There was nothing for it. I had to sit down and dine with Thompson and Tom Dash, at the latter's charges—and am bound to say that the dinner was not a bad one. As I have said somewhere before, and am proud of being able to say, I scarcely recollect ever to have had a bad dinner.

But of what do you think the present repast was composed? Sir, I give you my honour, we had a slice of salmon and a leg of mutton, and boiled potatoes, just as they do in my favourite Baker Street.

"Dev'lish good dinner," says Thompson, covering the salmon with lots of Harvey sauce—and cayenne pepper, from Fortnum and Mason's.

"Donnez du sherry à Monsieur Canterbury," says Tom Dash to François his man. "There's porter or pale ale if any man likes it."

They poured me out sherry; I might have had porter or pale ale if I liked: I had leg of mutton and potatoes, and finished dinner with Stilton cheese: and it was for this that I have revisited my dear Paris.

"Thank you," says I to Dash, cutting into the mutton with the most bitter irony. "This is a dish that I don't remember ever having seen in England; but I tasted pale ale there, and won't take any this evening, thank you. Are we going to have port wine after dinner? or could you oblige me with a little London gin-and-water?"

Tom Dash laughed his mighty laugh; and I will say we had not port wine, but claret, fit for the repast of a pontiff, after dinner, and sat over it so late that the theatre was impossible, and the first day was gone, and might as well have been passed in Pump Court or Pall Mall, for all the good I had out of it.

But, Sir, do you know what had happened in the morning of that day during which I was paying the visits before mentioned?

Robinson, my very old friend, pressed me so to come and dine with him, and fix my day, that I could not refuse, and fixed Friday.

Brown, who is very rich, and with whom I had had a difference, insisted so upon our meeting as in old times, that I could not refuse; and so being called on to appoint my own day—I selected Sunday.

Smith is miserably poor, and it would offend him and Mrs. Smith mortally that I should dine with a rich man, and turn up my nose at his kind and humble table. I was free to name any day I liked, and so I chose Monday.

Meanwhile, our old friend Jones had heard that I had agreed to dine with Brown, with whom he, too, was at variance, and he offered

downright to quarrel with me unless I gave him a day: so I fixed Thursday.

"I have but Saturday," says I, with almost tears in my eyes.

"Oh, I have asked a party of the old fellows to meet you," cries out Tom Dash; "and made a dinner expressly for the occasion."

And this, Sir, was the fact. This was the way, Sir, that I got my dinners at Paris. Sir, at one house I had boiled leg of mutton and turnips, at another beefsteak; and I give you my word of honour, at two I had mock-turtle soup! In this manner I saw Paris. This was what my friends called welcoming me—we drank sherry; we talked about Mr. Cobden and the new financial reform; I was not allowed to see a single Frenchman, save one, a huge athletic monster, whom I saw at a club in London last year, who speaks English as well as you, and who drank two bottles of port wine on that very night for his own share. I offended mortally several old friends with whom I didn't dine, and I might as well have been sitting under your mahogany tree in Fleet Street, for all of Paris that I saw.

I have the honour to report my return to this country, and to my lodgings in Piccadilly, and to remain

Your very obedient servant and contributor,

FOLKSTONE CANTERBURY.

P.S.—I stop the post to give the following notice from the *Constitutionnel*:—"Lady Jane Grey (femme du Chancelier de l'Echiquier) vient de donner le jour à deux jumeaux. Sa santé est aussi satisfaisante que possible."

(*March* 1849.)

HOBSON'S CHOICE.

OR, THE TRIBULATIONS OF A GENTLEMAN IN SEARCH OF A MAN-SERVANT.

I.

BEFORE my wife's dear mother, Mrs. Captain Budge, came to live with us,—which she did on occasion of the birth of our darling third child, Albert, named in compliment to a Gracious Prince, and now seven and a half years of age,—our establishment was in rather what you call a small way, and we only had female servants in our kitchen.

I liked them, I own. I like to be waited on by a neat-handed Phillis of a parlour-maid, in a nice fitting gown, and a pink ribbon to her cap: and I do not care to deny that I liked to have my parlour-maids good-looking. Not for any reason such as *jealousy might suggest*—such reasons I scorn; but as, for a continuance and for a harmless recreation and enjoyment, I would much rather look out on a pretty view of green fields and a shining river, from my drawing-room window, than upon a blank wall, or an old-clothesman's shop: so I am free to confess I would choose for preference a brisk, rosy good-natured, smiling lass to put my dinner and tea before me on the table, rather than a crooked, black-muzzled *frump*, with a dirty cap and black hands. I say I like to have nice-looking people about me; and when I used to chuck my Anna Maria under the chin, and say that was one of the reasons for which I married her, I warrant you Mrs. H. was not offended; and so she let me have my harmless way about the parlour-maids. Sir, the only way in which we lost our girls in our early days was by marriage. One married the baker, and gives my boy, Albert, gingerbread, whenever he passes her shop; one became the wife of Policeman X., who distinguished himself by having his nose broken in the Chartist riots; and a third is almost a lady, keeping her one-horse carriage, and being wife to a carpenter and builder.

Well, Mrs. Captain Budge, Mrs. H.'s mother, or "Mamma," as she insists that I should call her—and I do so, for it pleases her warm and affectionate nature—came to stop for a few weeks, on the occasion of our darling Albert's birth, *anno Domini* 1842; and the child and its mother being delicate, Mrs. Captain B. stayed to nurse them both, and so has remained with us, occupying the room which used to be my study and dressing-room ever since. When she came to us, we may be said to have moved *in a humble sphere*, viz. in Bernard Street, Foundling Hospital, which we left four years ago for our present residence, Stucco Gardens, Pocklington Square. And up to the period of Mrs. Captain B.'s arrival, we were, as I say, waited upon in the parlour by maids; the rough below-stairs work of knife and shoe-cleaning being done by Grundsell, our greengrocer's third son.

But though Heaven forbid that I should say a word against my mother-in-law, who has a handsome sum to leave, and who is besides a woman all self-denial, with *her every thought* for our good; yet I think that without Mamma my wife would not have had those tantrums, may I call them, of jealousy, which she never exhibited previously, and which she certainly began to show very soon after our dear little scapegrace of an Albert was born. We had at that time, I remember, a parlour servant, called Emma Buck, who came to us from the

country, from a Doctor of Divinity's family, and who pleased my wife very well at first, as indeed she did all in her power to please her. But on the very day Anna Maria came downstairs to the drawing-room, being brought down in these very arms, which I swear belong to as faithful a husband as any in the City of London, and Emma bringing up her little bit of dinner on a tray, I observed Anna Maria's eyes look uncommon savage at the poor girl, Mrs. Captain B. looking away the whole time, on to whose neck my wife plunged herself as soon as the girl had left the room; bursting out into tears and calling somebody a viper.

"Hullo," says I, "my beloved, what is the matter? Where's the viper? I didn't know there were any in Bernard Street" (for I thought she might be nervous still, and wished to turn off the thing, whatever it might be, with a pleasantry). "Who is the serpent?"

"That—that—woman," gurgles out Mrs. H., sobbing on Mamma's shoulder, and Mrs. Captain B. scowling sadly at me over her daughter.

"What, Emma?" I asked, in astonishment; for the girl had been uncommonly attentive to her mistress, making her gruels and things, and sitting up with her, besides tending my eldest daughter, Emily, through the scarlet fever.

"Emma! don't say Emma in that cruel audacious way, Marmaduke—Mr. Ho—o—obson," says my wife (for such are my two names as given me by my godfathers and my fathers). "You call the creature by her Christian name before my very face!"

"Oh, Hobson, Hobson!" says Mrs. Captain B., wagging her head.

"Confound it"—("Don't swear," says Mamma)—"Confound it, my love," says I, stamping my foot, "you wouldn't have me call the girl Buck, Buck, as if she was a rabbit? She's the best girl that ever was: she nursed Emily through the fever; she has been attentive to you; she is always up when you want her——"

"Yes; and when *yoo-oo-oo come home from the club*, Marmaduke," my wife shrieks out, and falls again on Mamma's shoulder, who looks me in the face and nods her head fit to drive me mad. I come home from the club, indeed! Wasn't I forbidden to see Anna Maria? Wasn't I turned away a hundred times from my wife's door by Mamma herself, and could I sit alone in the dining-room (for my eldest two, a boy and girl, were at school)—alone in the dining-room, where *that very* Emma would have had to wait upon me?

Not one morsel of chicken would Anna Maria eat. (She said she dared to say that woman would poison the egg-sauce.) She had hysterical laughter and tears, and was in a highly nervous state, a state as dangerous for the mother as for the darling baby, Mrs. Cap-

tain B. remarked justly ; and I was of course a good deal alarmed, and sent, or rather went off, for Boker, our medical man. Boker saw his interesting patient, said that her nerves were highly excited, that she must at all sacrifices be kept quiet, and corroborated Mrs. Captain B.'s opinion in every particular. As we walked downstairs I gave him a hint of what was the matter, at the same time requesting him to step into the back-parlour, and there see me take an affidavit that I was as innocent as the blessed baby just born, and named but three days before after his Royal Highness the Prince.

"I know, I know, my good fellow," says Boker, poking me in the side (for he has a good deal of fun), "that you are innocent. Of course you are innocent. Everybody is, you sly dog. But what of that? The two women have taken it into their heads to be jealous of your maid—and an uncommonly pretty girl she is too, Hobson, you sly rogue, you. And were she a Vestal Virgin, the girl must go if you want to have any peace in the house; if you want your wife and the little one to thrive—if you want to have a quiet house and family. And if you do," says Boker, looking me in the face hard, "though it is against my own interest, will you let me give you a bit of advice, old boy?"

We had been bred up at Merchant Taylors together, and had licked each other often and often, so of course I let him speak.

"Well, then," says he, "Hob my boy, get rid of the old dragon—the old mother-in-law. She meddles with my prescriptions for your wife ; she doctors the infant in private : you'll never have a quiet house or a quiet wife as long as that old Catamaran is here."

"Boker," says I, "Mrs. Captain Budge is a lady who must not, at least in *my* house, be called a Catamaran. She has seven thousand pounds in the funds, and always says Anna Maria is her favourite daughter." And so we parted, not on the best of terms, for I did not like Mamma to be spoken of disrespectfully by any man.

What was the upshot of this? When Mamma heard from Anna Maria (who weakly told her what I had let slip laughing, and in confidence to my wife) that Boker had called her a Catamaran, of course she went up to pack her trunks, and of course we apologised, and took another medical man. And as for Emma Buck, there was nothing for it but that she, poor girl, should go to the right about ; my little Emily, then a child of ten years of age, crying bitterly at parting with her. The child very nearly got me into a second scrape, for I gave her a sovereign to give to Emma, and she told her grandmamma : who would have related all to Anna Maria, but that I went down on my knees, and begged her not. But she had me in her power after that, and made me wince when she would say, "Marmaduke, have you any sovereigns to give away?" &c.

After Emma Buck came Mary Blackmore, whose name I remember because Mrs. Captain B. called her Mary Blackymore (and a dark swarthy girl she was, not at all good-looking in *my* eyes). This poor Mary Blackmore was sent about her business because she looked sweet on the twopenny postman, Mamma said. And she knew, no doubt, for (my wife being downstairs again long since) Mrs. B. saw everything that was passing at the door as she regularly sat in the parlour window.

After Blackmore came another girl of Mrs. B.'s own choosing: own rearing, I may say, for she was named Barbara, after Mamma, being a soldier's daughter, and coming from Portsea, where the late Captain Budge was quartered, in command of his company of marines. Of this girl Mrs. B. would ask questions out of the "Catechism" at breakfast, and my scapegrace of a Tom would burst out laughing at her blundering answers. But from a demure country lass, as she was when she came to us, Miss Barbara very quickly became a dressy, impudent-looking thing; coquetting with the grocer's and butcher's boys, and wearing silk gowns and flowers in her bonnet when she went to church on Sunday evenings, and actually appearing one day with her hair in bands, and the next day in ringlets. Of course she was setting her cap at me, Mamma said, as I was the only gentleman in the house, though for my part I declare I never saw the set of her cap at all, or knew if her hair was straight or curly. So, in a word, Barbara was sent back to her mother, and Mrs. Budge didn't fail to ask me whether I had not a sovereign to give her?

After this girl we had two or three more maids, whose appearance or history it is not necessary to particularise—the latter was uninteresting, let it suffice to say; the former grew worse and worse. I never saw such a woman as Grizzel Scrimgeour, from Berwick-upon-Tweed, who was the last that waited on us, and who was enough, I declare, to curdle the very milk in the jug as she put it down to breakfast.

At last the real aim of my two conspirators of women came out. "Marmaduke," Mrs. Captain B. said to me one morning, after this Grizzel had brought me an oniony knife to cut the bread; "women servants are very well in their way, but there is always something disagreeable with them, and in families of a certain rank a man-servant commonly waits at table. It is proper: it is decent that it should be so in the respectable classes: and *we* are of those classes. In Captain Budge's lifetime we were never without our groom, and our tea-boy. My dear father had his butler and coachman, as our family has had ever since the Conquest; and though you are certainly in business, as your father was before you, yet your relations are respectable; your grandfather was a dignified clergyman in the West of England; you

have connections both in the army and navy, who are members of Clubs and known in the fashionable world; and (though I shall never speak to that man again) remember that your wife's sister is married to a barrister who lives in Oxford Square, and goes the Western Circuit. *He* keeps a man-servant. *They* keep men-servants, and I do not like to see my poor Anna Maria occupying an inferior position in society to her sister Frederica, named after the Duke of York though she was, when his Royal Highness reviewed the Marines at Chatham; and seeing some empty bottles carried from the table, said——"

"In mercy's name," says I, bursting out, for when she came to this story Mamma used to drive me frantic, "have a man, if you like, ma'am, and give me a little peace."

"You needn't swear, Mr. Hobson," she replied with a toss of her head; and when I went to business that day it was decided by the women that our livery should be set up.

II.

PETER GRUNDSELL, the knife-boy, the youth previously mentioned as son of my greengrocer and occasional butler, a demure little fair-haired lad, who had received his education in a green baize coat and yellow leather breeches at Saint Blaize's Charity School, was our first foot-boy or page. Mamma thought that a full-sized footman might occasion inconvenience in the house, and would not be able to sleep in our back attic (which indeed was scarcely six feet long), and she had somehow conceived a great fondness for this youth with his pale cheeks, blue eyes and yellow hair, who sang the sweetest of all the children in the organ-loft of Saint Blaize's. At five o'clock every morning, winter and summer, that boy, before he took a permanent engagement in my establishment, slid down our area steps, of which and of the kitchen entrance he was entrusted with the key. He crept up the stairs as silent as a cat, and carried off the boots and shoes from the doors of our respective apartments without disturbing one of us: the knives and shoes of my domestic circle were cleaned as brilliant as possible before six o'clock; he did odd jobs for the cook; he went upon our messages and errands; he carried out his father's potatoes and cauliflowers; he attended school at Saint Blaize's; he turned his mother's mangle:—there was no end to the work that boy could do in the course of a day, and he was the most active, quiet, humble little rogue you ever knew. Mrs. Captain Budge then took a

just liking to the lad, and resolved to promote him to the situation of page. His name was changed from Peter to Philip, as being more genteel: and a hat with a gold cord and a knob on the top like a gilt Brussels sprout, and a dark green suit, with a white galloon stripe down the trouser-seams, and a bushel of buttons on the jacket, were purchased at an establishment in Holborn, off the dummy at the door. Mamma is a great big strong woman, with a high spirit, who, I should think, could *protect herself* very well; but when Philip had his livery, she made him walk behind her regularly, and never could go to church without Philip after her to carry the books, or out to tea of an evening without that boy on the box of the cab.

Mrs. Captain B. is fond of good living herself; and, to do her justice, always kept our servants well. I don't meddle with the kitchen affairs myself, having my own business to attend to; but I believe my servants had as much meat as they could eat, and a great deal more than was good for them. They went to bed pretty soon, for ours was an early house, and when I came in from the City after business, I was glad enough to get to bed; and they got up rather late, for we are all good sleepers (especially Mrs. B., who takes a heavy supper, which *I* never could indulge in), so that they were never called upon to leave their beds much before seven o'clock, and had their eight or nine good hours of rest every night.

And here I cannot help remarking, that if these folks knew their luck—*sua si bona nôrint*, as we used to say at Merchant Taylors; if they remembered that they are fed as well as lords, that they have warm beds and plenty of sleep in them; that, if they are ill, they have frequently their master's doctor; that they get good wages, and beer, and sugar and tea in sufficiency: they need not be robbing their employers or taking fees from tradesmen, or grumbling at their lot. My friend and head-clerk Raddles has a hundred and twenty a year and eight children; the Reverend Mr. Bittles, our esteemed curate at Saint Blaize's, has the same stipend and family of three; and I am sure that both of those gentlemen work harder, and fare worse, than any of the servants in my kitchen, or my neighbour's. And I, who have seen that dear, good elegant *angel** of a Mrs. Bittles ironing her husband's bands and neckcloths; and that uncommonly shy supper of dry bread and milk-and-water, which the Raddles family take when I have dropped in to visit them at their place (Glenalvon Cottage, Magnolia

* I say this, because I think so, and will *not* be put down. My wife says she thinks there is nothing in Mrs. Bittles, and Mamma says she gives herself airs, and has a cast in her eye; but a more elegant woman *I* have never seen, no, not at a Mansion House ball, or the Opera.—M. H.

Road South, Camden Town), on my walks from Hampstead on a Sunday evening:—I say, I, who have seen these people, and thought about my servants at home, on the same July evening, eating buttered toast round the kitchen fire—have marvelled how resigned and contented some people were, and how readily other people grumbled.

Well, then, this young Philip being introduced into my family, and being at that period as lean as a whipping-post, and as contented with the scraps and broken victuals which the cook gave him, as an alderman with his turtle and venison, now left his mother's mangle—on which or on a sack in his father's potato-bin, he used to sleep—and put on my buttons and stripes, waited at my own table, and took his regular place at that in the kitchen, and occupied a warm bed and three blankets in the back attic.

The effect of the three (or four or five, is it?—for the deuce knows how many they take) meals a day upon the young rascal was speedily evident in his personal appearance. His lean cheeks began to fill out, till they grew as round and pale as a pair of suet dumplings. His dress from the little dummy in Holborn (a bargain of Mrs. Captain B.'s), which was always a tight fit, grew tighter and tighter; as if his meals in the kitchen were not sufficient for any two Christians, the little gormandiser levied contributions upon our parlour dishes. And one day my wife spied him with his mouth smeared all over with our jam-pudding; and on another occasion he came in with tears in his eyes and hardly able to speak, from the effects of a curry on which he had laid hands in the hall, and which we make (from the Nawob of Mulligatawney's own receipt) remarkably fine, and as hot, as hot—as the dog-days.

As for the crockery, both the common blue and the stone china Mamma gave us on our marriage (and which, I must confess, I didn't mind seeing an end of, because she bragged and *bothered* so about it), the smashes that boy made were incredible. The handles of all the tea-cups went; and the knobs off the covers of the vegetable dishes; and the stems of the wine-glasses; and the china punch-bowl my Anna Maria was christened in. And the days he did not break the dishes on the table, he spilt the gravy on the cloth. Lord! Lord! how I did wish for my pretty neat little parlour-maid again. But I had best not, for peace' sake, enlarge again upon *that* point.

And as for getting up, I suppose the suppers and dinners made him sleepy as well as fat; certainly the little rascal for the first week did get up at his usual hour: then he was a little later: and at the end of a month he came yawning downstairs after the maids had long been at work: there was no more polishing of boots and knives: barely time to get mine clean, and knives enough ready for me and my wife's

breakfast (Mrs. Captain B. taking hers and her poached eggs and rashers of bacon in bed)—in time enough, I say, for my breakfast, before I went into the City.

Many and many a scolding did I give that boy, until, my temper being easy and the lad getting no earthly good from my abuse of him I left off—from sheer weariness and a desire for a quiet life. But Mamma, to do her justice, was never tired of giving it to him, and rated him up hill and down dale. It was "Philip, you are a fool;' "Philip, you dirty wretch;" "Philip, you sloven," and so forth, all dinner-time. But still, when I talked of sending him off, Mrs. Captain B. always somehow pleaded for him and insisted upon keeping him. Well. My weakness is that I can't say no to a woman, and Master Philip stayed on, breaking the plates and smashing the glass, and getting more mischievous and lazy every day.

At last there came a *crash*, which, though it wasn't *in my crockery*, did Master Philip's business. Hearing a great laughter in the kitchen one evening, Mamma (who is a good housekeeper, and does not like her servants to laugh on any account) stepped down,—and what should she find?—Master Philip, mimicking her to the women servants, and saying, "Look, this is the way old Mother Budge goes!" And pulling a napkin round his head (something like the Turkish turban Mrs. Captain B. wears), he began to speak as if in her way, saying, "Now Philip, you nasty, idle, good-for-nothing, lazy, dirty boy you, why do you go for to spill the gravy so?" &c.

Mrs. B. rushed forward and boxed his ears soundly, and the next day he was sent about his business; for flesh and blood could bear him no longer.

Why he had been kept so long, as I said before, I could not comprehend, until after Philip had left us; and then Mamma said, looking with tears in her eyes at the chap's jacket, as it lay in the pantry, that her little boy Augustus was something like him, and he wore a jacket with buttons of that sort. Then I knew she was thinking of her eldest son, Augustus Frederick York Budge, a midshipman on board the "Hippopotamus" frigate, Captain Swang, C.B. (*I* knew the story well enough), who died of yellow fever on the West India Station in the year 1814.

III.

BY the time I had had two or three more boys in my family, I got to hate them as if I had been a second Herod, and the rest of my household, too, was pretty soon tired of the wretches. If any young housekeepers read this, I would say to them, Profit by my experience, and never keep a boy; be happy with a parlour-maid, put up with a charwoman, let the cook bring up your dinner from the kitchen; get a good servant who knows his business, and pay his wages as cheerfully as you may; but never have a boy into your place, if you value your peace of mind.

You may save a little in the article of wages with the little rascal, but how much do you pay in discomfort! A boy eats as much as a man, a boy breaks twice as much as a man, a boy is twice as long upon an errand as a man; a boy batters your plate and sends it up to table dirty; you are never certain that a boy's fingers are not in the dish which he brings up to your dinner; a boy puts your boots on the wrong trees; and when at the end of a year or two he has broken his way through your crockery, and at last learned some of his business, the little miscreant privately advertises himself in the *Times* as a youth who has two years' character, and leaves you for higher wages and another place. Two young traitors served me so in the course of my fatal experience with boys.

Then, in a family council, it was agreed that a man should be engaged for our establishment, and we had a series of footmen. Our curate recommended to me our first man, whom the clergyman had found in the course of his charitable excursions. I took John Tomkins out of the garret where he was starving. He had pawned every article of value belonging to him; he had no decent clothes left in which he could go out to offer himself for a situation; he had not tasted meat for weeks, except such rare bits as he could get from the poor curate's spare table. He came to my house, and all of a sudden rushed into plenty again. He had a comfortable supply of clothes, meat, fire, blankets. He had not a hard master, and as for Mamma's scolding, he took it as a matter of course. He had but few pairs of shoes to clean, and lived as well as a man of five hundred a year. Well, John Tomkins left my service in six months after he had been drawn out of the jaws of death, and after he had considered himself lucky at being able to get a crust of bread, because the cook served him a dinner of cold meat two days running—"He never 'ad been used to cold meat; it was the custom in no good fam'lies to give cold meat—he wouldn't stay where it was practised." And away he went, then—very likely to starve again.

Him there followed a gentleman, whom I shall call Mr. Abershaw, for I am positive he did it, although we never could find him out. We had a character with this amiable youth which an angel might have been proud of—had lived for seven years with General Hector—only left because the family was going abroad, the General being made Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Tapioca Islands—the General's sister, Mrs. Colonel Ajax, living in lodgings in the Edgware Road, answered for the man, and for the authenticity of the General's testimonials. When Mamma, Mrs. Captain B., waited upon her, Mrs. Captain B. remarked that Mrs. Colonel's lodgings were rather queer, being shabby in themselves, and over a shabbier shop—and she thought there was a smell of hot spirits and water in Mrs. Colonel's room when Mrs. B. entered it at one o'clock; but, perhaps, she was not very rich, the Colonel being on half-pay, and it might have been ether and not rum which Mrs. B. smelt. She came home announcing that she had found a treasure of a servant, and Mr. Abershaw stepped into our pantry and put on our livery.

Nothing could be better for some time than this gentleman's behaviour; and it was edifying to remark how he barred up the house of a night, and besought me to see that the plate was all right when he brought it upstairs in the basket. He constantly warned us, too, of thieves and rascals about; and, though he had a villanous hang-dog look of his own, which I could not bear, yet Mamma said this was only a prejudice of mine, and, indeed, I had no fault to find with the man. Once I thought something was wrong with the lock of my study-table; but, as I keep little or no money in the house, I did not give this circumstance much thought, and once Mrs. Captain Budge saw Mr. Abershaw in conversation with a lady who had very much the appearance of Mrs. Colonel Ajax, as she afterwards remembered, but the resemblance did not, unluckily, strike Mamma at the time.

It happened one evening that we all went to see the Christmas pantomime; and of course took the footman on the box of the fly, and I treated him to the pit, where I could not see him; but he said afterwards that he enjoyed the play very much. When the pantomime was over, he was in waiting in the lobby to hand us back to the carriage, and a pretty good load we were—our three children, ourselves, and Mrs. Captain B., who is a very roomy woman.

When we got home—the cook, with rather a guilty and terrified look, owned to her mistress that a most "singlar" misfortune had happened. She was positive she shut the door—she could take her Bible oath she did—after the boy who comes every evening with the paper; but the policeman, about eleven o'clock, had rung and knocked

to say that the door was open—and open it was, sure enough; and a great coat, and two hats, and an umbrella were gone.

"Thank 'Evins! the plate was all locked up safe in my pantry," Mr. Abershaw said, turning up his eyes; and he showed me that it was all right before going to bed that very night; he could not sleep unless I counted it, he said—and then it was that he cried out, Lord! Lord! to think that while he was so happy and unsuspicious, enjoyin' of himself at the play, some rascal should come in and rob his kind master! If he'd a know'd it, he never would have left the house—no, that he wouldn't.

He was talking on in this way, when we heard a loud shriek from Mamma's room, and her bell began to ring like mad: and presently out she ran, roaring out, "Anna Maria! Cook! Mr. Hobson! Thieves! I'm robbed, I'm robbed!"

"Where's the scoundrel?" says Abershaw, seizing the poker as valiant as any man I ever saw; and he rushed upstairs towards Mrs. B.'s apartment, I following behind, more leisurely; for, if the rascal of a housebreaker had pistols with him, how was I to resist him, I should like to know?

But when I got up—there was no thief. The scoundrel had been there: but he was gone: and a large box of Mrs. B.'s stood in the centre of the room, burst open, with numbers of things strewn about the floor. Mamma was sobbing her eyes out, in her big chair; my wife and the female servants already assembled; and Abershaw, with the poker, banging under the bed to see if the villain was still there.

I was not aware at first of the extent of Mrs. B.'s misfortune, and it was only by degrees, as it were, that that unfortunate lady was brought to tell us what she had lost. First, it was her dresses she bemoaned, two of which, her rich purple velvet and her black satin, were gone; then, it was her Cashmere shawl; then, a box full of ornaments, her jet, her pearls, and her garnets; nor was it until the next day that she confessed to my wife that the great loss of all was an old black velvet reticule, containing two hundred and twenty-three pounds, in gold and notes. I suppose she did not like to tell me of this; for a short time before, being somewhat pressed for money, I had asked her to lend me some; when, I am sorry to say, the old lady declared, upon her honour, that she had not a guinea, nor should have one until her dividends came in. Now, if she had lent it to me, she would have been paid back again, and this she owned with tears in her eyes.

Well, when she had cried and screamed sufficiently, as none of this grief would mend matters, or bring back her money, we went to bed, Abershaw clapping to all the bolts of the house door, and putting the

great bar up with a clang that might be heard all through the street. And it was not until two days after the event that I got the numbers of the notes which Mrs. Captain B. had lost, and which were all paid into the Bank, and exchanged for gold the morning after the robbery.

When I was aware of its extent, and when the horse was stolen, of course I shut the stable-door, and called in a policeman—not one of your letter X policemen—but a gentleman in plain clothes, who inspected the premises, examined the family, and questioned the servants one by one. This gentleman's opinion was that the robbery was got up in the house. First he suspected the cook, then he inclined towards the housemaid, and the young fellow with whom, as it appeared, that artful hussy was keeping company; and those two poor wretches expected to be carried off to jail forthwith, so great was the terror under which they lay.

All this while Mr. Abershaw gave the policeman every information; insisted upon having his boxes examined and his accounts looked into, for though he was absent, waiting upon his master and mistress, on the night when the robbery was committed, he did not wish to escape search—not he; and so we looked over his trunks just out of compliment.

The officer did not seem to be satisfied—as, indeed, he had discovered nothing as yet—and after a long and fruitless visit in the evening, returned on the next morning in company with another of the detectives, the famous Scroggins indeed.

As soon as the famous Scroggins saw Abershaw, all matters seemed to change—"Hullo, Jerry!" said he; "what, you here! at your old tricks again? This is the man what has done it, sir," he said to me; "he is a well-known rogue and prig." Mr. Abershaw swore more than ever that he was innocent, and called upon me to swear that I had seen him in the pit of the theatre during the whole of the performance; but I could neither take my affidavit to this fact, nor was Mr. Scroggins a bit satisfied, nor would he be until he had the man up to Beak Street Police Court and examined by the magistrate.

Here my young man was known as an old practitioner on the treadmill, and, seeing there was no use in denying the fact, he confessed it very candidly. He owned that he had been unfortunate in his youth: that he had not been in General Hector's service these five years; that the character he had got was a sham one, and Mrs. Ajax merely a romantic fiction. But no more would he acknowledge. His whole desire in life, he said, was to be an honest man; and ever since he had entered my service he had acted as such. Could I point out a single instance in which he had failed to do his duty? But there was no use in a poor fellow who had met with misfortune trying to retrieve

himself: he began to cry when he said this, and spoke so naturally that I was almost inclined to swear that I *had* seen him under us all night in the pit of the theatre.

There was no evidence against him; and this good man was discharged, both from the Police Office and from our service, where he couldn't abear to stay, he said, now that his Hhonour was questioned. And Mrs. Budge believed in his innocence, and persisted in turning off the cook and housemaid, who she was sure had stolen her money; nor was she quite convinced of the contrary two years after, when Mr. Abershaw and Mrs. Colonel Ajax were both transported for forgery.

(*January* 1850.)

THOUGHTS ON A NEW COMEDY.

(BEING A LETTER FROM MR. J——S PLUSH TO A FRIEND.)

WHELL OF FORTUNE BARR,
Jenyoury twenty-fith.

MY DEAR RINCER,—Me and Mary Hann was very much pleased with the box of feznts and woodcox, which you sent us, both for the attention which was dellygit, and because the burds was uncommon good and full of flaviour. Some we gev away: some we hett: and I leave you to emadgin that the Mann as sent em will holways find a glass of somethink comforable in our Barr; and I hope youll soon come back to London, Rincer, my boy. Your acount of the Servants' all festivvaties at Fitzbattleaxe Castle, and your dancing Sir Rodjydycovyly (I dont know how to spell it) with Lady Hawguster, emused Mary Hann very much. That sottathing is very well—onst a year or so: but in my time I thought the fun didnt begin until the great folks had gone away. Give my kind suvvices to Mrs. Lupin, and tell Munseer Beshymell with my and Mary Hann's best wishes, that our little Fanny can play several tunes on his pianner. Comps to old Coachy.

Till parlymint nothink is stirring, and theres no noose to give you or fill my sheat—igsept (and I dessay this will surprize you)—igsept I talk about the new Play.

Although Im not genly a patternizer of the Drammer, which it interfears very much with my abbits and ixpeshly is not plesnt dareckly after dinner to set hoff to a cold theayter for a middle-Hage Mann,

who likes to take things heazy ; yet, my dear feller, I do from time to time step in (with a horder) to the walls of the little Aymarket or Old Dewry, sometimes to give a treat to Mrs. Jeames and the younguns, sometimes to wild away a hidle hour when shes outatown or outatemper (which sometimes will ocur in the best reglated famlies you know) or when some private mellumcolly or sorrer of my own is a hagitating hof me.

Yesdy evening it was none of these motifs which injuiced me to go to the theayter—I had heard there was a commady jest brought out, inwolving the carrickter of our profession—that profeshn which you and me Mr. Rincer, did onst belong to. I'm not above that profeshn ; I ave its hintarests and Honor at art : and of hevery man that wears the Plush, I say that Mann is my Brother—(not that I need be phonder of him for that ; on the contry, I recklect at our school where I lunt the fust rules of athography and grammer, the Brothers were holwis a pitchen into heach other)—but in fine, I love the Plush of hold days, and hah ! I regret that hold Father Time is doing something to my Air, which wightns it more pumminantly than the Powder which once I war !

A commady, Sir, has been brought out (which Im surprized it aint been mentioned at my Barr, though to be sure mose gents is keeping Grismass Olydays in the Country) in which I was creddably informmed—one of hus—one of the old Plushes—why should I ezitate to say, *a Footman*, forms the prinsple drammitis-pursony. How is my horder represented on the British Stage I hast myself? Are we spoke of respeckful or otherwise? Does anybody snear at our youniform or [illegible] I was determingd to see ; and in case of hanythink inslant bein said of us, I took a key with me in horder to iss propply ; and bought sevral horringers jest to make uce of em if I sor any *nesessaty*.

My dear Rincer. I greave to say, that though there was nothink against our purfeshn said in the pease—and though the most delligit and sensatif footman (and Ive known no men of more dellixy of feelin and sensabillaty than a well-reglated footman is whether hin or hout of livry) could find folt with the *languidge* of the New Commady of "Leap Year," yet its prinsples is dangerous to publick maralaty, as likewise to our beloved perfeshn.

The plot of the Pease is founderd upon a hancient Lor, which the Hauther, Mr. Buckstone, discovvred in an uncommon hold book, and by which it epears that in Lip-Year (or whats called Bissixdile in Istronnamy) it is the women who have the libbaty of choosing their usbands, and not as in hornary times, the men who choose their wives (I reckenend you old feller who are a reglar hold Batchylor, to look out in the Ormnack for Lip Year, and kip *hout of the way* that year)

and this pragtice must be common anough in Hengland, for a commady is a reprasentation of natur, and in this one, every one of the women asts everyone of the men to marry : igsept one, and she asts two of em.

Onst upon a time there was an old genlmn by the name of Flowerdew as married a young woman, who became in consquince Mrs. Flora Flowerdew. She made this hold buck so Appy during the breaf coarse of his meddrimonial career, that he left a will, hordering her to marry agin before three years was over, failing vich, hevary shillin of his proppaty should go to his nex Hair. Aving maid these destimentry erangements hold Flowerdew died. Peace be to his Hashes !

His widder didnt cry much (for betwigst you and me F. must have been raythera silly old feller), but lived on in a genteal manner in a house somewhere in the drecshon of Amstid I should think, entertaining her frends like a lady : and like a lady she kep her coachman and groom : had her own maid, a cook & housemaid of coarse, a page and a MANN.

If *I* had been a widder I would have choas a Man of a better Ithe, than Mrs. Flowerjew did. Nothink becomes a footman so much as Ithe. Its that which dixtinguidges us from the wulgar, and I greave to say in this pedicklar the gentleman has hacted Villiam Valker, Mrs. F's man, was sadly defishnt. He was respeckble, quiet, horderly, hactive—but his figger I must say was no go. You and me Rincer ave seen footmen and know whats the proper sort—seen em? Hah, what men there was in hour time ! Do you recklect Bill the Maypole as was with us at Lord Ammersmiths ? What a chap that was ! what a leg he ad ! The young men are not like us, Tom Rincer,—but I am diwerging from my tail, which I reshume.

I diddnarive at the commensment of the drammer (for their was a Purty a settling his skower in my Barr which kep me a cumsederable time), but when I hentered the theaytre I fown myself in presnts of Mr. & Mrs. C. Kean in a droring-roomb, Mrs. K. at a tabble pertending to right letters, or to so ankyshuffs, or somethink, Mr. K. a clapsing his &s, a rowling his his, and a quoating poatry & Byrom and that sort of thing like anythink.

Mrs. Kean, she was the widdo, and Mr. K. he was Villiam the man. He wasnt a Buttler dear Rincer like U. He wasnt groom of the Chimbers like Mr. Mewt at my lords (to whomb my best complymince), he wasnt a mear footman, he wasnt a page : but he was a mixter of all 4. He had trowzies like a page with a red strip ; he had a coat like a Hunndress John ; he had the helegant mistary of Mr. Mewt, and there was a graceful abanding and a daggijay hair about him which I whish it was more adopted in our purfeshn.

Haltho in hour time, dear Rincer, we didn quoat Byrom and

Shikspyer in the droring-room to the ladies of the famly, praps things is haltered sins the *marge of hintalect*, and the young Jeamses do talk potry.—Well, for sevral years, during which he had been in Mrs. F.'s service, Walker had been goin on in this manner, and it was heasy at once to see at the very hopening of the pease, from the manner of missis and man, that there was more than the common sewillaties of a lady and a genlman in livary goin on between em, and in one word that they were pashintly in love with each other. This wont surprize *you* Rincer, my boy; and in the coarse of *my* expearance I might tell a story or two—O Lady Harabellar; but Honor forbids, and Im mumm.

Several shutors come to whoo the widow; but none, and no great wonder, have made an impreshn on her heart. One she takes *as a husband on trial*—and he went out to dinner on the very fust day of his apprentiship, and came home intogsicated. Another whomb she would not have, a Captain in the Harmy, pulls out a bill when she refuses him, and requestes her to pay for his loss of time, and the clothes he has hordered in horder to captiwate her. Finely the piece hends by the widdo proposing to William Walker, her servant, and marrying that pusson.

I don't hask whether widdos take usbands on trial. I do not pores to inquier whether Captings send in bills of costs for courtship, or igsamming other absuddaties in this Commady. I look at it purfeshnly, and I look at it gravely, Rincer. Hand, I can't help seeing that it is dangerous to our horder, and subwussive of domestic maralaty.

I say theres a Prinsple in a honist footman which should make him purtest and rewolt aginst such doctorings as these. A fatle pashn may hapn hany day to hany Mann; as a chimbly-pott may drop on his head, or a homnibus drive hover him. We cant help falling in love with a fine woman—we are men: we are fine men praps; and praps she returns our harder. But whats the use of it? There *can* be no marridges between footmen and families in which they live. There's a Lor of Natur against it, and it should be wrote in the prayer-books for the use of Johns that a man may not marry his Missus—If this kind of thing was to go on hoften, there would be an end to domestic life. John would be holways up in the droring-room courting: or Miss would be for hever down in the pantry: you'd get no whirk done. How could he clean his plate propply with Miss holding one of his ands sittin on the knife bord? It's impawsable. We may marry in other families but not in our hown. We have each our speais as we have each our Bells. Theirs is the fust flor; hours is the basemint. A man who marris his Missis hingers his purfeshnal

bruthering. I would cut that Man dedd who married his Missis. I would blackbawl him at the clubb. Let it onst git abroad that we do so, and famlies will leave off iring footmen haltogether and be weighted upon by maids, which the young ladies cant marry them, and I leave you to say whether the purfeshn isnt a good one, and whether it woodnt be a pity to spoil it.

Yours hever, my dear Rincer,

J. P.

To Mr. Rincer,
at the Duke of Fitzbattleaxes,
Fitzbattleaxe Castle, Flintshire.

(*February* 1850.)

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

SIR,—I am a country gentleman, infirm in health, stricken in years, and only occasionally visiting the metropolis, of which the dangers, *and the noise and the crowds*, are somewhat too much for my quiet nerves. But at this season of Easter, having occasion to come to London, where my son resides, I was induced to take his carriage and his five darling children for a day's sight-seeing. And of sight-seeing I have had, Sir, enough, not for a day, but for *my whole life*.

My son's residence is in the elegant neighbourhood of P–rtm–n Square; and taking his carriage, of which both the horse and driver are perfectly steady and past the prime of life, our first visit was to the Tenebrorama, in the Regent's Park, where I was told some neat paintings were exhibited, and I could view some scenes at least of foreign countries without the danger and fatigue of personal travel. I paid my money at the entrance of the building, and entered with my unsuspicious little charges into the interior of the building. Sir, it is like the entrance to the Eleusinian mysteries, or what I have been given to understand is the initiation into Freemasonry. We plunged out of the light into such a profound darkness, that my darling Anna Maria instantly began to cry. We felt we were in a chamber, Sir, dimly creaking and moving underneath us—a horrid sensation of sea-sickness and terror overcame us, and I was almost as frightened as my poor innocent Anna Maria.

The first thing we saw was the ghastly view of a church—the Cathedral of Saint Sepulchre's, at Jericho, I believe it was called—a

dreary pile, with not a soul in it, not so much as a pew-opener or verger to whom one could look for refuge from the dismal solitude. Sir, I don't care to own I am frightened at being in a church alone; I was once locked up in one at the age of thirteen, having fallen asleep during the sermon; and though I have never seen a ghost, they are in my family: my grandmother saw one. I hate to look at a great ghastly, naked edifice, paved with gravestones, and surrounded with epitaphs and death's heads, and I own that I thought a walk in the Park would have been more cheerful than this.

As we looked at the picture, the dreary church became more dreary; the shadows of night (by means of curtains and contrivances, which I heard in the back part of the mystery making an awful flapping and pulling) fell deeply and more terribly on the scene. It grew pitch dark; my poor little ones clung convulsively to my knees; an organ commenced playing a dead march—it was midnight—tapers presently began to flicker in the darkness—the organ to moan more dismally—and suddenly, by a hideous optical delusion, the church was made to appear as if full of people, the altar was lighted up with a mortuary illumination, and the dreadful monks were in their stalls.

I have been in churches. I have thought the sermon long. I never thought the real service so long as that painted one which I witnessed at the Tenebrorama. My dear children whispered, "Take us out of this place, Grandpapa." I would have done so. I started to get up (the place being now dimly visible to our eyes, accustomed to the darkness, and disclosing two other wretches looking on in the twilight besides ourselves)—I started, I say, to get up, when the chamber began to move again, and I sank back on my seat, not daring to stir.

The next view we saw was the Summit of Mount Ararat, I believe, or else of a mountain in Switzerland, just before dawn. I can't bear looking down from mountains or heights; when taken to Saint Paul's by my dear mother as a child, I had well-nigh fainted when brought out into the outer gallery; and this view of Mount Ararat is so dreadful, so lonely, so like nature, that it was all I could do to prevent myself from dashing down the peak and plunging into the valley below. A storm, the thunderous rumble of which made me run cold, the fall of an avalanche destroying a village, some lightning, and an eclipse I believe of the sun, were introduced as ornaments to this picture, which I would as lief see again as undergo a nightmare.

More dead than alive, I took my darling children out of the place, and tenderly embraced them when I was out of the door.

The Haidorama is next by, and my dear little third grandchild insisted upon seeing it. Sir, we unsuspecting ones went into the place,

and saw—what do you think?—the Earthquake of Lisbon! Ships were tossed and dashed about the river before us in a frightful manner. Convents and castles toppled down before our eyes and burst into flames. We heard the shrieks of the mariners in the storm, the groans of the miserable people being swallowed up or smashed in the rocking reeling ruins—tremendous darkness, lurid lightning flashes, and the awful booming of thunderbolts roared in our ears, dazzled our eyes, and frightened our senses so, that I protest I was more dead than alive when I quitted the premises, and don't know how I found myself in my carriage.

We were then driven to the Zoological Gardens, a place which I often like to visit (keeping away from the larger beasts, such as the bears, who I often fancy may jump from their poles upon certain unoffending Christians; and the howling tigers and lions who are continually biting the keepers' heads off), and where I like to look at the monkeys in the cages (the little rascals!) and the birds of various plumage.

Fancy my feelings, Sir, when I saw in these gardens—in these gardens frequented by nursery-maids, mothers, and children, an immense brute of an elephant, about a hundred feet high, rushing about with a wretched little child on his back, and a single man vainly endeavouring to keep him back! I uttered a shriek—I called my dear children round about me. And I am not ashamed to confess it, Sir, I ran. I ran for refuge into a building hard by, where I saw—ah, Sir! I saw an immense boa-constrictor swallowing a live rabbit—swallowing a live rabbit, Sir, and looking as if he would have swallowed one of my little boys afterwards. Good heavens! Sir, do we live in a Christian country, and are parents and children to be subjected to sights like these?

Our next visit—of pleasure, Sir! bear with me when I say *pleasure*: was to the Waxwork in Baker Street,—of which I have only to say that, rather than be left alone in *that* gallery at night with those statues, I would consent to be locked up with one of the horrid lions at the Zoological Gardens. There is a woman in black there lying on a sofa, and whose breast heaves—there is an old man whose head is always slowly turning round—there is her M——y and the R-y-l Children looking as if they all had the yellow fever—sights enough to terrify *any* Christian I should think—sights which, nevertheless, as a man and a grandfather, I did not mind undergoing.

But my second boy, Tommy, a prying little dare-devil, full of mischief, must insist upon our going to what he called the reserved apartment, where Napoleon's carriage was, he said, and other curiosities. Sir, he caused me to pay sixpences for all the party, and

introduced me to what?—to the Chamber of Horrors, Sir!—they're not ashamed to call it so—they're proud of the frightful title and the dreadful exhibition—and what did I there behold—murderers, Sir,—murderers; some of them in their own cold blood—Robespierre's head off in a plate—Marat stuck and bleeding in a bath—Mr. and Mrs. Manning in a frightful colloquy with Courvoisier and Fieschi about the infernal machine—and my child, my grandchild, Sir, laughed at my emotion and ridiculed his grandfather's just terror at witnessing this hideous scene!

Jacky, my fifth, is bound for India—and wished to see the Overland Journey portrayed, which, as I also am interested in the future progress of that darling child, I was anxious to behold. We came into the exhibition, Sir, just at the moment when the Simoom was represented. Have you ever seen a simoom, Sir? Can you figure to yourself what a simoom is?—a tornado of sand in which you die before you can say Jack Robinson; in which camels, horses, men are swept into death in an instant—and this was the *agreeable* sight which, as a parent and a man, I was called upon to witness! Shuddering, and calling my little charges around me, I quitted Waterloo Place, and having treated the dear beings to a few buns in the Haymarket, conducted them to their last place of amusement, viz. the Panorama, in Leicester Place.

Ah, Sir! of what clay are mortals supposed to be made, that they can visit that exhibition? Dreams I have had in my life, but as that view of the Arctic Regions nothing so terrible. My blood freezes as I think of that frightful *summer* even—but what to say of the winter? By heavens, Sir! I could not face the sight—the icy picture of eternal snow—the livid northern lights, the killing glitter of the stars; the wretched mariners groping about in the snow round the ship; they caused in me such a shudder of surprise and fright, that I don't blush to own I popped down the curtain after one single peep, and would not allow my children to witness it.

Are others to be so alarmed, so misled, so terrified? I beseech all people who *have nerves* to pause ere they go sight-seeing at the present day; and remain,

Your obedient servant,

GOLIAH MUFF.

(*April* 1850.)

THE LION HUNTRESS OF BELGRAVIA;

BEING LADY NIMROD'S JOURNAL OF THE PAST SEASON.

I.

WHEN my husband's father, Sir John Nimrod, died, after sixteen years' ill-health, which ought to have killed a dozen ordinary baronets, and which I bore, for my part, with angelic patience, we came at length into the property which ought, by rights, to have been ours so long before (otherwise, I am sure, I would never have married Nimrod, or gone through eighteen years of dulness and comparative poverty in second-rate furnished houses, at home and abroad), and at length *monté'd* my *maison* in London. I married Nimrod an artless and beautiful young woman, as I may now say without vanity, for I have given up all claims to youth or to personal appearance ; and am now at the *mezzo* of the path of *nostra vita*, as Dante says : having no pretensions to flirt at all, and leaving that frivolous amusement to the young girls. I made great sacrifices to marry Nimrod : I gave up for him Captain (now General) Flather, the handsomest man of his time, who was ardently attached to me ; Mr. Pyx, then tutor to the Earl of Noodlebury, but now Lord Bishop of Bullocksmithy ; and many more whom I need not name, and some of whom, I dare say, have never forgiven me for jilting them, as they call it. But how could I do otherwise? Mamma's means were small. Who could suppose that a captain of dragoons at Brighton, or a nobleman's tutor and chaplain (who both of them adored me certainly), would ever rise to their present eminent positions? And I therefore sacrificed myself and my inclinations, as every well-nurtured and highly principled girl will, and became Mrs. Nimrod—remaining Mrs. Nimrod—plain Mrs. Nimrod, as Mr. Grimstone said—for eighteen years. What I suffered no one can tell. Nimrod has no powers of conversation, and I am all soul and genius. Nimrod cares neither for poetry, nor for company, nor for science, and without geology, without poesy, without society, life is a blank to me. Provided he could snooze at home with the children, poor N. was (and is) happy. But ah ! could their innocent and often foolish conversation suffice to a woman of my powers ? I was wretchedly deceived, it must be owned, in my marriage, but what mortal among us has not his or her *tracasseries* and *désillusionnements* ? Had I any idea that the old Sir John Nimrod would have clung to life with such uncommon tenacity, I might now have been the occupant

of the palace of Bullocksmithy (in place of poor Mrs. Pyx, who is a vulgar creature), and not the mistress of my house in Eaton Crescent, and of Hornby Hall, Cumberland, where poor Sir Charles Nimrod generally lives, shut up with his gout and his children.

He does not come up to London, nor is he *fait pour y briller.* My eldest daughter is amiable, but she has such frightful red hair that I really could not bring her into the world; the boys are with their tutor and at Eton; and as I was born for society, I am bound to seek for it, alone. I pass eight months in London, and the remainder at Baden, or at Brighton, or at Paris. We receive company at Hornby for a fortnight when I go. Sir C—— N—— does not trouble himself much with London or *mon monde.* He moves about my saloons without a word to say for himself; he asked me whether Dr. Buckland was a poet, whether Sir Sidney Smith was not an Admiral; he generally overeats and drinks himself at the house-dinners of his clubs, being a member of both Snooker's and Toodle's, and returns home after six weeks to his stupid Cumberland solitudes. Thus it will be seen that my lot in life as a domestic character is not a happy one. Born to *briller* in society, I had the honour of singing on the table at Brighton before the epicure George the Fourth at six years of age.* What was the use of shining under such a bushel as poor dear Sir C—— N——? There are some of us gifted but unfortunate beings whose lot is the world. We are like the Wanderer in my dear friend Eugène Sue's elegant novel, to whom Fate says, "*Marche, marche*": for us pilgrims of society there is *no* rest. The Bellairs have been a fated race: dearest Mamma dropped down in the tea-rooms at Almack's, and was carried home paralysed; I have heard that Papa (before our misfortunes, and when he lived at Castle Bellairs, and in Rutland Square) never dined alone for twenty-seven years and three-quarters, and rather than be without company he would sit and laugh and quaff with the horrid bailiffs who often arrested him.

I am a creature of the world, then; I cannot help my nature. The Eagle (the crest of the Bellairs) flies to the dazzling sun, while the "moping owl" prefers the stupid darkness of the thicket.

They call me the Lion Huntress. I own that I love the society of the distinguished and the great. A mere cultivator of frivolous fashion, a mere toady of the great, I despise; but genius, but poetry, but talent, but scientific reputation, but humour, but eccentricity above all, I adore. I have opened my *salons* now for several seasons. Everybody of note who has been in our metropolis I have received,—

* It was *not* before George the Fourth, but before the Prince of Wales, that Lady Nimrod, then Miss Bellairs, performed at the Pavilion.

the great painters, the great poets and sculptors (dear dear sculptures, I adore them !), the great musicians and artists, the great statesmen of all the great countries, the great envoys, the great missionaries, the great generals, the great *every*bodies, have honoured the *réunions* of Clementina Nimrod. I have had at the same dinner the wise and famous Monsieur Doctrinaire (and was in hopes he would have come to me in the footman's suit in which he escaped from Paris ; but he only came with his Golden Fleece, his broad ribbon of the Legion of Honour, and eighteen orders), Signor Bombardi the Roman tribune, General Prince Rubadubsti the Russian General, and dear Tarboosh Pasha, who was converted to Islamism after his heroic conduct in Hungary. I have had Monsieur Sansgêne, the eminent socialist refugee ; Rabbi Jehoshaphat, from Jerusalem ; the Archbishop of Mealypotatoes, *in partibus infidelium*, and in purple stockings ; Brother Higgs, the Mormon Prophet ; and my own dear Bishop of Bullocksmithy, who has one of the prettiest ankles and the softest hands in England, seated round my *lowly* board. I have had that darling Colonel Milstone Reid, the decipherer of the Babylonish inscriptions ; the eminent Professor Hödwinck, of Halle, author of those extraordinary "Horæ Antediluvianæ," and "The History of the Three Hundred First Sovereigns of the Fourth Preadamite Period ;" and Professor Blenkinhorn (who reads your handwriting in that wonderful way, you know, for thirteen stamps) round one tea-table in one room in my house. I have had the hero of Acre, the hero of Long Acre, and a near relation of Greenacre at the same *soirée* ; and I am not ashamed to own, that when during his trial the late atrocious Mr. Rawhead, confiding in his acquittal, wrote to order a rump and dozen at the inn, I was so much deceived by the barefaced wretch's protestations of innocence, that I sent him a little note, requesting the honour of his company at an evening party at my house. He was found justly guilty of the murder of Mrs. Tripes, was hanged, and, of course, could not come to my party. But had he been innocent, what shame would there have been in my receiving a man so certainly remarkable, and whose undoubted courage (had it been exerted in a better cause) might have led him to do great things ? Yes, and if I take that villa at Fulham next year, I hope to have a snug Sunday party from the Agapemone for a game at hockey ; when I hope that my dear Bishop of Bullocksmithy will come.

Indeed, what is there in life worth living for but the enjoyment of the society of men of talent and celebrity ? Of the mere *monde*, you know, one person is just like another. Lady A. and Lady B. have their dresses made by the same milliner, and talk to the same pattern. Lord C.'s whiskers are exactly like Mr. D.'s, and their coats are the

same, and their plaited shirt-fronts are the same, and they talk about the same things. If one dines with E., or F., or G., or H., one has the same dinner at each table; the very same soup, *entrées*, sweets, and ices, interspersed with the same conversation carried round in an undertone. If one goes to I. House or K. House, there is the same music—the same Mario and Lablache, the same Lablache and Mario. As for friends in the world, we know what *they* are, stupid frumps and family connections, who are angry if they are not invited to all one's parties, who know and tell all one's secrets, who spread all the bad stories about one that are true, or half-true, or untrue; I make a point, for my part, to have no friends. I mean, nobody who shall be on such a confidential footing as that he or she shall presume to know too much of my affairs, or that I shall myself be so fond of, that I should miss them were they to be estranged or to die. One is not made, or one need not be made, to be uncomfortable in life: one need have no painful sensations about anybody. And that is why I admire and am familiar with remarkable people and persons of talent only; because, if they die, or go away, or bore me, I can get other people of talent or remarkable persons in their place. For instance, this year it is the Nepaulese Princes, and Mlle. Vandermeer, and the Hippopotamus, one is interested about; next year it may be the Chinese Ambassadors, or the Pope, or the Duke of Bordeaux, or who knows who? This year it is the author of the "Memoriam" (and a most pleasing poet), or Mr. Cumming, the Lion Hunter of South Africa, or that dear Prelude; next year, of course, there will be somebody else, and some other poems or delightful works, which will come in; and of which there is always a bountiful and most providential and blessed natural supply with every succeeding season.

And as I now sit calmly, at the end of a well-spent season, surveying my empty apartments, and thinking of the many interesting personages who have passed through them, I cannot but think how wise my course has been, and I look over the lists of my lions with pleasure. Poor Sir C——, in the same way, keeps a game-book, I know, and puts down the hares and pheasants which he has bagged in his stupid excursions, and if that strange and delightful bearded hunter, Mr. Cumming (who was off for Scotland just when I went to his charming and terrible Exhibition, close by us at Knightsbridge, and with an intimate Scotch mutual acquaintance, who would have introduced me, when I should have numbered in my Wednesday list and my dinner-list one *noble lion* more)—if Mr. Cumming, I say, keeps *his* journal of springboks, and elephants, and sea-cows, and lions and monsters, why should not Clementina Nimrod be permitted to recur to her little journals of the sporting season?

II.

CONTINUALLY have I been asked, What is a lion? A lion is a man or woman one must have at one's parties—I have no other answer but that. One has a man at one's parties because one sees him at everybody else's parties; I cannot tell you why. It is the way of the world, and when one is of the world, one must do as the world does.

Vulgar people, and persons not of the world, nevertheless, have their little parties and their little great men (the foolish absurd creatures!) and I have no doubt that at any little lawyer's wife's tea-table in Bloomsbury, or merchant's heavy mahogany in Portland Place, our manners are ludicrously imitated, and that these people show off their lions, just as we do. I heard Mr. Grimstone the other night telling of some people with whom he had been dining, a kind who are not in society, and of whom, of course, one has never heard. He said that their manners were not unlike ours; that they lived in a very comfortably furnished house; that they had *entrées* from the confectioner's, and that kind of thing; and that they had their lions, the absurd creatures, in imitation of us. Some of these people have a great respect for the peerage, and Grimstone says that at this house, which belongs to a relative of his, they never consider their grand dinners complete without poor Lord Muddlehead to take the lady of the house to dinner. Lord Muddlehead never speaks; but drinks unceasingly during dinner-time, and is there, Grimstone says, that the host may have the pleasure of calling out in a loud voice, and the hearing of his twenty guests, "Lord Muddlehead, may I have the honour of taking wine with your lordship?"

I am told there are several members of the aristocracy who let themselves out to be dined, as it were, in this sad way; and do not dislike the part of lion which they play in these inferior houses.

Well then?—what must we acknowledge?—that persons not in society imitate us; and that everybody has his family circle and its little lion for the time being. With us it is Nelson come home from winning the battle of Aboukir; with others it is Tom Smith who has gained the silver sculls at the rowing match. With us it is a Foreign Minister, or a Prince in exile; with others it may be Master Thomas who has just come from Cambridge, or Mr. and Mrs. Jones who have just been on a tour to Paris. Poor creatures! do not let us be too hard on them! People may not be in society—and yet, I dare say, mean very well. I have found in steamboats on the Rhine, and at *tables-d'hôte* on the Continent, very well-informed persons, really very

agreeable and well mannered, with whom one could converse very freely, and get from them much valuable information and assistance—and who, nevertheless, were not in society at all. These people one does not, of course, recognise on returning to this country (unless they happen to get into the world, as occasionally they do): but it is surprising how like us many of them are, and what good imitations of our manners they give.

For instance, this very Mr. Grimstone—Lady Tollington took him up, and, of course, if Lady Tollington takes up a man he goes everywhere—four or five years ago in Germany I met him at Wiesbaden; he gave me up his bedroom, for the inn was full, and he slept on a billiard-table, I think, and was very good-natured, amusing, and attentive. He was not then *du monde*, and I lost sight of him: for, though he bowed to me one night at the Opera, I thought it was best not to encourage him, and my glass would not look his way. But when once received—difficulties of course vanished, and I was delighted to know him.

"O Mr. Grimstone!" I said, "how charmed I am to see you among us. How pleasant you must be, ain't you? I see you were at Lady Tollington's and Lady Trumpington's; and of course you will go everywhere: and will you come to my Wednesdays?"

"It is a great comfort, Lady Nimrod," Grimstone said, "to be in society at last—and a great privilege. You know that my relations are low, that my father and mother are vulgar, and that until I came into the *monde*, I had no idea what decent manners were, and had never met a gentleman or a lady before?"

Poor young man! Considering his disadvantages, he really pronounces his *h*'s very decently; and I watched him all through dinner-time, and he behaved quite well. Lady Blinker says he is satirical: but he seems to me simple and quiet.

Mr. Grimstone is a lion now. His speech in Parliament made him talked about. Directly one is talked about, one is a lion. He is a Radical; and his principles are, I believe, horrid. But one must have him to one's parties, as he goes to Lady Tollington's.

There is nothing which I dislike so much as the illiberality of some narrow-minded English people, who want to judge everything by their own standard of morals, and are squeamish with distinguished foreigners whose manners do not exactly correspond with their own. Have we any right to quarrel with a Turkish gentleman because he has three or four wives? With an officer of Austrian Hussars, because, in the course of his painful duties, he has had to inflict personal punishment on one or two rebellious Italian or Hungarian ladies, and whip a few little boys? Does anybody cut Dr. Hawtrey, at Eton, for

correcting the boys?—*my* sons, I'm sure, would be the better for a little more. When the Emperor's aide-de-camp, Count Knoutoff, was in this country, was he not perfectly well received at Court and in the very first circles? It gives one a sort of thrill, and imparts a piquancy and flavour to a whole party when one has a lion in it who has hanged twenty-five Polish colonels, like Count Knoutoff; or shot a couple of hundred Carlist officers before breakfast, like General Garbanzos, than whom I never met a more mild, accomplished, and elegant man. I should say he is a man of the most sensitive organisation, that he would shrink from giving pain—he has the prettiest white hand I ever saw, except my dear Bishop's; and, besides, in those countries an officer must do his duty. These extreme measures, of course, are not what one would like officers of one's own country to do: but consider the difference of the education of foreigners!—and also, it must be remembered, that if poor dear General Garbanzos *did* shoot the Carlists, those horrid Carlists, if they had caught him, would certainly have shot *him.*

In the same way about remarkable women who come among us—their standard of propriety, it must be remembered is not ours, and it is not for us to judge them. When that delightful Madame Andria came amongst us (whom Grimstone calls Polyandria, though her name is Alphonsine), who ever thought of refusing to receive her? Count Andria and her first husband, the Baron de Frump, are the best friends imaginable; and I have heard that the Baron was present at his wife's second marriage, wished her new husband joy with all his heart, and danced with a Royal Princess at the wedding. It is well known that the Prince Gregory Ragamoffski, who comes out of Prussian Poland—(where I hope Miss Hulker, of Lombard Street, leads a happy life, and finds a *couronne fermée* a consolation for a bad odious husband, an uncomfortable hide-and-seek barn of a palace as it is called, and a hideous part of the country)—I say it is well known that Ragamoffski was married before he came to England, and that he made a separation from his Princess *à l'aimable*; and came hither expressly for an heiress. Who minds these things? Raganoffski was everywhere in London; and there were Dukes at Saint George's to sign the register; and at the breakfast, in Hyde Park Gardens, which old Hulker gave, without inviting *me*, by the way. Thence, I say, it ought to be clear to us that foreigners are to be judged by their own ways and habits, and not ours—and that idle cry which people make against some of them for not conforming to our practices ought to be put down! Cry out against them, indeed! Mr. Grimstone says, that if the Emperor Nero, having slaughtered half Christendom the week before, could come to England with plenty of money in his pocket, all

London would welcome him, and he would be pressed at the very first houses to play the fiddle—and that if Queen Catherine of Medicis, though she had roasted all the Huguenots in France, had come over afterwards to Mivart's, on a visit to Queen Elizabeth, the very best nobility in the country would have come to put their names down in her visiting-book.

III.

AMONG the most considerable lions who have figured in my menagerie, I may mention Bobbachy Bahawder, the Prince of Delhi, who came over on a confidential mission, from his Imperial Majesty the Emperor Aurungzebe, his august sovereign and master. No *soirée* was for some time complete without the Bobbachy. Of all the Orientals who have visited our shores, it was agreed that he was the most witty, interesting, and accomplished; he travelled with a small suite of Hookabadars, Kitmutgars, and Lascars; and the sensation was prodigious which was occasioned by the intelligence, that the distinguished Envoy had it in command from his Imperial master, to choose out from among the beauties of Britain a young lady who would not object to become Empress of Delhi in place of the late lamented wife of the sovereign, for whose loss his Majesty was inconsolable. It was only after he had been for some time in the country, that this the real object of his mission transpired: for, for some time, the Bobbachy lived in the most private manner, and he was not even presented at Court, nor asked to a turtle dinner by the East India Company. In fact some of the authorities of Leadenhall Street said that the Bobbachy was no more an Ambassador than you or I, and hinted he was an impostor; but his Excellency's friends knew better, and that there are differences of such a serious nature between the East India Company and the Delhi Emperor, that it was to the interest of the Leadenhall Street potentates to ignore the Bobbachy, and throw all the discredit which they could upon the Envoy of the great, widowed, and injured sovereign.

Lady Lynx took this line, and would not receive him; but the manner in which her ladyship is *liée* with some of those odious directors, and the way in which she begs, borrows, and, as *I* believe, sells, the cadetships and writerships which she gets from them, is very well known. She did everything malice and envy could suggest to bring this eminent Asiatic into disrepute; she said he was not a Prince, or an Envoy at all, or anything but a merchant in his own country; but as she always tries to sneer at my lions, and to pooh-pooh my parties,

and as I was one of the first to welcome the distinguished Bobbachy to this country, the very ill will and envy of Lady Lynx only made me the more confident of the quality of this remarkable person ; and I do not blush to own that I was among the first to welcome him to our shores. I asked people to meet the Ambassador of the Emperor of Delhi. That I own, and that he denied altogether that he was here in any such capacity ; but if reasons of State prevented him from acknowledging his rank, that was no reason why we should not award it to him ; and I was proud to have the chance of presenting his excellency to society, in opposition to that stupid uninteresting Hungarian General whom Lady Lynx brought out at the same time, and who, to the best of my belief, was an Irishman out of Connaught, for he spoke English with a decided Connemara brogue.

When the Bobbachy first came to this country, he occupied humble lodgings in Jermyn Street, and lived at no expense ; but happening to be staying at the Star and Garter at Richmond, where he one day came to dinner, I introduced myself to him in the hotel gardens ; said I was the Lady Nimrod, one of the chiefs of English society, of whom perhaps he had heard, and that I should be glad to do anything in my power to make the metropolis welcome for him, and introduce him into the best company. He put both his hands before him on his breast, as if was going to swim at me, Mr. Grimstone said, and made me a most elegant bow ; answering in very good English that my humble name and the reputation of my parties had often formed the subject of conversation at the Court of Delhi and throughout the East ; and that it was a white day in his life in which he had the delight to see the countenance of one who was so illustrious for beauty, as he was pleased to say I was. "Ah !" he often said afterwards, "why has Fate disposed so early of such a lovely creature? What a lucky individual is he (meaning Nimrod) who possesses such a pearl ! It is fit to be worn in an emperor's turban, and I must not speak about you to my master or show your portrait to him unless I can take you to him ; for he will certainly, when I get back to Delhi, chop my head off from rage and disappointment at my returning home without you."

This speech, though Oriental, at least shows he was well bred. As for my marrying the emperor, that is out of the question, for Nimrod 's alive in the country, and we have no means of pursuing your Oriental practices of bowstringing here. I told the Bobbachy at once that the emperor must never think of me, must never be spoken to about me, and that I must live and die an English, not an Indian lady. But this was in after-times, and when we grew more intimate together.

Meanwhile it gave me great pleasure in introducing into the world this amiable and polite exotic.

At first, as I have said, he lived in a very humble and retired manner in Jermyn Street. When I called upon him in my carriage with my footmen, the door was opened by a maid of all work, who told us with wonder that "the Injan gent," as she called him, lived on the second-floor. I toiled up to his apartment (how different to the splendid halls and alabaster pillars and sparkling fountains of the palaces of his native East!), and there found his excellency on a horsehair sofa, smoking his hookah. I insisted upon taking him a drive into the Park. It happened to be a fine day, and there was a throng of carriages, and most eyes were directed towards the noble stranger, as he sate by my side in the carriage in a simple Oriental costume with a turban of red and gold. I would have taken the back seat and have let him sit cross-legged, but I had Miss Higgs, my companion, and Fido on the back seat. I mentioned everywhere who he was, took him to the Opera that night, and had him at my Wednesday, with a *petit dîner chosi* to meet him.

He had not been at Court as yet, nor with the East India Company, for the reasons I have stated; until the presents for her Majesty, with which the "Burrumpooter" East Indiaman was loaded, had reached London—presents consisting of the most valuable diamonds, shawls, elephants, and other choice specimens of Oriental splendour—had arrived in the East India Docks, it was not etiquette for him to present himself before the sovereign of this country. Hence his quiet retreat in his Jermyn Street lodgings; and he laughed at the audacity of the landlord of the odious house. "Landlord," he said, "he think me rogue. Landlord he send me bill. Landlord he think Bobbachy Bahawder not pay. Stop till 'Burrumpooter' come, then see whether landlord not go down on his knee before the Emperor's Ambassador." Indeed his excellency had arrived with only two attendants, by the steamer and the overland route, leaving the bulk of his suite and the invaluable baggage to follow in the "Burrumpooter."

He was a fine judge of diamonds and shawls, of course, and very curious about the jewellers and shawl merchants of London. I took him in my carriage to one or two of our principal tradesmen; but there was very little which he admired, having seen much finer brilliants and shawls in his own romantic land.

When he saw my house he was delighted and surprised. He said he thought all houses in London like that lodging in Jermyn Street—all sotas black, all sky black: why his dam secretary take him to that black hole? Landlord—dam secretary's uncle—charge him hundred pound month for that lodging. I represented how atrociously his

excellency had been imposed upon, and that if he intended to receive company, he should certainly transport himself to better apartments. It is wonderful how these simple foreigners are imposed upon by our grasping countrymen!

The Bobbachy took my advice, and removed to handsome rooms at Green's Hotel, where he engaged a larger suite, and began to give entertainments more befitting his rank. He brought a native cook, who prepared the most delicious curries, pillaws, and Indian dishes, which really made one cry—they were so hot with pepper. He gradually got about him a number of the most distinguished people, and, thanks to my introduction and his own elegant and captivating manners, was received at many of our best houses; and when the real object of his mission came out (which he revealed to me in confidence), that he was anxious to select a lady for the vacant throne of Delhi, it was wonderful how popular he became, and how anxious people were about him. The portrait of his imperial master, the emperor, seated on a gold throne, was hung up in his principal drawing-room; and though a vile daub, as most people said, especially that envious Grimstone, who said he must have bought it of some Strand limner for a guinea—yet what can one expect from an Indian artist? and the picture represented a handsome young man, with a sweet black beard, a thin waist, and a necklace of diamonds worth millions and billions of rupees.

If the young ladies and mammas of London flocked to see this picture, you may imagine how eager the mammas and young ladies were to show their own beauties! Everybody read up about Delhi, and was so anxious to know about it from his excellency! Mrs. Cramley, hearing that the Orientals like stout ladies, sent to Scotland for that enormous Miss Cramley, who is obliged to live in seclusion of account of her size, and who really would do for a show; old Lady Glum said if she allowed her daughter to make such a marriage, it would be with the fervent hope of converting the emperor and all India with him; little Miss Cockshaw was anxious to know if the widows were burned still at Delhi. I don't know how many women didn't ask his excellency when this news was made public, and my lion was nearly torn to pieces. It was "Bobbachy Bahawder and suite," "His Excellency Bobbachy Bahawder," "His Excellency Prince Bobbachy Bahawder," everywhere now, his name in all the newspapers, and who should be most eager to receive him.

The number of pictures of young ladies of rank which my friend received from all parts of the country would have formed a series of Books of Beauty. There came portraits from Belgravia—portraits from Tyburnia—portraits from the country; portraits even from

Bloomsbury and the City, when the news was made public of the nature of his excellency's mission. Such wicked deceptive portraits they sent up too! Old Miss Cruickshanks had herself painted like a sylph or an opera dancer; Mrs. Bibb, who is five-and-forty if she's a day old, went to a great expense, and had a fashionable painter to draw her in a crop and a pinafore, like a schoolgirl. Fathers brought their children to walk up and down before his excellency's hotel, and some bribed his excellency's secretary to be allowed to wait in the ante-room until he should pass out from breakfast. That Lady Lynx said that the only ready money which the mission got was from these bribes; and the pictures, I must confess, were sold upon the Minister's withdrawal from this country.

A sudden revolution at the Court of Delhi occurred, as is very well known, in May last, and the news of his recall was brought to my excellent friend. The demand for his return was so peremptory, that he was obliged to quit England at a moment's notice, and departed with his secretary only, and before he had even had time to take leave of me, his most attached friend.

A lamentable accident must have happened to the "Burrumpooter" Indiaman, with the diamonds and elephants on board, for the unfortunate ship has never reached England, and I dare say has sunk with all on board.

But that is no reason for the slander of ill-natured people, who want to make the world believe that there never was such a ship as the "Burrumpooter" at all; and that the Bobbachy and his secretary were a couple of rogues in league together, who never had a penny, and never would have made their way in society but for my introduction. How am I to know the pedigrees of Indian princes, and the manners of one blackamoor from another? If I introduced the Bobbachy I'm sure other people have introduced other dark-complexioned people; and as for the impudence of those tradesmen who want me to pay his bills, and of Mr. Green, of the hotel, who says he never had a shilling of his excellency's money, I've no words to speak of it.

Besides, I don't believe he has defrauded anybody; and when the differences at the Court of Delhi are adjusted, I've little doubt but that he will send the paltry few thousand pounds he owes here, and perhaps come back to renew the negotiations for the marriage of his Imperial master.

(*August and September* 1850.)

WHY CAN'T THEY LEAVE US ALONE IN THE HOLIDAYS?

FROM HOME, AS YET. *10th January.*

RESPECTED MR. PUNCH,—I am a young gentleman of good family, and exceedingly gentle disposition, and at present home for the Christmas holidays with my dear Papa and Mamma. I believe I am not considered clever at school, being always last in my class; and the Doctor, the Usher, the French Master, and all the boys except Tibbs Minimus (who is only six, and in the last form with me) beat me and ill-use me a great deal. And it's a great shame that I for my part am not allowed to whop Tibbs Minimus, which I could, being 14 myself last birthday; but that *nasty brute* Tibbs Minor says he'll *thrash me* if I do—and it's very *unkind of him*; for when he was a child in petticoats, and I was ten, and he was in the last class with me, I never beat him, as I easily could have done, and now the *unkind boy* is always attacking and wooriting me.

I cannot do *lessons and that*, Mr. PUNCH; for when the Dr. calls me up my tongue cleaves to the roof of *my mouf*, I'm so fritned; and same way *in French*, and same in Arythmetic; and I can't fight like some boys, because I'm a nervous boy; but the big boys keep me awake telling stories to 'em *all night*; and I know *ever so many*, and am always making *stories in my head*; and somehow I feel that I'm better than *many of the chaps*—only *I can't do anything.* And they chaff me and laugh at me, because I'm afraid *of being in the dark and seeing ghosts and that, which I can't help it.* My Mamma had a fright *before I was born*, and *that's what it is*, I suppose.

Sir, I am very miserable at school with everybody licking me; *and hate the place*; and the going back to it—and *the idear* of it altogether. Why was schools ever invented? When I'm at my dear home, with dear Ma and sisters, and in bed as long as I choose, and wish twice to meat, or three times, if I like; and I walk in the Park, and go to see *a lovely Pantamime*; and so I lose the horrid thought of school; and it's only in my dreams, sometimes, I see that *abommanable* old Doctor.

What I want you to do in the interest of all School Boys, is to stop the *Times* in holy time from publishing those *advertisements about schools.* On this day, Wednesday, jest against the leading article, there's no less than 2 columns of schools; and Papa, who's always

jokin' and chaffin' me, reads 'em out, and says, "Tom, how'd you like this?—Education of a superior kind, Birchwood Briars. No extras, no holidays." Or, "Tom, here's a chance for you—To Laundresses. A schoolmaster wishes to receive into his establishment the Son of a respectable Laundress, on reciprocal terms. Address," &c. "My dear," Pa says to dear Ma, "what a pity you wasn't a washerwoman, and we could get this stupid boy educated for nothing." I'm sure I've been *mangled* enough by that bully Bob Cuff, if I haven't been ironed and hung up to dry! Or, "To Booksellers, Grocers, Butchers, and Bakers.—In a well-appreciated seminary, within five miles of London, the children of the above tradesmen will be received. The whole of the school account will be taken in goods." And Pa wonders if he were to send back our calf with me in our cart, and one of our sheep, whether the Doctor would take them in payment of the quarter's account? And then he says that one calf ought to pay for another, and laughs and makes me miserable for the whole day.

And next week my pleasures, I know, will be dampt by reading the Christmas Vacation of the Chipping-Rodbury Grammar School will conclude on the 24th inst., when the boys are expected to reassemble; the young gentlemen of Dr. Bloxam's Academy will meet on the 25th; or Mr. Broomback's young friends will reassemble after the Christmas recess; or so and so. Why are these horrid thoughts always to be brought before us? I'm sure, at Christmas time, managers of newspapers might *be kind* and keep these horrid advertisements out of sight. And if our uncles, and people who come to our house, when we're at home for the holidays, would but be *so obliging* as never to mention school, or make jokes about flogging, or going back, or what we have *for dinner*, or *that*, I'm sure we should be very much the happier, and you won't have heard in vain from your wretched reader,

UNDER PETTY.

(*January* 1851.)

A STRANGE MAN JUST DISCOVERED IN GERMANY.

IT has been mentioned in the German journals that a foreigner, from some unknown country, and speaking a jargon scarcely intelligible by the most profound German philologists, has lately made his appear-

ance at Frankfort-on-the-Oder, where of course he was handed over to the care of the police.

"This individual was brought before us, Johann Humpffenstrumpffen, Burgomaster of Frankfort, on Tuesday, the 8th of April, and examined in our presence and that of our Clerk and Town Council.

"The raiment and appearance of this individual, landed, no one knows how, in a remote and extremely quiet German city, are described by all persons as most singular. In height he is about five feet six inches, his hair is white, his face sallow, his beard red—that on his upper lip not so much grown as that on his cheeks ; his hands are large and dirty, his teeth useful, his appetite great, and his thirst constant.

"His dress is most extraordinary and barbarous. On his head he wears a covering of a snuff-brown colour, in shape something like a wash-basin—which it would be very advisable that he should use for his face and hands. Round his neck, which is exceedingly ugly and bare, he wears a strip of a shining stuff, spun out of worms, he says, in his own country, and called an Alberti : it is puffed in two bows round his cheeks, and gives him a highly absurd appearance.

"His outer garment was a loose shaggy vest, made out of the skin of bears, most likely, and tainted strongly with a stale and exceedingly rancorous odour of what he calls 'backy-backy.' This outer dress—when asked its name, by Burgermeister von Humpffenstrumpffen—the nondescript called a 'Minorimosy ;' and holding up his outstretched hand three times, cried out the syllable 'Bob,' and wagged his head ; from which the Burgomaster concluded that 'bob' is the name of a coin of the country.

"His next garment, one without sleeves, was decorated with buttons of glass ; and in the pockets were found bits of paper, which the nondescript tried to explain—by the words 'ungle,' 'tickor,' 'spowt,' &c.—and showed by his gestures that the papers were to him of considerable value. They are greasy, and, to all appearances, worthless, coarsely printed, and marked with rude manuscript numerals. It is conjectured that they may form part of the paper-money of his country.

"Beyond these tokens, no coin of any kind was found on the nondescript's person.

"Under the glass-buttoned garment, from which he struggled violently not to be divested, the stranger had on two other very singular articles of costume. One was very ragged, and evidently old, and covered with printed figures in pink, representing bayaderes dancing. Over this was a small piece of stuff worked with the needle,

and once white—the name of which, after repeated and severe interrogatories, he said was 'Dicki.' It has been carried to the Museum, and placed between the breastplate of a Turkish vizier and the corslet of a knight of the middle ages.

"His lower dress was of a broad check pattern, something resembling the stuff which is worn by the Scottish Highlanders, who, however, it is known, do not use *braccæ*, whence it is evident that the stranger cannot be one of these. When the Burgomaster pointed to these, the nondescript wagged his head, pleased seemingly, and said the word 'Stunnin,' which the clerk took down.

"On his feet were a sort of short boot with large iron heels, in which he began to execute a queer dance before the Court, clinking the heels together, and turning the toes fantastically in and out. Pointing to this boot with the cane which he carries in his mouth, he winked to the clerk, and said 'Hylo!' but then presently looking round the room, and seeing a portrait of the late Feldmarschall Prince of Wallstadt, he ran up to it and said, 'Blooker! Blooker!' and danced once more.

"What relation can there be between the nondescript's boot and the late gallant and venerated Marshal Forwards, who destroyed Bonaparte, after the latter had defeated and taken the Herzog v. Wellington prisoner at the battle of Mount Saint John?

"At this stage of the examination, and having been allowed to resume all his clothes, the stranger pointed to his mouth, and laid his hand on his stomach, crying out the monosyllable 'Grub,' which Doctor Blinkhorn thinks must mean food in his language. Accordingly a sausage, some bread, and a can of beer were brought, of the first of which he partook greedily, devouring the whole bread and sausage. It was observed that he ate with his fork, not with his knife, as we Germans do.

"Having tasted the drink, he, however, laid it down, making very wry faces, and calling out the word 'Swipey, Swipey,' twice, which was taken down. And then by more faces and contortions, he made us to understand as if the beer had disagreed with him, upon which the excellent Burgermeister, having a bottle of Rhum in the cupboard, gave the savage a glass, who smacked it off at once, crying out the word 'Jollybyjingo.'

"'Jollybijingo, was ist denn Jollybijingo?' asked his worship, conjecturing, with his usual acuteness, that this was the savage's phrase for Rhum of Jamaica. 'Wilt thou have yet a glass Jollibijingo?' And his Honour poured out a second glass, which the nondescript seized, and tossed off, this time exclaiming,

"'Aybaleaveyermibawawawy!'

"Which expression being accurately taken down, his worship the Burgermeister considered the examination sufficient, and sent off the Foreigner under the guard of Gendarmes Blitz and Wetter to Berlin.

"*A true copy.*

"(*Signed*) HUMPFFENSTRUMPFFEN, *Burgomaster.*
BLINKHORN, *Clerk of the Court.*"

From the Berlin "Tagblatt."

The named Snooks, Bartholomæus Student, out of Smithfield, London, was brought hither in custody, from Frankfort-on-the-Oder; where, being tipsy, he had lost himself, allowing the train to go away without him. Snooks was handed over to the British Minister here, and will return to London as soon as anyone will lend or give him funds for that purpose."

(*April* 1851.)

WHAT I REMARKED AT THE EXHIBITION.

I REMARKED that the scene I witnessed was the grandest and most cheerful, the brightest and most splendid show that eyes had ever looked on since the creation of the world;—but as everybody remarked the same thing, this remark is not of much value.

I remarked, and with a feeling of shame, that I had long hesitated about paying three guineas—pooh-poohed—said I had seen the Queen and Prince before, and so forth, and felt now that to behold this spectacle, three guineas, or five guineas, or any sum of money (for I am a man of enormous wealth) would have been cheap; and I remarked how few of us know really what is good for us—have the courage of our situations, and what a number of chances in life we throw away. I would not part with the mere recollection of this scene for a small annuity; and calculate that, after paying my three guineas, I have the Exhibition before me, besides being largely and actually in pocket.

I remarked that a heavy packet of sandwiches which Jones begged me to carry, and which I pocketed in rather a supercilious and grumbling manner, became most pleasant friends and useful companions after we had been in our places two or three hours; and I thought to myself, that were I a lyric poet with a moral turn, I would remark how often in the hour of our need our humble friends are

welcome and useful to us, like those dear sandwiches, which we pooh-poohed when we did not need them.

I remarked that when the Queen bowed and curtseyed, all the women about began to cry.

I remarked how eagerly the young Prince talked with his sister—how charmed everybody was to see those pretty young persons walking hand in hand with their father and mother, and how, in the midst of any magnificence you will, what touches us most is nature and human kindness, and what we love to witness most is love.

I remarked three Roman Catholic clergymen in the midst of the crowd, amusing themselves with an opera-glass. . . .

I remarked to myself that it was remarkable that a priest should have an opera-glass.

I remarked that when the Archbishop of Canterbury was saying his prayer, the Roman Catholic clergymen seemed no more to care than I should if Mr. Longears was speaking in the House of Commons —and that they looked, stared, peered over people's shoulders, and used the opera-glass during the prayer.

I remarked that it would have been more decorous if, during *that* part of the day's proceedings, the reverend gentlemen had not used the opera-glass.

I remarked that I couldn't be paying much attention myself, else how should I have seen the reverend gentlemen?

I remarked my Lord Ivorystick and my Lord Ebonystick backing all the way round the immense building before the Queen; and I wondered to myself how long is *that* sort of business going to last? how long will freeborn men forsake the natural manner of walking, with which God endowed them, and continue to execute this strange and barbarous *pas*? I remarked that a royal Chamberlain was no more made to walk backwards, than a royal coachman to sit on the box and drive backwards. And having just been laughing at the kotoos of honest Lord Chopstick (the Chinese Ambassador with the pantomime face), most of us in our gallery remarked that the performance of Lord Ivorystick and Lord Ebonystick was not more reasonable than that of his excellency Chopstick, and wished that part of the ceremony had been left out.

I remarked in the gold cage, to which the ladies would go the first thing, and in which the Koh-i-noor reposes, a shining thing like a lambent oyster, which I admired greatly, and took to be the famous jewel. But on a second visit I was told that that was not the jewel—that was only the case, and the real stone was that above, which I had taken to be an imitation in crystal.

I remarked on this, that there are many sham diamonds in this

life which pass for real, and, *vice versâ*, many real diamonds which go unvalued. This accounts for the non-success of those real mountains of light, my "Sonnets on Various Occasions."

I remarked that, if I were Queen of England, I would have a piece of this crystal set into my crown, and wear it as the most splendid jewel of the whole diadem—that I would.

And in fact I remarked altogether—GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

(*May* 1851.)

M. GOBEMOUCHE'S AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF THE GRAND EXHIBITION.

IN the good town of London, in the Squars, in the Coffees, in the Parks, in the society at the billiards, there is but one conversation—it is of the Palace of Industry; it is of the Queen and Prince Albert; it is of the union of all nations. "Have you been there, my friend?" everyone says to everyone.

Yes, I have been there. Yes, I am one of the myriads who visited the Palace of Industry on the first of May, and witnessed the triumph of France.

Early in the day, following in the track of the myriads who were rushing towards the romantic village of Kinsington, and through the Bridge of Chevaliers, I engaged a cabriolet of place, and bidding the driver conduct me to the Palace of all Nations at Kinsington, sate in profound reverie smoking my cigar and thinking of France, until my driver paused, and the agglomeration of the multitude, and the appearance of the inevitable Poliseman of London, sufficiently informed us that we were at the entrance of the Industrial Palace.

Polisemen flank the left pillar of the gate surmounted by a vase, emblem of plenty; polisemen flank the right pillar decorated by a lion (this eternal Britannic lion, how his roars fatigue me; his tail does not frighten me; his eternal fanfaronnades regarding his courage makes me puff of to laugh!)—and as nothing is to be seen in England without undoing purse, a man at a wicket stops the influx of the curious, and the tide cannot pass the barrier except through the filter of a schilling.

O cursed schilling! He haunts me, that schilling. He pursues me everywhere. If a Frenchman has to produce his passport, there is no moment of the day when an Englishman must not produce his

schilling. I paid that sum, and was with others admitted into the barrier, and to pass the outer wall of the Great Exhibition.

When one enters, the sight that at first presents itself has nothing of remarkable—a court, two pavilions on either side, a château, to the door of which you approach by steps of no particular height or grandeur: these were the simple arrangements which it appears that the Britannic genius has invented for the reception of all people of the globe.

I knock in the English fashion—the simple baronnet gives but one knock, the postman, officer of the Government, many and rapid strokes, the Lord Mayor knocks and rings. I am but the simple baronnet, and Sir Gobemouche wishes to be thought no more singular than Sir Brown or Sir Smith.

Two pages—blond children of Albion—their little coats, it being spring-time, covered with a multiplicity of buds—fling open the two beatings of the door, and I enter the little ante-hall.

I look up—above me is an azure dome like the vault ethereal, silver stars twinkle in its abysses, a left-hand lancing thunderbolt is above us—I read above, in characters resembling the lightning—"*Fille de l'orage*" in our own language, and "Symbolium of all Nations" in English.

Is the daughter of the tempest then the symbol of all nations? Is the day's quiet the lull after yesterday's storm? Profound moralist, yes,—it is so—we enter into repose through the initiation of the hurricane—we pass over the breakers and are in the haven!

This pretty moral conveyed in the French language, the world's language, as a prelude to the entertainment—this solemn antechamber to the Palace of the World, struck me as appropriate as sublime. With a beating heart I ascend further steps—I am in the world's vestibule.

What do I see around me? Another magnificent allegory. The cities of the world are giving each other the hand—the Tower of Pisa nods friendly to the Wall of China—the Pont Neuf and the Bridge of Sighs meet and mingle arches—Saint Paul, of London, is of accord with his brother Saint Peter of Rome—and the Parthenon is united with the Luqsor Obelisk, joining its civilisation to the Egyptian mysteries, as the Greek philosophers travelled to Egypt of old;—a great idea this—greatly worked out, in an art purposely naïve, in a design expressly confused.

From this vestibule I see a staircase ascending, emblazoned with the magic hieroglyphics, and strange allegoric images. In everything that the Briton does lurks a deep meaning—the vices of his nobility, the quarrels of his priests, the peculiarities of his authors are here

dramatised :—a Pope, a Cardinal appear among fantastic devils—the romancers of the day figure with their attributes—the statesmen of the three kingdoms with their various systems—fiends, dragons, monsters, curl and writhe through the multitudinous hieroglyphic, and typify the fate that perhaps menaces the venomous enemies that empoison the country.

The chambers of this marvellous Palace are decorated in various styles, each dedicated to a nation. One room flames in crimson and yellow, surmounted by a vast golden sun, which you see, in regarding it, must be the Chamber of the East. Another, decorated with stalactites and piled with looking-glass and eternal snow, at once suggests Kamschatka or the North Pole. In a third apartment, the Chinese dragons and lanterns display their fantastic blazons ; while in a fourth, under a canopy of midnight stars, surrounded by waving palm-trees, we feel ourselves at once to be in a primeval forest of Brazil, or else in a scene of fairy—I know not which ;—the eye is dazzled, the brain is feverous, in beholding so much of wonders.

Faithful to their national economy, of what, think you, are the decorations of the Palace ?—Of calico !—Calico in the emblematic halls, Calico in the Pompadour boudoirs, Calico in the Chamber of the Sun—Calico everywhere. Indeed, whither have not the English pushed their cottons ? their commerce ? Calico has been the baleful cause of their foreign wars, their interior commotions. Calico has been the source of their wealth, of their present triumphant condition, perhaps of their future downfall ! Well and deeply the decorators of the Palace meditated when they decorated its walls with this British manufacture.

Descending, as from a vessel's deck, we approach a fairy park, in which the works of art bud and bloom beside the lovely trees of Spring. What green pelouses are here ! what waving poplars ! what alleys shaded by the buds and blossoms of Spring ! Here are *parterres* blooming with polyanthuses and coloured lamps ; a fountain there where Numa might have wooed Egeria. Statues rise gleaming from the meadow ; Apollo bends his bow ; Dorothea washes her fair feet ; Esmeralda sports with her kid. What know I ? How select a beauty where all are beautiful ? how specify a wonder where all is miracle ?

In yon long and unadorned arbour, it has been arranged by the English (who never do anything without rosbif and half-and-half) that the nations of the world are to feast. And that vast building situated on the eastern side of the pelouse, with battlemented walls and transparent roof, is the much-vaunted Palace of Crystal ! Yes ; the roof is of crystal, the dimensions are vast,—only the articles to be exhibited

have not been unpacked yet; the walls of the Palace of Crystal are bare.

"That is the Baronial Hall of all Nations," says a gentleman to me—a gentleman in a flowing robe and a singular cap whom I had mistaken for a Chinese or an enchanter. "The hall is not open yet, but it will be inaugurated by the grand Sanitary dinner. There will be half-a-crown dinners for the commonalty, five-shilling dinners for those of mediocre fortune, ten-shilling dinners for gentlemen of fashion like Monsieur. Monsieur, I have the honour to salute you."—And he passes on to greet another group.

I muse, I pause, I meditate. Where have I seen that face? Where noted that mien, that cap? Ah, I have it! In the books devoted to gastronomic regeneration, on the flasks of sauce called Relish. This is not the Crystal Palace that I see,—this is the rival wonder—yes, this is the Symposium of all Nations, and yonder man is Alexis Soyer!

GOBEMOUCHE.

(*May* 1851.)

THE CHARLES THE SECOND BALL.

SINCE the announcement of the Costume Ball a good deal of excitement has been prevalent about the Court regarding it. It is known that Charles the Second used to feed ducks in Saint James's Park, and it is thought that this amusement of the Merry Monarch is harmless, and may be repeated on the present festive occasion. Rewards have been offered at the Lord Chamberlain's Office for a means of keeping the ducks awake till twelve o'clock at night.

We hear that some Duchesses decline altogether to assume the characters of their namesakes in the time of Charles the Second; and that the Dukes, their husbands, perfectly agree in this spirited decision.

For the same reason as their Graces', the parts of Maids of Honour are not in much request. But for the character of Catherine Hyde, who married the heir to the throne, there are numberless proposals among the young ladies of the polite world.

For the character of the Duke of Buckingham (of Charles the Second's time), who kicked down a grand fortune without being able to account for it, we hear a great number of noblemen named; among others, Lord Addlestone, Lord Muddlehead, and the Lord Viscount Wildgoose.

The young gentlemen about Downing Street are reading the "Biographie Universelle," and acquiring a surprising fund of historical knowledge. Young Tapely, old Tapely's son, who is eighteen, and has just entered the Foreign Office, proposes to appear as Colbert: whom Guttleton admires, not as a Minister, but as inventor of Colbert soles. Vander Souchey, of the Dutch Legation, announced at the Club that he would go as the Pensionary de Witt. "Behold de miracle instead of de witt," said Flicflac; and added, that Count Narcissi (the envoy from Pumpernickel) had best assume this character, because the women are always tearing him to pieces.

General the Earl of Slowgo (who does his best to be an F. M.) has just been credibly informed that a work exists—a remarkable work—although a light work he may almost say a biographical work—relative to the times of Charles the Second, called "Pepys' Diary," and purporting to be edited by a member of their lordships' House, the Lord Viscount Braybrooke.

General Slowgo has, therefore, presented his compliments to Lord Viscount Braybrooke, and requests to know if the Viscount has edited the work in question? Should his lordship's reply be in the affirmative, General Lord Slowgo will write to the Librarian of the British Museum, to know: 1st. Whether the work entitled "Pepys' Memoirs" be in the Library of the British Museum? 2nd. Whether that work contains an authentic account of the reign of his late Majesty King Charles the Second? 3rd. Whether the Librarian of the British Museum can bring the volume, if a rare one, to Slowgo House? and, 4th. If not, whether, and at what time, General the Earl of Slowgo can consult the work in question at the British Museum?

The two little Miss Budds (who go about with Lady Crabb) have had another contemporary work lent to them by their cousin Rowley, and are busy reading Grammont's "Memoirs." When Lady Crabb heard that her wards were reading history, she was highly pleased, and observed that she has no doubt the volume is instructive, as the family of Grammont is one of the highest in France. The Miss Budds say the book is—very instructive.

Miss Grigg, who is exceedingly curious in books and antiquarianism, has come upon some surprising illustrative passages in her papa's library, in the works of Wycherley and Sir C. Sedley, and in Suckling's poems.

Colonel Sir Nigel M'Asser, who has the largest and blackest whiskers not only in the Horse Guards Green, but (with the exception of one sapper, now at the Cape of Good Hope) in the British Army, when he heard that whiskers were not worn in the time of Charles the Second, and that gentlemen would be expected to shave, instantly

applied for leave of absence; and, if that is refused, he will send in his papers.

Lady Rosa Twentystone and her daughters have been to Hampton Court, and taken careful note of the Lelys there. But when they came down to dinner in the dresses which they had prepared, and rehearsed the part before Mr. Twentystone, he ordered the whole family up to their rooms, and the dinner to be covered, until they were.

"Lady Rosa is so delightful," Varges says, that he thinks one "can't see too much of her."

Lord Viscount Methuselah has put himself into the hands of new artists, and will appear with the cheeks, hair, and teeth of twenty. He has selected the character of Lord Rochester, and has sent a request to the Lord Chamberlain that he may be allowed to make his *entrée* into the ball through a window and up a rope-ladder.

Lord Hulkington hopes to be able to get into a page's dress which he wore once in private theatricals at the Princess of Wales's Court at Naples in 1814; and the ladies of his family are busy (for his lordship, since he came into his fortune, is become very economical) in trying to enlarge it.

Lady Howlbury expects to make a great sensation, and not at a large expense; having attired herself and daughters each in a curtain of the State bed at Ivybush, under which Charles the Second passed three days after the battle of Worcester.

If the Lord Mayor is invited with his suite, the City Marshal, of course, will go as Marshal Tureen.

Lord Tom Noddington was much surprised when he heard that Charles the Second had been up a tree, and always thought that he ran for the Oaks. His opinion was that Charles the Second had had his head cut off, just before his son, James the First, came into this country, from Scotland—where Lord Tom goes shooting every year. Mr. Bland Varges, who is the most notorious wag at Spratt's, said that as Tom Noddington had no head himself, he had better go as the Marquis of Montrose—after his decapitation. Tom Noddington said he would be hanged if he went as Montrose, which Varges said was more and more in character. Lord Tom said he didn't know. He knew that he had shot the Duke's country, and hoped to shoot there again; and he thought "it was devilish dangerous, begad, in those confounded levelling times, by Jove, for fellas to go about saying that other fellas had their heads cut off; and that sort of thing, begad, might put bad ideas into other fellas' heads, and radical fellas, and dam republican fellas." Mr. Varges said that Lord Tom needn't be afraid about *his* head, and that if he lost it he wouldn't miss it; on which Tom Noddy said that Varges was always chaffing him.

Lord Addlestone—when his librarian informed him he had heard that Louis the Fourteenth as a young man wore a periwig powdered with gold-dust—has hit upon a brilliant thought of his own, and ordered that his wig shall not only be powdered with gold, but that he will have a *papillote* of banknotes.

If these are scarce, as his steward informs him, his lordship's man is directed to use promissory notes bearing his lordship's valuable signature.

The young officers of the Eclectic Regiments, horse and foot Cornets and Lieutenant-Captains with ten shillings per diem of pay, are greatly gratified at the idea of having to pay forty pounds a piece for their wigs at the Ball.

It is said that a venerable Prelate of a Western Diocese is going to represent all the seven recusant Bishops of James's time at once; and Cardinal de Retz, who had a genius for conspiracies, fights, rows, and hot water in general, has a representative in Golden Square, with a hat and costume ready bought and paid for.

Ensign and Lieutenant Tipton, of the Coolstreams, says that he intends to take Marlborough's part as a young man, for he is very good-looking, is as poor as a rat, and ready to borrow money of any woman who will lend it.

(*May* 1851.)

PANORAMA OF THE INGLEEZ.

(*From the "Beyrout Banner," "Joppa Intelligencer," and "Jerusalem Journal."*)

THE renowned and learned Sage and Doctor of Beyrout, the excellent Hadjee Aboo Bosh, has just returned to his beloved country from his wonderful travels in distant lands, having visited most of the cities and people of Franghistan. He is familiar with all languages, and has deeply studied the customs and manners of the Infidels. He has caused skilful limners amongst them, at the expense of many millions of piastres, to paint pictures representing the chief towns of the Franks; which works are so wonderful, lifelike, and resembling nature, that true Believers, without leaving the cushion of repose, or the pipe of meditation, may behold the towns of Europe presented before them, and have the mountains to come to them which would not advance in former ages, no, not even to meet the Prophet.

The famous and skilful Hadjee has arranged, near the Bazaar by the Rope-makers' quarter, in the large vacant hall formerly occupied by the baths of El Thawer, a vast chamber, in which he exhibits

the wonders which he has brought from foreign countries. Having paid money to a negro at the door, you are introduced through obscure passages into a chamber as dark as Gehenna, and into a place which they call a pit, where you sit in expectant terror, before an awful curtain, lighted but by a few faint lamps.

Many of the stoutest Agas and Effendis in Beyrout entered this gloomy apartment, not without awe. The women of the hareem of Papoosh Pasha were placed in a box, guarded by a gilt cage ; as were the ladies of the establishment of Bluebeard Bey, and the three wives of the Grand Mollah. Women's curiosity, indeed, will go anywhere. As the poet has sung—

"There is no secret so dark, but the eye of Zutulbe will penetrate it.
There is no tangled skein, but the finger of Leila will unravel it.
There is no lock so cunning, but the crooked nose of the old hag Fatima will pick it."

—Indeed a vast audience of the officers, lords, and topping merchants of Beyrout were present to behold the Aboo Bosh's wonderful pictures.

Before the curtain drew aside, and our eyes were dazzled, our ears were diverted by a dexterous slave, who executes the barbarous music of Europe, and the favourite songs of the unbelievers, by merely turning the handle of a small chest, called a Hurridee Gurridee. The handle operates upon a number of bulbuls who are confined within the box, each of whom at his signal comes forward and pipes in his turn. One sings the hymn of the French Feringhees ; he is called the Parees Yenn : when he is tired, another warbles the war-song of the Ingleez ; he is called the Roolbretawnia : this over, a third nightingale begins to pipe the delicious love-song of the Yangkees, who are a kind of Ingleez, and the name of this song-bird is Yankeedoodool. The sweetest of all the songs is this, and fills the heart with delight.

When the birds are tired, he who turns the handle of the box stops turning, and the music ceases with a melancholy wail. And then, as in a blaze of splendour, the pictures begin to pass before the astonished beholders.

The City represented yesterday was the City of Lundoon, which lies upon a river called the Tameez : over which are twenty thousand bridges, each twenty hundred parasangs in length, and to which there come daily a hundred thousand ships.

In one quarter of Lundoon, during the winter months, it is always night. It is illuminated, however, with fire, which gushes out of the bowels of the earth, and affords a preternatural brilliancy. This quarter is called Stee ; twenty thousand carriages rush thither every minute, each carriage holding forty persons : the drivers and grooms crying out "Stee, Stee!" In this quarter the shroffs and principal

merchants reside. The palace of the Lord Cadi is here, and each ward of the City has an Elderman : who becomes Cadi in his turn. They are all fat in this district, drinking much of an intoxicating liquor made of citrons and rakee, called Panj or Poonj, and eating of a stew of tortoises, of which they take many platefuls. Aboo Bosh owned to having tasted and liked the stew, but about the liquor he was silent.

After seeing the Merchants' quarter the view changed, and exhibited to us the great Mosque of Paul, whereof the dome is almost as high as Mount Lebanon. The faithful pay two paras to enter this Mosque ; which sum goes to the support of the dervishes. Within, it is surrounded by white images of captains, colonels, and effendis ; whose figures show that the Ingleez were but an ill-favoured people. I then court is an image of a beloved queen : the people say, "Queen Anne is dead," and tear their beards to this day, so much do they love her memory.

The next view was that of the building in which the Councillors and men of law of the kingdom meet for their affairs. In all Stambool there is not such a palace. It is carved without, and gilt within. The Chambers of Council are endless : the chair of the queen is a treasure of splendour ; and Aboo Bosh says, that when she comes in state, and surrounded by her vizeers, this intrepid sovereign of an island race, that governs provinces more vast and distant than Serendib and Hind, always carries in her arms three lions. But the Hadjee did not see the Queen of the Ingleez, and I doubt of this story.

Besides the Mosque of Paul, there is the Mosque of Peter, whereof we likewise saw a view. All religions are free in this country, but only one is paid. Some dervishes shave the top of their heads, some tighten a piece of white cloth round their necks, all are dressed in black—we saw pictures of these, as also of the common people, the carriages, the Queen's janissaries in scarlet, with silver caps on their heads, and cuirasses made of a single diamond. These giants are all ten feet high : their officers fifteen : it is said that each consumes a sheep, and drinks a barrel of wine in the day.

Aboo then showed us the triumphal arch, near to the house of Wellingtoon Pasha, who has but to look from his window and see his own image on horseback. Ten thousand images of Wellingtoon are placed about the town, besides : the English being so proud of him because he conquered the French Jeneral Boonapoort. But lovers of poetry know the opinion of the bard :—

"The victory is not always with the bravest : nor the robe of honour given to him who deserves most.
An eagle is shot down, and a leopard runs away with the spoil."

Near this is the Maidaun, where the young Lords and Agas ride, with nymphs as beautiful as those of Paradise, arrayed in tight-fitting robes, and smiling from prancing chargers.

And now came a buzz of wonder in the crowd, and outcries of delight from the women's boxes, which made the eunuchs move about briskly with their rattans, when the wonderful picture dawned upon us, representing the prodigious Castle of Crystal and pavilion of light.

It is many miles long, and in height several furlongs. It is built of rock crystal and steel, without putty, wood, bricks, or nails. On the walls are flags, in number one hundred and seventy-eight thousand. We said "Praise to Allah!" when we saw the scarlet standard, with the crescent and star of our august master, Abdul Medjid.

This palace was built in a single night by an enchanter named Paxtoon. This wonderful man possesses all the secrets of nature; he can make a melon in ten minutes grow as big as a camel, a rose spread out before your eyes to the size of an umbrella. Lately, in a convent of dervishes, he caused in one evening a cabbage to grow so big, that after hearing a sermon from one of their Mollahs, who got up into the boughs, axes were brought, the plant was felled, and the whole community dined off it; several bursting with repletion, so delicious was the food. This was told Aboo Bosh by a Mollah of Birmingham, a twisting dervish, who had seen many wonders.

Having seen the exterior of this Hall of Light, Aboo Bosh now showed to us the wondrous interior. All the treasures of the world are there, surely. Ten hundred and ten thousand persons come thither daily, and they all go first to see the saddles and embroidery from Beyrout. What arcades of splendour! what fountains! what images! The tallest trees grow in this palace. The birds cannot fly to the roof: it is so high. At one end is a place where travellers are served with cakes and sherbet by ravishing houris, with moon faces. O Aboo! O Hadjee, I suspect that Fatima, your one-eyed wife, has not heard the end of those tales! What says the poet?—

> "The best part of the tale is often that which is not told.
> A woman's truth is like the cloth the Armenian sells you in the bazaar: he always cribs a portion of it."

And now, having spent several hours in examining this picture, the bulbul-box was again set in motion, and the greatest curiosity of all was represented to us. This is an Ingleez family of distinction, whom Aboo Bosh has brought with him, and who will be exhibited every day at three hours before, and three hours after sunset. But the account of their strange behaviour shall be reserved for the next Intelligence.

AN INGLEEZ FAMILY.

ALL along, the Exhibition was explained to us by a Frank Interpreter, who understands perfectly our language.

Among the Ingleez, he said, men are allowed but one wife: a hard case, O Agas! for these poor women; for, as the bard has remarked—

"When I am in a queer temper, in my hareem, I may beat Zuleika with my slipper, but I smile upon Leila and Zutulbe.

"When Leila's fatness becomes disagreeable, then Zutulbe's leanness commences to be pleasing.

"When both annoy me, then little Zuleika resumes her reign; for strawberries ripen at one season of the year, at another time figs, at another time water-melons. But always strawberries would be wearisome: as to hear bulbuls all day would cause one to yawn.

"Man takes delight in variety, as the bee sips of a thousand flowers."

So, for any poor creature to be subject always to the caprices of one man, is cruel on her; as to compel one man to have but one wife, as amongst the Ingleez, is a tyranny unheard of amongst civilised nations like our own; and we may thank our stars that we do not live in Lundoon, but Beyrout.

If all the old women among the Ingleez are no better-looking than the one whom Aboo Bosh showed to us, I do not envy the elderly gentlemen of that nation, and can quite understand their habitual ill-humour.

In the first part of the play appeared this old woman, the Khanum of the house, or "Misseez," as the Interpreter says she is called; her two daughters, Lola and Lota; her son, the young Aga; and the father of the family, called Brown Effendi.

Brown Effendi is fifty-five or -six years old; he is tall and of a portly shape, and, like all the elderly Ingleez, is bald: nor has he the decency to cover his baldness with a couple of caps, as we do, but appears with his shining pate without any shame.

His wife is two or three years younger; they must have been married these thirty years: no wonder that they quarrel together, and that the Effendi is tired of such an old hag!

The Interpreter explains that it is the beginning of the day. A table is set out, covered with a snowy damask cloth, with urns and vases of silver for tea, cups of porcelain, one for each of the family, bits of roasted bread, hot cakes, meat, honey, and butter. This meal the Ingleez of distinction take in common. An Effendi often does not behold his family (always excepting the old hag of a wife) except at that hour.

"Before the girls come down, and you go away to the Stee, Mr. Brown," says the Misseez, "will you have the goodness to give me some money? Look at these bills."

"Jehannum take the bills!" roars out Brown, rising up and stamping. "Can't you let a man read his newspaper in quiet?"

O Allah! read his newspaper in quiet! It is an immense sheet, as big as the Capitan Pasha's mainsail. I should think it has as many letters and lines as the Koran itself. The Interpreter says, every Ingleez reads a paper every morning—it is called in their language *El Tims*—from beginning to end, every day, before going out. Praise be to Heaven that we live in Beyrout!

"Well, don't swear at a woman, Mr. B.," she says. "Don't swear when the children and servants are coming in. How can I help it, if the house is expensive? I lived in a better before I came to yours. My mamma——"

"Confound your mamma! How much is it?" says Brown Effendi; and drawing a paper from his pocket-book, he writes an order to his shroff to pay so much money.

The daughters now come in—there was a great sensation among us, especially in that rogue who sat by me, Poof Allee, who is always on the look-out for almond eyes. These virgins were young and fair, of fine shapes seemingly, wearing a sort of loose gowns buttoned up to the neck, with little collars and little caps, with little ribbons; their cheeks pale, their eyes heavy—nevertheless, comely damsels, that would fetch a round sum of piastres in the market.

"Why don't you come sooner?" growls the father.

"They were at Lady Polk's, at Mrs. Walls's, and were not home till four: the girls must have sleep, Mr. B."

"Why do they go to those confounded balls?" asks Brown Effendi. The Interpreter explains that a ball is a dance where many hundred women assemble.

"They ought to be in bed at ten," growls the housefather.

"We *do* go to bed at ten when there is nothing at night, Papa," says the eldest. "We couldn't live if we didn't go to sleep on the off nights."

"You don't wish them not to go in the world, I suppose, Mr. B.? You don't wish them not to get establishments? You don't suppose it is for *my* pleasure that I go about night after night with these poor things, whilst you are drinking with your male friends, or at your clubs!" (The Interpreter explains that a Club is the Coffee-house of the Ingleez: they sit there smoking until late hours.) "You don't suppose that *I* go to dance?"

Brown Effendi burst into a laugh. "*You* dance, Polly!" says he "Do I suppose the cow jumped over the moon?"

"I wish Papa wouldn't use those expressions," says Miss Lola to Miss Lota.

Papa now sits with his face buried in *El Tims*, and when he has read it (only in this Exhibition, or play, of course, the actor did not read the whole of the immense sheet, or we should have sat till night)—this labour over, and his breakfast done, he goes away to Stee.

"That is the commencement of the day with thousands of English Effendis in Lundoon," the Interpreter explains. "He rises at eight. He shaves. He meets his family: kisses them, but rarely speaks, except to swear a little, and find fault. He reads through *El Tims*. He gives money to the Khanum. He goes to the Stee: where his counting-house or office of business is, and which is often a long way from his house. He goes on foot, while his wife has a chariot."

"That I can understand," says Poof Allee. "A man will not allow his womankind to go out except in an aroba, guarded by the slaves. Even an unbeliever is not such a fool as *that*."

"You are in error, O Effendi," said the Interpreter. "The women are free to go whithersoever they please. They wear no veils. They go about the City unprotected, save by a male servant, and even he is not necessary. They frequent the shops, and bazaars, and public gardens. I have seen ten thousand in the Spring-time basking in the gardens of Kensington."

"O my eyes! I will go there," said Poof Allee, stroking his beard, that sly rogue.

"They are to be seen everywhere," continues the Interpreter, "and at home, too, receive men into their houses."

"This, I suppose, is one," remarked a looker-on. "He is splendid; he is tall; he has richly-carved buttons on his coat. He takes up the silver urn. Is this an officer of the Sultaun?"

"That? That is a servant," said the Dragoman. "He is bringing breakfast for the young Effendi, who comes down later than the rest of the family."

"That," cried Poof Allee, "a servant? Why, he is a pearl of beauty. He is a Roostum. He is strong, tall, young, and lovely. Does an old Ingleez allow such an Antar as that to walk about in his hareem? Psha! friend Interpreter, you are joking."

"It is even so, sir," said the Dragoman. "So strange is the pride of certain classes of the Ingleez, and so barbarous—blasphemous, I had almost said—their notions with regard to rank, that the aristocracy among the Ingleez take no more account of the persons below them, than your honour does of the black slave-boy who fills your pipe. And of late, one of the lootees—or buffoons among the Ingleez—acquired no small share of popularity, and received

from his bookseller ten thousand pieces of gold, for a book of jests, in which a servant was made the principal hero, and brought to live among Lords and Agas—the point of the jest being, that the servant was made to feel like a man."

Here came in the young actor, who, the Interpreter said, represented the son of the house. He drawled into the apartment, nodded languidly to his sisters, kissed his mother's forehead, and sank into the vacant chair by his sisters.

He called to the servant. "John!" he said, "pale ale!"

"My love!" said the mamma.

"Tell the cook to devil some dam thing," continued the youth.

"My darling!" said the old lady.

"Hot coppers, ma'am!" said the young man, pulling a little tuft of hair on his chin. "Keep sad hours—know I do. Out on the crawl till five o'clock this morning. Last thing I weckolect, shandy-gaff."

"You'll kill yourself, child," cried Mamma.

"So much the better for brother Dick. Youth is the season of enjoyment. O dam! what a headache I've got! 'Gather ye roses while ye may.' Youth is the season of pleasure."

"What sort of pleasure?" asked one of the sisters.

"Well—I think it was with two cabmen off the stand, at Bob Cwoft's," said the young man. "It's not very good fun, but it's better than those dam balls that you go to every night. Here comes the breakfast."

And the curtain-bell ringing, the first part of the entertainment was over.

During the interval, the Interpreter continued to explain to us the manners and customs of this queer people: and the curtain again rising, showed us a view of the Queen's Palace (before which there is a figure of a Lion and Unicorn, which makes one die of laughing); the Courts of Justice, the Castle of Windsor, which seems, indeed, a pavilion of splendour in a rose-garden of delight; and an immense hole bored under the sea, the dark appearance of which made poor Poof Allee shudder. And now, having seen the Ingleez in the morning, and heard how the men pass the day in their offices and counting-houses, the women in the shops buying, in their carriages, in the gardens, visiting one another, and receiving company at home, —the Dragoman said, "We shall show them as they are dressed of an evening, expecting visitors for the evening."

The curtain drew up. Brown Effendi was now dressed with a white band round his neck, that made his eyeballs start out of his head, and his red face blaze like the standard of the Sultan. Mrs.

Brown appeared so changed since the morning, that you would not know her, and Poof Allee (that rogue) said, "O my eyes! the old woman to-night looks quite young, and I always liked a stout woman." They stood one on each side of the fireplace—the Interpreter said, in the attitude of receiving dinner company.

Schaun, the servant, came in with a note on a silver salver.

"It's from Wagg," said Brown Effendi. "D—n him! he says he's ill; but he's asked by a lord, and has thrown us over. Take away one cover, John."

How splendidly attired now is this Schaun! His costume of the morning is nothing to that which he now wears. A white coat barred with gold lace; a waistcoat of red and gold; shulwars of plush, the colour of buttercups—and has he grown grey since the morning? No, he has put powder into his hair. He is beautiful to behold; a peacock is not finer.

And now, who enter? Who are these two houris? Who are these moon-faced ones, with the lustrous ringlets, the round arms, the shining shoulders? The heart beats to behold them. Poof Allee's eyes brighten with rapture. They are the damsels of the morning, Lola and Lota.

"This is the habit of Ingleez damsels," says the Interpreter, with rather a sly look. "All day they cover themselves up, but at night, because it is cold, they go with very little clothes. They are now going to dinner; they will then go to a concert; they will then drive to a ball or dance."

"But a ball, of course, only amongst women?" said his Excellency Papoosh Pasha, Governor of Beyrout, who was smoking his kaboon in a box near the stage.

"Among women, excellent sir! There are men, too. If there were no men, the women would stay at home. This is the way that the Ingleez——"

"Silence, shameless!" roared out his excellency. "Kislar Beg! Carry my women home this moment. Stop the Exhibition. All the principles of morality are violated. Women in that dress show themselves to men? Never! or if they do, it can only be among barbarians, and such a fact must not be known in a civilised country. Hadjee Aboo Bosh! this part of the Exhibition must be no more represented under pain of the bastinado." And his excellency flung out of the room in a passion, and the Exhibition ended abruptly.

As for Poof Allee—that rogue—he has gone off to England by the last Peninsular and Oriental steamer.

(*September and October* 1851.)

POOR PUGGY.

THOSE who know Topham Sawyer, the accomplished young Earl of Swellmore, are aware that under a mask of languor and levity he hides considerable powers of acuteness and observation. His letters are much prized, not only amongst the friends of his own rank, but by his Bohemian acquaintances in the *coulisses*. Of a sarcastic turn, he is yet not without a natural benevolence; has cultivated his talents and his good qualities in secret, and as if he was ashamed of them; and not blameless, alas! in his life, he is correct, even to fastidiousness, in his spelling—in this affording an example to many of the younger nobility; and may be pardoned some of his bitterness, which may be set to the account of his well-known disappointment two years since (when he was, as yet, but the penniless and Honourable Topham Sawyer), when the lovely Lady Barbara Pendragon, daughter, we need scarcely state, of the Marquess of M–ngelw–rzelshire, threw him over, and married the Roman Prince Corpodibacco, nephew of the Cardinal of that name. Trifles from the pens of the great are always acceptable in certain circles; and the following extract of a letter from Lord Swellmore to his intimate and noble friend the Marquess of Macassar, though on a trifling subject, will be read not without interest by those who admire our country's institutions. The noble Earl, whilst waiting at his Club to see Messrs. Aminadab and Nebuchadnezzar on pecuniary business, having promised to write to the Marquess of Macassar at Paris (indeed, concerning bills of exchange, on which both the noble Lords are liable), dashed off a letter, partly on private affairs, and concluding with the following lively passages:—

I sit here, my dear Macass, and see the people go by to the Exhibition. It's better than going there. *Suave mari magno:* you see the ocean devilish well from the shore. You're only sick if you go to sea. I wish they'd give us a smoking-room fronting Piccadilly. Why don't the new men who have been building, have smoking-rooms to the street? I like those fellows at Brighton who sit on the cliff, in a ground-floor room, smoking—after dinner—having nuts and port wine at three o'clock on Sundays. I saw a fellow there lately—his stout old wife went out to church—and there he sate, with his legs on the second chair, unbuttoned, and looking out of window with a jolly red face. I felt inclined to put my hand in and take a glass and say, "Your health, old boy!" His cigars smelt offensively, but I envied him rather—not that I envy anybody much, or pity anybody, or despise anybody, or admire anybody. I've nothing what you call to live for—now you have, Macass. You're very fond of your whiskers, and anxious about overcoming your waist. You have an aim, my boy, and a purpose in your existence;

coax your whiskers, and struggle manfully with your corporation, my poor old Macass, and thank your stars that you have these to interest you.

Here's a fellow who has had an object in life, too, it appears. I cut his advertisement out of the *Times*. It's a devilish deal better than the leading article.

DUTCH PUG FOR SALE—a very fine specimen of this almost extinct breed. He is one year and a half old, and very gay and lively, and is the *bonâ fide* property of a gentleman, who, from continued ill-health, is unable to keep him. Lowest price 30 guineas. No dealer need apply, either directly or indirectly. May be seen at Mr. Harridge's Forge, Pitt Street Mews, Park Lane.

Now, I say, here's something to excite your sympathy. An announcement more affecting than this can't well be imagined—a dog of an almost extinct breed, and the owner of that rare animal obliged, from continued ill-health, to part with him. Think, my dear Macass, of a tender and benevolent-minded man, his fine faculties overclouded by disease, fondly attached to his darling pug, yet seeing that between him and that beloved being a separation must come! The last interviews are now taking place between them: the last breakfasts: the last fricassee of chicken: the last saucers of cream; the little darling is now lapping them up, and licking the hand which shall soon pat its black nose no more. He is "gay and lively" now, the poor little beggar—quite unconscious of his coming fate—but eighteen months old—it's heart-rending. Ain't it?

What degree of ill-health is it, or what species of malady can it be, which obliges a gentleman to part from such a *bonâ fide* darling? This invalid's ill-health is "continuous," the advertisement says. Do the caresses of the pug increase his master's complaint? Does continued anxiety for the pretty favourite prevent the owner's return to strength, and must he wean himself from the little black-nosed, cock-tailed, cream-coloured innocent, as delicate mammas do from their babies? What a separation, *mon Dieu!* Poor Puggy! Poor poor Master!

Of course, he won't part with him to a dealer, directly or indirectly; no, no. Fancy a man's feelings, the separation over, at seeing Puggy some day in the Quadrant, in the red-waistcoat pocket of a dirty-looking blackguard, with six other dogs, and a wideawake hat! An invalid, as this gentleman is, couldn't stand such a sudden shock. He would be carried off to a chemist's; and we should hear of an inquest on a gentleman at the "White Bear." Puggy in the Quadrant—Puggy in the company of all sorts of low dogs, brought up in the worst habits, and barking in the vulgarest manner! Puggy, the once beautiful and innocent, in the Quadrant!—Oh don't—I can't bear the 'orrid thought!

But must a man be in high health to keep a Dutch pug? Does the care and anxiety incident on Dutch pug-keeping make a man of naturally robust habit ill and delicate? If so, it's most generous of the owner of the little Dutchman to warn the public. You pay thirty guineas—the very lowest price—you incur responsibility, infinite care, unrest, disease. You lose your peace of mind, and break your heart in cherishing this darling; and then you part

with him. You recollect what happened to the heroes in Homer, how they were made to dogs a prey. Here is a modern torn in pieces by a little pug.

A little Dutch pug, with a little turned-up black nose. And is there no other pretty possessor of a *nez retroussé*, which man coaxes and dandles, and feeds with cream and chicken, and which he parts with after a struggle? Ah, my good fellow! Ah, my dear Macassar! We are sad dogs! we are cynical! You take my allusion, and your knowledge of the world will enable you to understand the allegory of

Your affectionate

The Marquess of Macassar. SWELLMORE.

(*October* 1851.)

PORTRAITS FROM THE LATE EXHIBITION.

AS a popular contemporary has given a number of highly interesting portraits and biographies of gentlemen connected with the Exhibition, whose families and friends will naturally provide themselves with copies of their relatives' lives and countenances, Mr. PUNCH, ever anxious to benefit self and public, has it in contemplation to ornament his journal with

LIVES AND PORTRAITS OF THE EXHIBITORS

Who have not gained prizes at the Exposition of 1851.

And to this highly interesting class he strongly recommends his publication, of which, if but six copies weekly be taken by every Exhibitor, a decent remuneration cannot fail to attend the labours of Mr. P.

As specimens taken at hazard merely, Mr. PUNCH offers for the present week the following biographies and portraits.

Mr. Podgers is the eldest son, though the *third child*, of Major Podgers, of the Horse Marines, which he commanded, on the death of their Colonel, in the flotilla action in the Bay of Fundy. The Major married Bella, seventh daughter of Sir Muffton Wroggles, of Wrogglesby, Northamptonshire, in which county the old Saxon family of Wroggles, or Worogles, has been located since the days of Alfred. The Podgers family, though ancient, is not of such antiquity. Mr. Podgers received his elementary education under the care of the Reverend Doctor Grig, at Northampton, whence he was removed to Harrow-on-the-Hill, where he would have been a contemporary of Doctor Parr, Sir William Jones, Lord Byron, and Sir Robert Peel, had he been placed at this famous school while those eminent individuals were studying there. It does not appear that Master Podgers took any prizes at Harrow, any more than at the Exhibition of 1851; his genius, though useful, not being brilliant, and his powers of application being only trifling.

Mr. Podgers was removed from Harrow to Coppernose College, Oxford, in the year 18—, and here, though not distinguished for classical attainments, he was very near gaining the prize of valour in a single combat with a gigantic bargeman at Iffley Lock; but the *mariner* proved the better man, and an injury to Mr. Podgers's nose was the only permanent consequence of the rencontre.

It was not till 1823 that he inherited, by the demise of the gallant Major, his father, his estate of Hodgers-Podgers, Hants, where he now

SAMUEL PODGERS, ESQUIRE, EXHIBITOR IN THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT: AN IMPROVED SPUD, NOT IN THE LEAST NOTICED BY THE COMMITTEE.

resides, occupying himself with agricultural pursuits, and with hunting, although increasing years and weight have rather wearied him of that occupation. Mr. Podgers is a magistrate and a married man; the father (by Emily, daughter of the Reverend Felix Rabbits) of thirteen children.

His spud was invented towards the close of the year 1850, and it is unnecessary to particularise this invention, which has not been

found to answer better than, or indeed to differ greatly from, implements of a like simple nature.

Mr. Podgers's opinions as a politician are well known. Not noisy, he is consistent; and has been often heard to say, that if all England were like him, we should get Protection back again. England being of the contrary opinion, no such result is expected. He is three score years old, and weighs, we should think, a good fourteen stone ten.

Mrs. Glinders retained, by marrying her cousin, her own maiden and respectable name. Mr. Glinders, her father, has long been

MRS. FREDERICA GLINDERS, AUTHOR OF A COUNTERPANE.

known as a distinguished medical practitioner at Bath. Mr. Fitzroy Glinders, her husband, is a solicitor in that city.

In Bath, or its charming neighbourhood, the chief part of the existence of Mrs. Glinders has been passed. It was here that she contracted, in the year 1836, that matrimonial engagement with the Reverend Mr. Fiddlebury, which was so scandalously broken off by the Reverend Gentleman, who married Miss Bluff. The jury of an offended country awarded Miss Glinders 500*l.* for the damage thus done to her affections, which sum she brought as dowry to her cousin the (then) young Fitzroy Glinders, who conducted her case. Their union has been blessed with a considerable family, and indeed Mr. Glinders' *quiver* is so full of them that he has been obliged to take another pew at church.

The washerwoman of Bath has ever had a constant friend in Mrs. Glinders. The thoughtless chimney-sweep, the ignorant dog's-meat man of her own city have always been plentifully supplied by her with means for bettering their spiritual condition. The Caffres and Mandingoes have found her eager in their behalf.

The counterpane, sent for *previous* exhibition to the national Exposition, is intended finally as a present for the King of Quacco. It is woollen, striped blue and pink, with a rich fringe of yellow and pea-green. It occupied Mrs. Glinders two hundred and seventy-four evenings, and the prime cost of the wool was 17*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* For a web which was to pass under the eyes of her own sovereign, over the feet of another, though a benighted, monarch, Mrs. Glinders thought justly that expense was not to be regarded. She had fits on not finding her name in the prize list, and had even entertained an idea that Mr. Glinders would receive a public honour. But time and her own strong spirit will console Mrs. Glinders under these disappointments; and for the sake of her family and friends, it is to be hoped that she will be, in the words (slightly altered) of our immortal bard, "herself again."

Horatio Nelson Slamcoe was born in the New Cut, Lambeth, in the year when England lost her greatest naval hero. His mother, having witnessed the funeral procession of Trafalgar's conqueror, determined to bestow on her child, if a son, the glorious names ot the departed; hence, in due time, the two Christian names of the subject of this memoir. The parents of Mr. Slamcoe were in humble life; and for the eminence which he has subsequently acquired, he has to thank his genius rather than his education, which was neglected for the labours necessary to one whose own hands must work his own livelihood.

Well and skilfully, through five-and-thirty years, have the hands of Horatio Slamcoe toiled. Early taken under the roof of a tonsorial practitioner in the Waterloo Road, Mr. Slamcoe learned the rudiments of a trade which by him has been elevated to an art; for if to imitate beautiful Nature be Art, what man deserves the proud name of artist better than the elegant perruquier? At twenty-one years of age, Mr. Slamcoe had the honour of attending at L–mb–th Palace, with a wig, made by his young hands, and offered to a late reverend Prelate of our Church. Professor S. augured ill for Episcopacy when those ornaments of our dignified divines fell into desuetude.

As Napoleon crowned himself King and Emperor, so it was, we believe, that Horatio Slamcoe dubbed himself Professor. His inventions are known to the world, and their beneficent influence is exemplified in his own person. Before he ever attempted Continenta!

travel, his "Balsam of Bohemia" was discovered; just as America was discovered by Columbus before that philosophic Genoese put foot on shipboard. His Tuscan Dentifrice; his Carthaginian Hair-dye; his Fountain of Hebe, are world-celebrated cosmetics, without which (he says) no toilet is complete. They are to be procured at his establishment, "The College of Beauty," with the usual liberal allowance to the trade, who should beware of unprincipled imitators, only too eager to adopt the discoveries of the Professor.

That the Kalonaturæ, or Gent's Own Head of Hair, should have been unrewarded by a Medal, is one of those instances which cries shame on the awards of the Committee. Let us hope it was not a

PROFESSOR SLAMCOE:—"A KALONATURÆ," OR "SLAMCOE'S GENT'S OWN HEAD OF HAIR."

conspiracy on the part of *rival wig-makers* (enemies of Mr. Slamcoe through life) which defeated the object of his ambition. But if there be any individuals blighted like himself, whose hair turned white in a single night, as some men's has through disappointment, the Professor recommends to such his Carthaginian dye, which will prevent the world, at least, from *guessing* what ravages grief has caused, and manly pride would hide; though *it will scarcely* be credited, the Professor's *own* hair is indebted for its rich jelly colour *solely* to the Carthaginian discovery.

(*November* 1851.)

VERSES

VERSES.

THE FLYING DUKE.

"SAY, whose can yonder chariot be,
That thunders on so fast?
And who was he that sat within?
I marked him as he past."

"'Twas Arthur, Duke of Wellington,
Who in that chariot sat,
All in his martial cloak, and in
His proudly-plumed cocked-hat."

"Not Arthur, Duke of Wellington,
That poster fierce could be,
Nor yet a living nobleman:
Some Demon Duke is he."

"'Twas he—to Folkestone he is bound,
To town by rail to wend;
Wherefrom to Windsor he must hie,
A Council to attend."

With whizz and whistle, snort and puff,
The Duke is borne to town,
Nor stops until near London Bridge
The train hath set him down.

There waits a Brougham on Wellington;
To Apsley House he flies,
Whereat a messenger in red
Doth meet his grace's eyes.

"How now, thou scarlet messenger!
Thy tidings briefly tell."
"The Queen invites your grace to dine
To-morrow."
"Very well."

To Paddington by cab, to Slough
By steam—away, away!
To Windsor, thence, he goes by fly;
But there he must not stay—

For that his grace at Walmer hath
A tryst this night to keep;
And he hath warned his serving-men
He shall be back to sleep.

The Council's o'er; back posts his grace,
As fast as fast might be.
Hurrah! hurrah! well speeds the Duke—
He'll be in time for tea.

The morrow comes; again away
The noble Duke is gone
To Folkestone, and to London Bridge,
And thence to Paddington.

"Away, away to Paddington,
As fast as ye can drive;
'Twixt eight and nine the Queen doth dine:
Be there by half-past five."

Fast have they fled, right fleetly sped,
And Paddington is won.
"How, office-swain, about the train?"
"'Tis just this instant gone."

"Your grace, we just have missed the train,
It grieveth me to say."
"To Apsley House!" then cried the Duke,
"As quickly as you may."

The loud halloo of "Go it, you!"
Beneath the gas-light's glare,
O'er wood and stone they rattle on,
As fast as they can tear.

On, on they went, with hue and cry,
Until the Duke got home,
The axle-trees on fire well nigh,
The horses in a foam.

Out stepp'd the Duke, serene and cool,
And calmly went upstairs,
And donn'd the dress, the which, at Court,
He generally wears.

"Windsor I may not reach in time
To make my toilet there;
So thus the hour I will employ,
Which I, perforce, must spare.

"What is't o'clock?" "Your grace, near seven."
"Then bear me hence again;
And mark me—this time take good care
You do not miss the train."

Off, off again, the coachman drives,
With fury fierce and fell,
Mid whoop and shout from rabble rout,
And oath, and scream, and yell.

To right and left a way they cleft
Amid the bustling throng;
While, meteor-like, the carriage-lamps
Flash'd as they flew along.

Hurrah! Hurrah! the station's nigh.
"What ho, there! Shout amain!
Here comes the Duke, he's going down;
Give word to stop the train."

The engineer and stoker hear;
Duke Arthur takes his place;
Behold him now, on way to Slough,
Borne at a whirlwind's pace.

"At Slough who stops?" His grace out pops,
His ticket is resigned.
"To Windsor haste, like felon chased,
Or I shall be behind."

Off bounds the hack, while, far aback.
The night-hawk plies his wing;
The race is run, the Castle's won,
"Come, this is just the thing."

At half-past eight, for queens don't wait,
The noble guests appear
In banquet-hall; and of them all
The Duke brings up the rear.

MORAL.

"'Tis money," as the proverb says,
"That makes the mare to go."
The Duke has cash to cut a dash;
Would we could all do so!

(*November* 1843.)

MR. SMITH AND MOSES.

A VETERAN GENT, just stepped out of a boat,
In a tattered old hat and a ragged pea-coat,
Appeared at a shop whither many folks run,
And that was the Palace of Moses and Son.

A respectable dame with the mariner went,
Most likely the wife of this veteran gent,
And the eyes of the pair were excited with wonder on seeing the mansion of Moses and Son.

"I've look'd upon many a palace before,
But splendour like this, love, I never yet sor!"
This party exclaimed. "What a great sum of money it sure must have cost Messrs. Moses and Son!"

In the language of France his good lady replied,
"This house is well known through the universe wide;
And you, my dear Philip, to seed having run,
Had better refit with E. Moses and Son."

E. Moses stepped forth with a bow full of grace,
Inviting the couple to enter his place:
He thought they were poor—but the poor are not done,
And the rich are not fleeced by E. Moses and Son.

"What clothes can I serve you to-day, my good man?"
E. Moses exclaimed: "You shall pay what you can;
The peer or the peasant, we suit every one;
Republicans true are E. Moses and Son."

The pea-coated gent at that word made a start,
And looked nervously round at the goods of our mart:
"A vest, coat, and trousers, as soon as they're done,
I want, *s'il vous plaît*, Messieurs Moses and Son.

"I once was a king, like the monarch of Rome,
But was forced from my throne and came off in a Br——m;
And in such a great hurry, from P–r–s I run,
I forgot my portmanteau, dear Moses and Son."

"Dear sir," we exclaimed, "what a lucky escape!"
So one brought the patterns, another the tape;
And while with our patterns his "peepers" we stun,
The gent is quick measured by Moses and Son.

The clothes when complete we direct in a hurry—
"— Smith, Esquire, at Prince Leopold's, Claremont, in Surrey."
The cloth was first-rate, and the fit such a one
As only is furnished by Moses and Son.

As he paces the valley or roams in the grove,
All cry, "What a very respectable cove!"
How changed in appearance from him who late run
From Paris to refuge with Moses and Son.

Now who was this "veteran gent," sirs, E. Moses,
Although he may "guess," yet he never discloses.
Do you wish to know more, gents? if you do, why then run
To Aldgate and ask of E. Moses and Son.

(*March* 1848.)

THE FRODDYLENT BUTLER.

MR. PUNCH, Sir,—The abuv is the below ritten Pome, on a subjec of grate delicasy, wich as a butler, I feel it a disgrase to the cloth that any man calling hisself a butler, should go for to get wind on false pretences, and such wind (as reported in the papers of Tuesday last), from Richmond; and in justice to self and feller servants have expressed my feelins in potry, wich as you ave prevously admitted to your entertainin columns pomes by a futman (and also a pleaceman), I think you ave a right to find a plaice for a pome by a butler, wich I beg to subscribe myself your constant reder,

JOHN CORKS.

14 Lushington Pl... West, Belgravy.

IT'S all o' one John George Montresor,
And Briggs, Esquire, his master kind;
This retch, all for his privat plesure,
Did froddylently order wind.

To Mister Ellis, Richmond, Surrey,
Were Briggs, Esquire, he did reside,
This wicked John druv in a urry,
On June the fust and tenth beside.

And then, this mene and shabby feller
To Mister Ellis did remark,
Briggs ad gone out and took the cellar
Kee away across the Park;

And cumpny comeng on a suddent,
Ad stayed to dine with Missis B.,
Whereby in course the butler cooden't
Get out the wind without the kee.

So Missis B. she would be werry
Much obliged if e'd send in
Arf a dozen best brown sherry,
And single bottel 'Ollans gin.

But this was nothink but a story as
This wicked butler went and told,
Whereby for nothink to get glorious,
Wich so he did, and grew more bold.

Until, at last grown more audashus,
He goes and orders, wat d'ye think?
He goes and orders, goodness grashus,
Marsaly, wind no gent can drink.

It wasn't for his private drinkin—
For that he'd Briggses wine enuff—
But, wen the sherry bins was sinkin
He filled 'em with this *nasty stough*.

And Briggs, Esquire, at is own tabel
(To rite such things my art offends)
Might ave to drink, if he was abul,
Marsaly wind, hisself and frends!

But praps John ne'er to tabel brort it,
And used it in the *negus* line;
Or praps the raskal, when he bort it,
Knew Briggs was not a judge of wind.

At all ewents, all thro' the seson
This villin plaid these orrid games.
For butlers to commit such treson,
I'm sure it is the wust of shames.

But masters, tho soft, has there senses,
And roges, tho sharp, are cotcht at last;
So Briggs, Esquire, at last commenses
To find his wind goes werry fast.

Once, when the famly gev a party,
Shampain, in course, the bankwet crown'd
And Briggs, Esquire, so kind and arty,
He ordered John to and it round.

No wind in general's drunk more quicker,
But now his glass no gent would drane;
When Briggs, on tastin, found the licker
Was British arf-a-crown Shampain!

That they'd not drink it was no wunder,
A dredful look did Briggs assoom,
And ordered, with a voice of thunder,
The retched butler from the room.

Then, rushin edlong to the cellar,
  Regardless if he broke is shins,
He found wot tricks the wicked feller
  Had been a playin with the binns.

Of all his prime old sherry, raelly
  There wasent none to speke of there,
And Mr. Ellis's Marsaly
  Was in the place the sherry were.

Soon after that the wicked feller's
  Crimes was diskivered clear and clene,
By the small akount of Mr. Ellis,
  For lickers, twenty pound fifteen.

And, not content with thus embezzlin
  His master's wind, the skoundrel had
The Richmond tradesmen all been chizzlin,
  An' a doin' every think that's bad.

Whereby on Toosday, Janwry thirty,
  As is reported in the *Times*,
He wor ad up for his conduc dirty,
  And dooly punished for his crimes.

So masters, who from such base fellers
  Would keep your wind upon your shelves,
This int accept—If you ave cellars,
  Always to mind the kee yourselves.

(*February* 1849.)

"SNOB" AND "PROSER"

PAPERS

(NOT PREVIOUSLY REPRINTED)

"SNOB" AND "PROSER" PAPERS

(NOT PREVIOUSLY REPRINTED.)

ON LITERARY SNOBS.

IN A LETTER FROM "ONE OF THEMSELVES" TO MR SMITH, THE CELEBRATED PENNY-A-LINER.

MY DEAR SMITH,—Of the many indignant remonstrants who have written regarding the opinion expressed in the last lecture, that there were no Snobs in the Literary Profession, I have thought it best to address you personally, and, through you, the many gentlemen who are good enough to point out instances of literary characters whom they are pleased to think have the best claim to the rank of Snob. "Have you read poor Theodore Crook's Life, as given in the *Quarterly*?" asks one; "and does anyone merit the title of Snob more than that poor fellow?" "What do you say to Mrs. Cruor's novels, and Mrs. Wollop's works of fashionable fiction?" writes some misogynist. "Was not Tom Macau a Snob when he dated from Windsor Castle?" asks a third. A fourth—who is evidently angry on a personal matter, and has met with a slight from Tom Fustian since he has come into his fortune—begs us to show up that celebrated literary man. "What do you say to Crawley Spoker, the man who doesn't know where Bloomsbury Square is—the Marquis of Borgia's friend?" writes an angry patriot, with the Great Russell Street post-mark. "What do you say to Bendigo de Minories?" demands another curious inquirer.

I think poor Crook's Life a wholesome one. It teaches you not to put your trust in great people—in great, splendid, and titled Snobs. It shows what the relations between the poor Snob and the rich Snob are. Go to a great man's table, dear Smith, and know your place there. Cut jokes, make songs, grin and chatter for him as his monkey does, and amuse him, and eat your victuals, and elbow a

Duchess, and be thankful, you rogue! Isn't it pleasant to read your name among the fashionables in the papers?—Lord Hookham, Lord Charles Snivey, Mr. Smith.

Mrs. Cruor's works and Mrs. Wollop's novels are also wholesome, if not pleasant reading. For these ladies, moving at the tip-top of fashion, as they undoubtedly do, and giving accurate pictures of the genteel, serve to warn many honest people who might otherwise be taken in, and show fashionable life to be so utterly stupid, mean, tedious, drivelling, and vulgar, as to reconcile spirits otherwise discontented to mutton and Bloomsbury Square.

As for the Right Honourable Mr. Macau—I perfectly well recollect the noise which was made about that Right Honourable gentleman's audacity in writing a letter from Windsor Castle, and think—that he was a Snob for putting such an address to his letter?—No; only that the Public was a Snob for making such a pother about it,—the public—that looks at Windsor Castle with terror, and thinks it blasphemy to speak familiarly about it.

In the first place, Mr. Macau was there, and therefore could not be anywhere else. Why should he, then, being at one place, date his letter from any other? Then, I conceive, he has as good a right to be in Windsor Castle as the Royal Albert himself. Her Majesty (be it spoken with the respect that so awful a theme merits!) is the august housekeeper of that public residence. Part of her royal duty is a gracious hospitality and reception of the chief officers of the nation; therefore I opine that Mr. Macau had as good a right to his apartment at Windsor Castle as to his red box in Downing Street; and had no call to go to Windsor in secret, or to be ashamed of going thither, or to conceal his residence there.

As for honest Tom Fustian, who has cut "Libertas"—"Libertas" must suffer under the calamity—until Tom publishes another novel; about a month before which time, Libertas, as critic of the *Weekly Tomahawk*, will probably receive a most affectionate invitation to Fustianville Lodge. About this time Mrs. Fustian will call upon Mrs. Libertas (in her yellow chariot lined with pink, and a green hammercloth) and make the tenderest inquiries about the dear little children. All this is very well, but Libertas should understand his place in the world; an author is made use of when wanted, and then dropped; he must consent to mix with the genteel world upon these conditions, and Fustian belongs to the world now that he has a yellow chariot and pink lining.

All the world cannot be expected to be so generous as the Marquis of Borgia, Spoker's friend. That *was* a generous and high-minded nobleman—a real patron if not of letters at least of literary men.

My lord left Spoker almost as much money as he left to Centsuisse, his valet—forty or fifty thousand pounds apiece to *both* of the honest fellows. And they deserved it. There are some things, dear Smith, that Spoker knows; though he *doesn't* know where Bloomsbury Square is—and some very queer places too.

And, finally, concerning young Ben de Minories. What right have I to hold up that famous literary man as a specimen of the great Britannic Literary Snob? Mr. De Minories is not only a man of genius (as you are, my dear Smith, though your washerwoman duns you for her little bill), but he has achieved those advantages of wealth which you have not, and we should respect him as our chief and representative in the circles of the fashion. When the Choctaw Indians were here some time ago, who was the individual whose self and house were selected to be shown to those amiable foreigners as models of the establishment and the person of "an English gentleman"? Of all England, De Minories was the man that was selected by Government as the representative of the British Aristocracy. I know it's true. I saw it in the papers: and a nation never paid a higher compliment to a literary man.

And I like to see him in his public position—a quill-driver, like one of us—I like to see him because he makes our profession *respected.* For what do we admire Shakspeare so much as for his wondrous versatility? He must have *been* everything he describes: Falstaff, Miranda, Caliban, Marc Antony, Ophelia, Justice Shallow—and so I say De Minories must know more of politics than any man, for he has been (or has offered to be) everything. In the morning of life Joseph and Daniel were sponsors for the blushing young neophyte, and held him up at the font of freedom. It would make a pretty picture! Circumstances occasioned him to quarrel with the most venerable of his godfathers, and to modify the opinions advanced on the generosity of his youth. Would he have disliked a place under the Whigs? Even with them, it is said, the young patriot was ready to serve his country. Where would Peel be now had he known his value? I turn from the harrowing theme, and depict to myself the disgust of the Romans when Coriolanus encamped before the Porta del Popolo, and the mortification of Francis the First when he saw the Constable Bourbon opposite to him at Pavia. "Raro antecedentem, &c. deseruit pede Pœna claudo" (as a certain poet remarks); and I declare I know nothing more terrible than Peel, at the catastrophe of a sinister career—Peel writhing in torture, with Nemesis de Minories down upon him!

I know nothing in Lemprière's Dictionary itself more terrific than that picture of godlike vengeance. What! Peel thought to murder

Canning, did he? and to escape because the murder was done twenty years ago? No, no. What! Peel thought to repeal the Corn Laws, did he? In the first place, before Corn bills or Irish bills are settled let us know who was it that killed Lord George Bentinck's "relative"? Let Peel answer for that murder to the country, to the weeping and innocent Lord George, and to Nemesis de Minories, his champion.

I call his interference real chivalry. I regard Lord George's affection for his uncle-in-law as the most elegant and amiable of the qualities of that bereaved young nobleman—and I am proud, dear Smith, to think that it is a man of letters who backs him in his disinterested feud; that if Lord George is the head of the great English country party, it is a man of letters who is viceroy over him. Happy country! to have such a pair of saviours. Happy Lord George! to have such a friend and patron—happy men of letters! to have a man out of their ranks the chief and saviour of the nation.

(*June* 1846.)

ON SOME POLITICAL SNOBS.

I DON'T know where the Snob-Amateur finds more specimens of his favourite species than in the political world. Whig Snobs, Tory and Radical Snobs, Conservative and Young England Snobs, Official and Parliamentary Snobs, Diplomatic Snobs, and About-the-Court Snobs present themselves to the imagination in numberless and graceful varieties, so that I scarcely know which to show up first.

My private friends are aware that I have an aunt who is a Duchess, and, as such, Lady of the Powder-Closet; and that my cousin, Lord Peter, is Pewter-Stick in Waiting and Groom of the Dust-Pan. Had these dear relatives been about to hold their positions, nothing would have induced me to be savage upon that dismal branch of the political Snobs to which they belong; but her grace and Lord Peter are going out with the present administration; and perhaps it will alleviate the bitterness occasioned by their own resignation, if we have a little fun and abuse of their successors.

This is written before the Ministerial changes are avowed; but I hear in the best society (indeed Tom Spiffle told me at the Baron de Houndsditch's *déjeuner* at Twickenham last week) that Lionel Rampant succeeds to my cousin Peter's Pewter-Stick; Toffy is next to certain of the Dust-Pan; whilst the Powder-Closet has been positively promised to Lady Gules.

What the deuce can her ladyship want with such a place? is a question which suggests itself to my simple mind. If I had thirty thousand a year, if I had gouty feet (though this is a profound secret), and an amiable epileptic husband at home like Lord Gules, and a choice of town and country houses, parks, castles, villas, books, cooks, carriages, and other enjoyments and amusements, would I become a sort-of-a-kind of a what-d'ye-call-'em—of an upper servant, in fact—to a personage ever so illustrious and beloved? Would I forsake my natural rest, my home and society, my husband, family, and independence, to take charge of any powder-puff in any establishment; to speak under my breath, to stand up for hours before any young prince, however exalted? Would I consent to ride backwards in a carriage, when the delicacy of my constitution rendered that mode of transit peculiarly odious to me, because there was a scutcheon, surmounted by an imperial crown, on the panels, of which the chief was a field or with three lions gules? No. I would yield in affection for my Institutions to none; but I would cultivate my loyalty, and respect my Crown *de loin.* For, say what you will, there is always something ludicrous and mean in the character of a flunkey. About a neat-handed Phillis, who lays your table and brushes your carpet without pretension; a common servant who brushes your boots and waits behind your chair in his natural and badly-made black coat, there is no absurdity or incongruity; but when you get to a glorified flunkey in lace, plush, and aiguillettes, wearing a bouquet that nobody wears, a powdered head that nobody wears, a gilt cocked-hat only fit for a baboon,—I say the well-constituted man can't help grinning at this foolish, monstrous, useless, shameful caricature of a man which Snobbishness has set up to worship it; to straddle behind its carriage with preternatural calves; to carry its prayer-book to church in a velvet bag; to hand it little three-cornered notes, bowing solemnly over a silver tea-tray, &c. There is something shameful and foolish, I say, in John as at present constituted.

We can't be men and brothers as long as that poor devil is made to antic before us in his present fashion—as long as the unfortunate wretch is not allowed to see the insult passed upon him by that ridiculous splendour. This reform must be done. We have abolished negro slavery. John must now be *emancipated from plush.* And I expect that flunkeys unborn will thank and bless PUNCH; and if he has not a niche beside William Wilberforce in the Palace of Westminster, at least he ought to have a statue in the waiting-room where the servants assemble.

And if John is ridiculous, is not a Pewter-Stick in waiting? If John in his yellow plush inexpressibles dangling behind my lady's

carriage, or sauntering up and down before Saint James's Palace while his mistress is spreading out her train at the Drawing-room, is an object of the saddest contempt, poor fellow, of the most ludicrous splendour—one of the most insane and foolish live caricatures which this present age exhibits—is my Lord Peter the Pewter-Stick far behind him? And do you think, my dear sir, that the public will bear this kind of thing for many centuries longer? How long do you suppose Court Circulars will last, and those tawdry old-world humiliating ceremonials which they chronicle? When I see a body of beefeaters in laced scarlet; a parcel of tradesmen dressed up as soldiers, and calling themselves Gentlemen Pensioners, and what not; a theatre manager (though this I acknowledge, by the way, is seldom enough) grinning before Majesty with a pair of candles, and walking backwards in a Tom-Fool's coat, with a sword entangling his wretched legs; a bevy of pompous officers of the household bustling and strutting and clearing the way—am I filled with awe at the august ceremony? Ought it to inspire respect? It is no more genuine than the long faces of mutes at a funeral—no more real than Lord George Bentinck's grief about Mr. Canning, let us say. What is it makes us all laugh at the picture in the last number (which picture is alone worth the price of the volume), of "PUNCH Presenting ye Tenth Volume to ye Queene"? The admirable manner in which the Gothic art and ceremony is ridiculed; the delightful absurdity and stiffness; the outrageous aping of decorum; the cumbrous ludicrous nonsensical splendour. Well: the real pageant is scarcely less absurd—the Chancellor's wig and mace almost as old and foolish as the Jester's cap and bauble. Why is any Chancellor, any Stage-Manager, any Pewter-Stick, any John called upon to dress himself in any fancy dress, or to wear any badge? I respect my Bishop of London, my Right Reverend Charles James, just as much since he left off a wig as I did when he wore one. I should believe in the sincerity of his piety, even though a John, in purple raiment (looking like a sort of half-pay Cardinal), *didn't* carry his lordship's prayer-books in a bag after him to the Chapel Royal; nor do I think Royalty would suffer, or Loyalty be diminished, if Gold, Silver, and Pewter-Sticks were melted, and if the *grandes charges à la Cour*—Ladies of the Powder-Closet, Mistresses of the Pattens, and the like, were abolished *in sæcula sæculorum.*

And I would lay a wager, that by the time PUNCH has published his eightieth volume, the ceremonies whereof we have here been treating will be as dead as the Corn Laws, and the nation will bless PUNCH and Peel for destroying both.

(*July* 1846.)

ON WHIG SNOBS.

WE don't know—we are too modest to calculate (every man who sends in his contributions to Mr. PUNCH'S broad sheet *is* modest) the effect of our works, and the influence which they may have on society and the world.

Two instances—*à propos* of the above statement of opinion—occurred last week. My dear friend and fellow-contributor Jones (I shall *call* him Jones, though his patronymic is one of the most distinguished in this Empire) wrote a paper entitled "Black Monday," in which the claims of the Whigs to office were impartially set forth, and their title to heaven-born statesmanship rather sceptically questioned. The *sic vos non vobis* was Jones's argument. The Whigs don't roam the fields and buzz from flower to flower, as the industrious bees do ; but they take possession of the hives and the honey. The Whigs don't build the nests like the feathered songsters of the grove, but they come in for those nests and the eggs which they contain. They magnanimously reap what the nation sows, and are perfectly contented with their mode of practice, and think the country ought to love and admire them excessively for condescending to take advantage of its labour.

This was Jones's argument. "You let Cobden do all the work," says he, "and having done it, you appropriate the proceeds calmly to yourselves, and offer him a fifteenth-rate place in your sublime corps." Jones was speaking of the first and abortive attempt of the Whigs to take office last year ; when they really offered Richard Cobden a place something better than that of a Downing Street messenger ; and actually were good enough to propose that he should enjoy some such official dignity as that of carrying Lord Tom Noddy's red box.

What ensued last week, when Peel gave in his adhesion to Free Trade, and meekly resigning his place and emoluments, walked naked out of office into private life? John Russell and Company stepped in to assume those garments which, according to that illustrious English gentleman, the Member for Shrewsbury, the Right Honourable Baronet had originally "conveyed" from the Whigs, but which (according to Jones and every contributor to *Punch*) the Whigs themselves had abstracted from Richard Cobden, Charles Villiers, John Bright, and others,—what, I say, ensued? Dare you come forward, O Whigs? Jones exclaimed.—O Whig Snobs! I cry out with all my heart, you put Richard Cobden and his fellows into the rear rank, and claimed the victory which was won by other and better swords than your puny twiddling Court blades ever were! Do you mean to say that *you* are to rule ; and Cobden is to be held of no account? It was thus that at

a contest for Shrewsbury, more severe than any Mr. B. Disraeli ever encountered, one Falstaff came forward and claimed to have slain Hotspur, when the noble Harry had run him through. It was thus in France that some dandified representatives of the people looked on when Hoche or Bonaparte won the victories of the Republic.

What took place in consequence of *Punch's* remonstrance? *The Whigs offered a seat in the Cabinet to Richard Cobden.* With humble pride, I say, as a Member of the *Punch* administration, that a greater compliment was never offered to our legislatorial body.

And now with respect to my own little endeavour to advance our country's weal. Those who remember the last week's remarks on Political Snobs must recollect the similitude into which, perforce, we entered—the comparison of the British Flunkey with the Court Flunkey—the great official Household Snob. Poor John in his outrageous plush and cocked-hat, with his absurd uniform, facings, aiguillettes; with his cocked-hat, bag-wig, and powder; with his amazing nosegay in his bosom, was compared to the First Lord of the Dustpan, or the Head Groom of the Pantry, and the motto enforced on the mind was, "Am I not a man and a brother?"

The result of this good-humoured and elegant piece of satire is to be found in the *Times* newspaper of Saturday, the 4th July :—

"We understand that situations in the Household have been offered to his grace the Duke of Stilton, and his grace the Duke of Doublegloucester. Their graces have declined the honour which was proposed to them, but have nevertheless signified their intention of supporting publicly the new administration.

Could a public writer have a greater triumph! I make no manner of doubt that the Dukes alluded to have, upon perusal and consideration of the last chapter of Snobs, determined that they will wear no livery however august; that they will take no service however majestic, but content themselves with the modesty of their independence, and endeavour to live reputably upon five hundred or a thousand pounds *per diem.* If *Punch* has been able to effect these reforms in a single week—to bring the great Whig party to acknowledge that there are, after all, as great, nay, better men than they in this wicked world—to induce the great Whig magnates to see that servitude—servitude to the greatest Prince out of the smallest and most illustrious Court in Deutschland—does not become their station,—why, we are baulked of the best part of our article on Whig Snobs. The paper is already written.

Perhaps the race is extinct (or on the verge of extinction), with its progeny of puny philosophers, and dandy patriots, and polite philanthropists, and fond believers in House of Commons traditions. Per-

haps My Lord and Sir Thomas will condescend, from their parks and halls, to issue manifestoes to the towns and villages, and say, "We approve of the wishes of the people to be represented. We think that their grievances are not without foundation, and we place ourselves at their head in our infinite wisdom, in order to overcome the Tories, their enemies and our own." Perhaps, I say, the magnificent Whigs have at last discovered that without a regiment, volunteer officers, ever so bedizened with gold lace, are not particularly efficient; that without a ladder even the most aspiring Whigs cannot climb to eminence; that the nation, in a word, no more cares for the Whigs than it cares for the Stuart dynasty, or for the Heptarchy, or for George Canning, who passed away some few hundred years afterwards; or for any collapsed tradition. The Whigs? Charles Fox was a great man in his time, and so were the archers with their long bows at Agincourt. But gunpowder is better. The world keeps moving. The great time-stream rushes onward; and just now a few little Whigling heads and bodies are bobbing and kicking on the surface.

My dearest friend, the period of submersion comes, and down they go, down among the dead men, and what need have we to act as humanity-men, and hook out their poor little bodies?

A paper about Whig Snobs is therefore absurd!

(*July* 1846.)

ON CONSERVATIVE OR COUNTRY-PARTY SNOBS.

IN the whole Court of King Charles there was no more chivalrous and loyal a Conservative than Sir Geoffrey Hudson, Knight; who, though not much bigger than a puppy dog, was as brave as the biggest lion, and was ready to fight anybody of any stature. Of the same valour and intrepidity was the ingenious hidalgo Don Quixote of La Mancha, who would level his lance, cry his war-cry, and gallop at a windmill, if he mistook it for a giant or any other nuisance; and though nobody ever said that the Don's wits were of the sound order—everyone acknowledged his courage and constancy, his gentle bearing, and purity of purpose.

We all of us have a compassionate sweetness of temper for all half-witted persons—for all ludicrous poor dwarfs engaged in enterprises utterly beyond their ability; for all poor blind, cracked, honest idiots, who fancy that they are heroes or commanders or emperors or champions—when they are only a little way removed from a strait-waistcoat, and barely tolerated at large.

In regard of Political Snobs, the more I consider them the more this feeling of compassion predominates, until, were all the papers upon Snobs to be written in the same key, we should have, instead of a lively and facetious series of essays, a collection that would draw tears even from undertakers, and would be about as jovial as Doctor Dodd's "Prison Thoughts" or Law's "Serious Call." We cannot afford (I think) to scorn and laugh at Political Snobs; only to pity them. There is Peel. If ever there was a Political Snob—a dealer in cant and commonplaces—an upholder of shams and a pompous declaimer of humbugs—Heaven knows *he* was a Snob. But he repents and shows signs of grace: he comes down on his knees and confesses his errors so meekly, that we are melted at once. We take him into our arms and say, "Bobby my boy, let bygones be bygones; it is never too late to repent. Come and join us, and don't make Latin quotations, or vent claptraps about your own virtue and consistency; or steal anybody's clothes any more. We receive him, and protect him from the Snobs, his ex-companions, who are howling without, and he is as safe in Judy's arms as in his mamma's.

Then there are the Whigs. They rejoice in power; they have got what they panted for—that possession in Downing Street for which, to hear some of them, you would have fancied they were destined by Heaven. Well—now they are in place—to do them justice they are comporting themselves with much meekness. They are giving a share of their good things to Catholics as well as Protestants. They don't say, "No Irish need apply," but enliven the Cabinet with a tolerable sprinkling of the brogue. Lord John comes before his constituents with a humble and contrite air, and seems to say, "Gentlemen! Although the Whigs are great, there is something, after all, greater—I mean the People, whose servants we have the honour to be, and for whose welfare we promise to work zealously." Under such dispositions, who can be angry with Whig Snobs?—only a misanthropic ruffian who never took in a drop of the milk of human kindness.

Finally, there are the Conservative, or—as the poor devils call themselves now—the Country-Party Snobs. Can anybody be angry with *them*? Can anyone consider Don Quixote an accountable being, or feel alarmed by Geoffrey Hudson's demeanour when he arms in a fury and threatens to run you through?

I had gone down last week (for the purpose of meditating, at ease and in fresh air, upon our great subject of Snobs) to a secluded spot called the Trafalgar Hotel, at Greenwich, when, interrupted by the arrival of many scores of most wholesome-looking men, in red faces and the fairest of linen, I asked Augustus Frederick, the waiter, what this multitude was that was come down to create a scarcity amongst

the whitebait? "Don't you know, sir?" says he, "It's THE COUNTRY-PARTY." And so it was. The real, original, unbending, no surrender aristocrats; the men of the soil; our old old leaders; our Plantagenets; our Somersets; our Disraelis; our Hudsons; and our Stanleys. They have turned out in force, and for another struggle; they have taken "the Rupert of debate," Geoffrey Stanley, for leader, and set up their standard of "No Surrender" on Whitebait Hill.

As long as we have Cromwell and the Ironsides, the honest Country-Party are always welcome to Rupert and the Cavaliers. Besides, hasn't the member for Pontefract* come over to us? and isn't it all up with the good old cause now he has left it?

My heart then, far from indulging in rancour towards those poor creatures, indulged only in the softest emotions in their behalf; I blessed them as they entered the dinner-room by twos and threes, as they consigned their hats to the waiters with preternatural solemnity, and rushed in to conspire. Worthy, chivalrous, and mistaken Snobs, I said, mentally. "Go and reclaim your rights over bowls of water-souchy; up with your silver forks and chivalry of England, and pin to earth the manufacturing caitiffs who would rob you of your birthrights. Down with all Cotton-spinners! Saint George for the Country-Party! A Geoffrey to the rescue!" I respect the delusion of those poor souls. What! repeal the repeal of the Corn Laws? Bring us back the good old Tory times? No, no. Humpty-Dumpty has had a great fall, and all the Queen's horses and all the Queen's men can't put Humpty-Dumpty straight again.

Let the honest creatures cry out "No Surrender!" and let us laugh as we are winning, and listen to them in good-humour. We know what "No Surrender" means—any time these fifteen years. "It is the nature of the popular *bellua*," says the dear old *Quarterly Review*, with its usual grace and polite felicity of illustration, "never to be sated, and to increase in voracity and audacity by every sop that is thrown to it." Bit by bit, day by day, ever since the Reform Bill, the poor devils whom the old *Quarterly* represents have had to feed the popular *bellua*—as anybody may see who reads the periodical in question. "No Surrender!" bellows the *Quarterly*, but *Bellua* demands a Catholic Emancipation Act, and bolts it, and is not satisfied;—a Reform Act—a Corporation and Test Act—a Free-Trade Act—*Bellua* swallows all. O horror of horrors! O poor dear bewildered old *Quarterly*! O Mrs. Gamp! O Mrs. Harris! When everything is given up, and while you are still shrieking "No Surrender!" *Bellua* will be hungry still, and end by swallowing up the Conservative party too.

* The late Lord Houghton, as Mr. Monckton Milnes, was at this time member for Pontefract.

And shall we be angry with the poor victim? Have you ever seen the *bellua* called a cat with a mouse in preserve? "No Surrender!" pipes the poor little long-tailed creature, scudding from corner to corner. *Bellua* advances, pats him good-humouredly on the shoulder, tosses him about quite playfully, and—gobbles him at the proper season.

Brother Snobs of England! That is why we let off the Conservative and Country-Party Snob so easily.

(*July* 1846.)

ARE THERE ANY WHIG SNOBS?

FORTUNATELY this is going to be quite a little chapter. I am not going, like Thomas of Finsbury, to put ugly questions to Government, or obstruct in any way the march of the great Liberal Administration. The best thing we can do is not to ask questions at all, but to trust the Whigs implicitly, and rely on their superior wisdom. They are wiser than we are. A kind Providence ordained that they should govern us, and endowed them with universal knowledge. Other people change their opinions: they never do. For instance, Peel avows that his opinions on the Corn Laws have gone right round—the Whigs have never changed; they have always held the Free-Trade doctrines; they have always been wise and perfect. We didn't know it: but it's the fact—Lord John says so. And the great Whig chiefs go down to their constituents, and congratulate themselves and the world that Commercial Freedom is the Law of the Empire, and bless Heaven for creating Whigs to expound this great truth to the world. Free Trade! Heaven bless you! the Whigs invented Free Trade—and everything else that ever *has* been invented. Some day or other—when the Irish Church goes by the board; when, perhaps, the State Church follows it; when Household Suffrage becomes an acknowledged truth; when Education actually does become National; when even the Five Points of Thomas of Finsbury come to be visible to the naked eye—you will see the Whigs always *were* advocates for Household Suffrage; that *they* invented National Education; that *they* were the boys who settled the Church Question; and that they had themselves originated the Five Points, of which Feargus O'Connor was trying to take the credit. Where there's Perfection there can't be Snobbishness. The Whigs have known and done—know and do—will know and do—everything.

And again, you can't expect reasonably to find many Snobs among them. There are so few of them. A fellow who writes a book about

the Aristocracy of England, and calls himself Hampden Junior (and who is as much like John Hampden as Mr. PUNCH is like the Apollo Belvedere), enumerates a whole host of trades, and names of Englishmen who have been successful in them; and finds that the aristocracy has produced—no good tin-men, let us say, or lawyers, or tailors, or artists, or divines, or dancers on the tight-rope, or persons of other callings; whereas out of the People have sprung numbers more or less who have distinguished themselves in the above professions. The inference of which is, that the aristocracy is the inferior, the people the superior race. This is rather hard of Hampden Junior, and not quite a fair argument against the infamous and idiotic aristocracy; for it is manifest that a lord cannot play upon the fiddle, or paint pictures by a natural gift and without practice; that men adopt professions in order to live, and if they have large and comfortable means of livelihood are, not uncommonly, idle. The sham Hampden, I say, does not consider that their lordships have no call to take upon themselves the exercise of the above-named professions; and, above all, omits to mention that the people are as forty thousand to one to the nobility; and hence, that the latter could hardly be expected to produce so many distinguished characters as are to be found in the ranks of the former.

In like manner (I am willing to confess the above illustration is confoundedly long, but in a work on Snobs a Radical Snob may have a passing word as well as another), I say, there can't be many Snobs among Whigs; there are so very few Whigs among men.

I take it, there are not above one hundred real downright live Whigs in the world—some five and twenty, we will say, holding office; the remainder ready to take it. You can't expect to find many of the sort for which we are seeking in such a small company. How rare it is to meet a real acknowledged Whig! Do you know one? Do you know what it is to be a Whig? I can understand a man being anxious for this measure or that, wishing to do away with the sugar duties, or the corn duties, or the Jewish disabilities, or what you will; but in that case, if Peel will do my business and get rid of the nuisance for me, he answers my purpose just as well as anybody else with any other name. I want my house set in order, my room made clean; I do not make particular inquiries about the broom and the dust-pan.

To be a Whig you must be a reformer—as much or little of this as you like—and something more. You must believe not only that the Corn Laws must be repealed, but that the Whigs must be in office; not only that Ireland must be tranquil, but that the Whigs must be in Downing Street: if the people will have reforms, why of course you can't help it; but remember, the Whigs are to have the credit. I believe that the world is the Whigs', and that everything they give us

is a blessing. When Lord John the other day blessed the people at Guildhall, and told us all how the Whigs had got the Corn Bill for us, I declare I think we both believed it. It wasn't Cobden and Villiers and the people that got it—it was the Whigs, somehow, that *octroyé d* the measure to us.

They *are* our superiors, and that's the fact. There *is* what Thomas of Finsbury almost blasphemously called "A Whig Dodge,"—and beats all other dodges. I am not a Whig myself (perhaps it is as unnecessary to say so, as to say I'm not King Pippin in a golden coach, or King Hudson, or Miss Burdett-Coutts)—I'm not a Whig; but, Oh, how I should like to be one!

(*July* 1846.)

ON THE SNOB CIVILIAN.

NOTHING can be more disgusting or atrocious than the exhibition of incendiary ignorance, malevolent conceit, and cowardly ill-will which has been exhibited by the Pekins of the public press, and a great body of Civilian Snobs in the country, towards the most beloved of our institutions; that Institution, the health of which is always drunk after the Church at public dinners—the British Army. I myself, when I wrote a slight dissertation upon Military Snobs—called upon to do so by a strict line of duty—treated them with a tenderness and elegant politeness which I am given to understand was admired and appreciated in the warlike Clubs, in messes, and other soldatesque societies; but to suppose that criticism should go so far as it has done during the last ten days; that every uneducated Cockney should presume to have a judgment; that civilians at taverns and Clubs should cry shame; that patriots in the grocery or linendrapery line should venture to object; that even ignorant women and mothers of families, instead of superintending the tea and bread and butter at breakfast, should read the newspapers, forsooth, and utter *their* shrill cries of horror at the account of the Floggings at Hounslow*—to suppose, I say, that society should make such a hubbub as it has done for the last fortnight, and that perhaps at every table in England there should be a cry of indignation—this is too much—the audacity of Civilian Snobs is too great, and must be put an end to at once. I take part against the

* Much excitement had been caused by the death of a private of the 7th Hussars, in consequence of a severe flogging to which he was sentenced for striking his sergeant.

Pekins, and am authorised to say, after a conversation with Mr. PUNCH, that that gentleman shares in my opinion that *the Army must be protected*

The answer which is always to be made to the Civilian Snob when he raises objections against military punishments, promotions, purchases, or what not, is invariable,—He knows nothing about it. How the deuce can *you* speculate about the army, Pekin, who don't know the difference between a firelock and a fusee?

This point I have seen urged, with great effect, in the military papers, and most cordially agree that it is an admirable and unanswerable argument. A particular genius, a profound study, an education specially military, are requisite before a man can judge upon so complicated a matter as the army; and these, it is manifest, few civilians can have enjoyed. But any man who has had the supreme satisfaction of making the acquaintance of Ensign and Lieutenant Grigg of the Guards, Captain Famish of the Hottentot Buffs, or hundreds of young gentlemen of their calling, must acknowledge that the army is safe under the supervision of men like these. Their education is brilliant, their time is passed in laborious military studies; the conversation of mess-rooms is generally known to be philosophical, and the pursuits of officers to be severely scientific. So ardent in the acquisition of knowledge in youth, what must be their wisdom in old age? By the time Grigg is a Colonel (and, to be sure, knowledge grows much more rapidly in the Guard regiments, and a young veteran may be a Colonel at five-and-twenty), and Famish has reached the same rank—these are the men who are more fitted than ever for the conduct of the army; and how can any civilian know as much about it as they? These are the men whose opinions the civilians dare to impugn; and I can conceive nothing more dangerous, insolent—Snobbish, in a word—than such an opposition.

When men such as these, and the very highest authorities in the army, are of opinion that flogging is requisite for the British soldier, it is manifestly absurd of the civilian to interfere. Do you know as much about the army and the wants of the soldier as Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington? If the Great Captain of the Age considers flogging is one of the wants of the army, what business have *you* to object? *You're* not flogged. You are a Pekin. To lash fellow-creatures like hounds may be contrary to your ideas of decency, morals, and justice; to submit Christian men to punishments brutal, savage, degrading, ineffectual, may be revolting to you; but to suppose that such an eminent philanthropist as the Great Captain of the Age would allow such penalties to be inflicted on the troops if they could be done away with, is absurd. A word from the Chiefs of the army, and the Cat might have taken its place as an historical weapon

in the Tower, along with the boots and the thumbscrews of the Spanish Armada. But, say you, very likely the Great Captain of *his* Age, the Duke of Alva, might have considered thumbscrews and boots just as necessary for discipline as the Cat is supposed to be now. Pekin! Don't meddle with subjects quite beyond the sphere of your knowledge. Respect the Articles of War, and remember that the majority of officers of the British Army, from his grace down to Ensign Grigg, are of opinion that flogging can't be done away with.

You can't suppose that they are inhumane. When that wretched poor fellow was lashed to the ladder at Hounslow, and as the farriers whirled the Cat over him, not only men, but officers, it is stated, turned sick and fainted at the horrible spectacle. At every military punishment, I am told that men so drop down. Nature itself gives way, making, as it were, a dying protest against that disgusting scene of torture. Nature: yes! But the army is not a natural profession. It is out of common life altogether. Drilling—red coats, all of the same pattern, with the same number of buttons—flogging—marching with the same leg foremost—are not natural: put a bayonet into a man's hand, he would not naturally thrust it into the belly of a Frenchman: very few men of their own natural choice would wear, by way of hat, such a cap as Colonel Whyte and his regiment wear every day—a muff, with a red worsted bag dangling down behind it, and a shaving-brush stuck by way of ornament in front; the whole system is something egregious—artificial. The civilian, who lives out of it, can't understand it. It is not like the other professions, which require intelligence. A man one degree removed from idiocy, with brains just sufficient to direct his powers of mischief or endurance, may make a distinguished soldier. A boy may be set over a veteran: we see it every day. A lad with a few thousand pounds may purchase a right to command which the most skilful and scientific soldier may never gain. Look at the way Ensign Grigg, just come from school, touches his cap to the enormous old private who salutes him—the gladiator of five-and-twenty campaigns.

And if the condition of the officer is wonderful and anomalous, think of that of the men! There is as much social difference between Ensign Grigg and the big gladiator, as there is between a gang of convicts working in the hulks and the keepers in charge of them. Hundreds of thousands of men eat, march, sleep, and are driven hither and thither in gangs all over the world—Grigg and his clan riding by and superintending; they get the word of command to advance or fall back, and they do it; they are told to strip, and they do it; or to flog, and they do it; to murder or to be murdered, and they obey—for their food and clothing, and twopence a day for beer and

tobacco. For nothing more:—no hope—no ambition—no chance for old days but Chelsea Hospital. How many of these men, in time of war, when their labour is most needed and best paid, escape out of their slavery! Between the soldier and the officer there is such a gulf fixed, that to cross it is next to a miracle. · There was *one* Mameluke escaped when Mehemet Ali ordered the destruction of the whole troop of them; so certainly a stray officer or two *may* have come from the ranks, but he is a wonder. No; such an Institution as this is a mystery, which all civilians, I suppose, had best look at in silent wonder, and of which we must leave the management to its professional chiefs. Their care for their subordinates is no doubt amiable, and the gratitude of these to their superiors must be proportionably great. When the tipsy young Lieutenant of the 4th Dragoons cut at his Adjutant with a sabre, he was reprimanded and returned back to his duty, and does it, no doubt, very well; when the tipsy private struck his corporal, he was flogged, and died after the flogging. There must be a line drawn, look you, otherwise the poor private might have been forgiven too, by the Great Captain of the Age, who pardoned the gentleman-offender. There must be distinctions and differences, and mysteries which are beyond the comprehension of the civilian, and this paper is written as a warning to all such not to meddle with affairs that are quite out of their sphere.

But then there is a word, Mr. PUNCH declares, to be said to other great Commanders and Field-Marshals besides the historic Conqueror of Assaye, Vittoria, and Waterloo. We have among us, thank Heaven! a Field-Marshal whose baton has been waved over fields of triumph the least sanguinary that ever the world has known. We have an august Family Field-Marshal, so to speak, and to him we desire humbly to speak:—

"Your Royal Highness," we say,—"your Royal Highness (who has the ear of the Head of the Army), pour into that gracious ear the supplications of a nation. Say that as a nation we entreat and implore that no English Christian man should any longer suffer the infernal torture of the Cat. Say, that we had rather lose a battle than flog a soldier; and that the courage of the Englishman will not suffer by the loss. And if your Royal Highness Prince Albert will deign to listen to this petition, we venture to say, that you will be the most beloved of Field-Marshals, and that you will have rendered a greater service to the British people, and the British army, than ever was rendered by any Field-Marshal since the days of Malbrook."

(*August* 1846.)

ON RADICAL SNOBS.

AS the principles of *Punch* are eminently Conservative, it might be thought that anything we could say about Radical Snobs would bear an impress of prejudice and bigotry, and I had thought of letting off the poor Radical Snobs altogether; for persecution they had enough in former days, Heaven knows, when to be a Radical was to be considered a Snob, and every flunkey who could use his pen was accustomed to prate about "the great unwashed," and give himself airs at the expense of "the greasy multitude." But the multitude have the laugh on their side of late years, and can listen to these pretty jokes with good-humour.

Perhaps, after all, there is no better friend to Conservatism than your outrageous Radical Snob. When a man preaches to you that all noblemen are tyrants, that all clergymen are hypocrites and liars, that all capitalists are scoundrels banded together in an infamous conspiracy to deprive the people of their rights, he creates a wholesome revulsion of feeling in favour of the abused parties, and a sense of fair play leads the generous heart to take a side with the object of unjust oppression.

For instance, although I hate military flogging, as the most brutal and odious relic we have left of the wicked torturing old times, and have a private opinion that officers of crack dragoon regiments are not of necessity the very wisest of human creatures, yet when I see Quackley the Coroner giving himself sham airs of patriotism, and attacking the men for the crime of the system—(of which you and I are as much guilty as Colonel Whyte, unless we do our utmost to get it repealed)—I find myself led over to the browbeaten side, and inclined to take arms against Quackley. Yesterday, a fellow was bawling by my windows an account of the trial at Hounslow, and "the hinfamous tyranny of a brootle and savidge Kurnal, hall to be ad for the small charge of Won Apny." Was that fellow a Radical patriot, think you, or a Radical Snob? and which was it that he wanted—to put down flogging or to get money?

What was it that made Sir Robert Peel so popular of late days in the country? I have no question but that it was the attacks of certain gentlemen in the House of Commons. Now they have left off abusing him, somehow we are leaving off loving him. Nay, he made a speech last week, about the immorality of lotteries and the wickedness of Art-Unions, which caused some kind friends to say—"Why, the man is just as fond of humbug and solemn cant as ever."

This is the use that Radical Snobs, or all political Snobs, are made for,—to cause honest folk to rally over to the persecuted side; and I often think, that if the world goes on at its present rate—the people carrying all before them; the aristocracy always being beaten after the ignominious *simulacrum* of a battle; the Church bowled down; the revolution triumphant; and (who knows?) the monarchy shaken—I often think old PUNCH will find himself in opposition as usual, and deploring the good old days and the advent of Radicalism along with poor old Mrs. Gamp and Mrs. Harris.

Perhaps the most dangerous specimen of the Radical Snob to be found in the three kingdoms is that branch of Snobs called Young Ireland, who have been making a huge pother within the last fortnight, and who have found a good deal of favour in this country of late years.

I don't know why we have been so fond of this race: except that it wrote pretty poems, and murdered the Saxons in melodious iambics, and got a character for being honest somehow, in opposition to old Mr. O'Connell, to whom the English prejudice denied that useful quality. We are fond of anything strange here, and perhaps our taste is not very classical. We like Tom Thumb; we like the Yankee melodists; we like the American Indians; and we like the Irish howl. Young Ireland has howled to considerable effect in this country; and the "Shan Van Voght," and the "Men of '98," have been decidedly popular. If the O'Brien, and the O'Toole, and the O'Dowd, and the O'Whack, and the Mulholligan would take Saint James's Theatre, the war-cry of Aodh O'Nyal and the Battle of the Blackwater, and the Galloglass Chorus might bring in a little audience even in the hot weather.

But this I know, that if any party ever fulfilled the condition of Snobs, Young Ireland has. Is ludicrous conceit Snobbishness? Is absurd arrogance, peevish ill-temper, utter weakness accompanied by tremendous braggadocity, Snobbishness? Is Tibbs a Snob or not? When the little creature threatens to thrash Tom Cribb; and when Tom, laughing over his great broad shoulders, walks good-humouredly away, is Tibbs a Snob, who stands yelling after him and abusing him, —or a hero, as he fancies himself to be?

A martyr without any persecutors is an utter Snob; a frantic dwarf who snaps his fingers (as close as he can lift them) under the nose of a peaceable giant, is a Snob; and the creature becomes a most wicked and dangerous Snob when he gets the ear of people more ignorant than himself, inflames them with lies, and misleads them into ruin. Young Ireland shrieking piteously with nobody hurting him, or waving his battle-axed hand on his battlemented wall, and bellowing his

war-cry of Bug-Aboo—and roaring out melodramatic tomfoolery—and fancying himself a champion and a hero, is only a ludicrous little humbug; but when he finds people to believe his stories, that the liberated Americans are ready to rally round the green banner of Erin—that the battalioned invincibility of France is hastening to succour the enemy of the Saxon, he becomes a Snob so dangerous and malevolent, that Mr. PUNCH loses his usual jocularity in regarding him, and would see him handed over to proper authorities without any ill-timed compassion.

It was this braggart violence of soul that roused the Punchine wrath against Mr. O'Connell, when, mustering his millions upon the green hills of Erin, he uttered those boasts and menaces which he is now proceeding, rather demurely, to swallow. And as for pitying the Young Irelanders any longer because they are so honest, because they write such pretty verses, because they would go to the scaffold for their opinions—our hearts are not tender enough for this kind of commiseration. A set of young gentlemen might choose to publish a paper advocating arson, or pointing out the utility of murder—a regard for our throats and our property would lead us not to pity these interesting young patriots too tenderly; and we have no more love for young Ireland and her leaders and their schemes, than for regenerate England under the martyrs Thistlewood and Ings.

(*August* 1846.)

TRAVELS IN LONDON.

HE had appointed me in Saint James's Park, under the Duke of York's Column, on Guy Fawkes' day; and I found the venerable man at the hour and at the place assigned, looking exceedingly sweet upon the gambols of some children: who were accompanied, by the way, by a very comely young woman as a nursery-maid. He left the little ones with a glance of kindness, and, hooking his little arm into mine, my excellent and revered friend Mr. PUNCH and I paced the Mall for a while together.

I had matters of deep importance (in my mind, at least) to communicate to my revered patron and benefactor. The fact is, I have travelled as Mr. PUNCH'S Commissioner in various countries; and having, like all persons of inquiring mind, from Ulysses downwards, a perpetual desire for locomotion, I went to propose to our beloved chief a new tour. I set before him eloquently the advantages of a trip to

China: or, now that the fighting was over, a journey to Mexico I thought might be agreeable—or why not travel in the United States, I asked, where PUNCH'S Commissioner would be sure of a welcome, and where the natives have such a taste for humorous description?

"My dear Spec," said the sage, in reply to a long speech of mine, "you are, judging from your appearance, five-and-twenty years old, and consequently arrived at the estate of man. You have written for my publication a number of articles, which, good, bad, and indifferent as they are, make me suppose that you have some knowledge of the world. Have you lived so long in this our country as not to know that Britons do not care a fig for foreign affairs? Who takes any heed of the Spanish marriages now?—of the Mexican wars?—of the row in Switzerland? Do you know whether a Vorort is a gentleman, or a legislative body, or a village in the Canton of Uri? Do you know a man who reads the Spanish and Portuguese correspondence in the newspapers? Sir, I grow sick at the sight of the name of Bomfin, and shudder at the idea of Costa Cabral!" and he yawned so portentously as he spoke, that I saw all my hopes of a tour were over. Recovered from that spasm, the Good and Wise One continued,—"You are fond of dabbling in the fine arts, Mr. Spec—now pray, sir, tell me, which department of the Exhibition is most popular?"

I unhesitatingly admitted that it was the portraits the British public most liked to witness. Even when I exhibited my great picture of Heliogabalus, I owned that nobody——

"Exactly—that nobody looked at it; whereas everyone examines the portraits with interest, and you hear people exclaim, 'Law, Ma! if it ain't a portrait of Mrs. Jones, in a white satin and a tiara;' or, 'Mercy me! here's Alderman Blogg in a thunderstorm,' &c., &c. The British public like to see representations of what they have seen before. Do you mark me, Spec? In print as in art, sir, they like to recognise Alderman Blogg." He paused, for we had by this time mounted the Duke of York's Steps, and, panting a little, pointed to the noble vista before us with his cane. We could see the street thronged with life; the little children gathered round the column; the omnibuses whirling past the Drummond light; the carriages and flunkeys gathered round Howell and James's; the image of Britannia presiding over the County Fire Office in the Quadrant, and indeed over the scene in general.

"You want to travel?" said he, whisking his bamboo. "Go and travel there, sir. Begin your journey this moment. I give you my commission. Travel in London, and bring me an account of your tour. Describe me yonder beggar's impudence, sir; or yonder footman's calves; or my Lord Bishop's cob and apron (my Lord Bishop, how do you do?). Describe anything—anybody. Consider your

journey is begun from this moment; and, left foot forward—March!" So speaking, my benefactor gave me a playful push in the back, in the direction of Waterloo Place, and turned into the Athenæum, in company with my Lord Bishop of Bullocksmithy, whose cob had just pulled up at the door, and I walked away alone into the immensity of London, which my Great Master had bidden me to explore.

I staggered before the vastness of that prospect. Not naturally a modest man, yet I asked myself mentally, how am I to grapple with a subject so tremendous? Every man and woman I met was invested with an awful character, and to be examined as a riddle to be read henceforth. The street-sweeper at the crossing gave me a leer and a wink, and a patronising request for a little trifle, which made me turn away from him and push rapidly forward. "How do I know, my boy," thought I, inwardly, "but that in the course of my travels I may be called upon to examine *you*—to follow you home to your lodgings and back into your early years—to turn your existence inside out, and explain the mystery of your life? How am I to get the clue to that secret?" He luckily spun away towards Waterloo Place with a rapid flourish of his broom, to accost the Honourable Member for Muffborough, just arrived in town, and who gave the sweeper a gratuity of twopence; and I passed over the crossing to the United Service Club side. Admiral Boarder and Colonel Charger were seated in the second window from the corner, reading the paper—the Admiral, bald-headed and jolly-faced, reading with his spectacles—the Colonel, in a rich, curly, dark-purple wig, holding the *Standard* as far off as possible from his eyes, and making believe to read without glasses. Other persons were waiting at the gate. Mrs. General Cutandthrust's little carriage was at the door, waiting for the General, while the young ladies were on the back seat of the carriage, entertained by Major Slasher, who had his hand on the button. I ran away as if guilty. "Slasher, Boarder, Charger, Cutandthrust, the young ladies, and their mother with the chestnut front—there is not one of you," thought I, "but may come under my hands professionally, and I must show up all your histories at the stern mandate of Mr. PUNCH."

I rushed up that long and dreary passage which skirts the back of the Opera, and where the mysterious barbers and boot-shops are. The Frenchman who was walking up and down there, the very dummies in the hairdressers' windows seemed to look at me with a new and dreadful significance—a fast-looking little fellow in check trousers and glossy boots, who was sucking the end of his stick and his cigar alternately, while bestriding a cigar chest in Mr. Alvarez's shop—Mr. A. himself, that stately and courteous merchant who offers you an

Havanna as if you were a grandee of the first class—everybody, I say, struck me with fright. "Not one of these," says I, "but next week you may be called upon to copy him down;" and I did not even look at the fast young man on the chest, further than to observe that a small carrot sprouted from his chin, and that he wore a shirt painted in scarlet arabesques.

I passed down Saint Albans Place, where the noble H. P. officers have lodgings, without ever peeping into any one of their parlours, and the Haymarket, brilliant with gin-shops, brawling with cabmen, and thronged with lobsters. At the end towards the Quadrant, the poor dirty foreigners were sauntering about greasily; the hansoms were rattling; the omnibuses cutting in and out; my Lord Tomnoddy's cab with the enormous white horse was locked in with Doctor Bullfrog's purple brougham, and a cartful of window-frames and shop-fronts. Part of the pavement of course was up, and pitch-caldrons reeking in the midst; omnibus cads bawling out "Now then, stoopid!" over all. "Am I to describe all these, I thought; to unravel this writhing perplexity; to set sail into this boundless ocean of life? What does my Master mean by setting me so cruel a task; and how the deuce am I to travel in London?" I felt dazzled, amazed, and confounded, like stout Cortes, when with eagle's eyes he stared at the Pacific in a wild surprise, silent upon a peak in What-d'ye-call-'em. And I wandered on and on.

"Well met," said a man, accosting me. "What is the matter, Spec? Is your banker broke?"

I looked down. It was little Frank Whitestock, the Curate of Saint Timothy's, treading gingerly over the mud.

I explained to Frank my mission, and its tremendous nature, my modest fears as to my competency, my perplexity where to begin.

The little fellow's eyes twinkled roguishly. "Mr. PUNCH is right," said he. "If you want to travel, my poor Spec, you should not be trusted very far beyond Islington. It is certain that you can describe a tea-kettle better than a pyramid."

"Tea-kettle, tea-kettle yourself," says I. "How to begin is the question."

"Begin?" says he, "begin this instant. Come in here with me;" and he pulled at one of four bells at an old-fashioned door by which we were standing.

SPEC.

(*November* 1847.)

[Several papers appeared between the above and the following paper, for which see Vol. IX.]

TRAVELS IN LONDON.

A CLUB IN AN UPROAR.

THE appearance of a London Club at a time of great excitement is well worthy the remark of a traveller in this city. The Megatherium has been in a monstrous state of frenzy during the past days. What a queer book it would be which should chronicle all the stories which have been told, or all the opinions which have been uttered there.

As a Revolution brings out into light of day, and into the streets of the convulsed capital, swarms of people who are invisible but in such times of agitation, and retreat into their obscurity as soon as the earthquake is over, so you may remark in Clubs, that the stirring of any great news brings forth the most wonderful and hitherto unheard-of members, of whose faces not the *habitués*, not even the hall-porters, have any knowledge. The excitement over, they vanish, and are seen no more until the next turmoil calls them forth.

During the past week, our beloved Megatherium has been as crowded as they say her Majesty's Palace of Pimlico at present is, where distressed foreigners, fugitives, and other Coburgs are crowded two or three in a room; and where it has been reported during the whole of the past week that Louis Philippe himself, in disguise, was quartered in the famous garden pavilion, and plates of dinner sent out to him from her Majesty's table. I had the story from Bowyer of the Megatherium, who had seen and recognised the ex-king as he was looking into the palace garden from a house in Grosvenor Place opposite. We have had other wonderful stories too, whereof it is our present purpose to say a word or two.

The Club, in fact, has been in a state of perfect uproar, to the disgust of the coffee-room *habitués*, of the quiet library arm-chair occupiers, and of the newspaper-room students, who could not get their accustomed broad-sheets. Old Doctor Pokey (who is in the habit of secreting newspapers about his person, and going off to peruse them in recondite corners of the building) has been wandering about, in vain endeavouring to seize hold of a few. They say that a *Morning Chronicle* was actually pulled from under his arm during the last week's excitement. The rush for second editions and evening papers is terrific. Members pounce on the newsboys and rob them. Decorum is overcome.

All the decencies of society are forgotten during this excitement.

Men speak to each other without being introduced. I saw a man in ill-made trousers and with strong red whiskers and a strong northern accent, go up to Colonel the Honourable Otto Dillwater of the Guards, and make some dreadful remark about Louis Feelip, which caused the Colonel to turn pale with anger. I saw a Bishop, an Under-Secretary of State and General de Boots listening with the utmost gravity and eagerness to little Bob Noddy, who pretended to have brought some news from the City, where they say he is a clerk in a Fire Office.

I saw all sorts of portents and wonders. On the great Saturday night (the 26th ult.), when the news was rifest, and messenger after messenger came rushing in with wild rumours, men were seen up at midnight who were always known to go to bed at ten. A man dined in the Club who is married, and who has never been allowed to eat there for eighteen years. On Sunday, old Mr. Pugh himself, who moved that the house should be shut, no papers taken in, and the waiters marched to church under the inspection of the steward, actually came down and was seen reading the *Observer*, so eager was the curiosity which the great events excited.

In the smoking-room of the establishment, where you ordinarily meet a very small and silent party, there was hardly any seeing for the smoke, any sitting for the crowd, or any hearing in consequence of the prodigious bawling and disputing. The men uttered the most furious contradictory statements there. Young Biffin was praying that the rascally mob might be cut down to a man; while Gullet was bellowing out that the safety of France required the re-establishment of the guillotine, and that four heads must be had, or that the Revolution was not complete.

In the card-room, on the great night in question, there was only one whist-table, and at that even they were obliged to have a dummy. Captain Trumpington could not be brought to play that night; and Pamm himself trumped his partner's lead, and the best heart; such was the agitation which the great European events excited. When Dicky Cuff came in, from his excellency Lord Pilgrimstone's evening party, a rush was made upon him for news, as if he had come from battle. Even the waiters appeared to be interested, and seemed to try to overhear the conversation.

Every man had his story, and his private information; and several of these tales I took down.

"*Saturday, five o'clock.*—Jawkins has just come from the City. The French Rothschild has arrived. He escaped in a water-butt as far as Amiens, whence he went on in a coffin. A *fourgon* containing two hundred and twenty-two thousand two hundred sovereigns, and nine-and-fourpence in silver, was upset in the Rue Saint-Denis. The coin

was picked up, and the whole sum, with the exception of the fourpenny piece, was paid over to the Commissioners at the Hôtel de Ville.

"Some say it was a quarter-franc. It was found sticking, afterwards, to the *sabot* of an Auvergnat, and brought in safety to the Provisional Government.

"Blankley comes in. He made his fortune last year by the railroads, has realised, and is in a frantic state of terror. 'The miscreants!' he says. 'The whole population is in arms. They are pouring down to the English coast; the *Sans-culottes* will be upon us to-morrow, and we shall have them upon—upon my estate in Sussex, by Jove! Cobden was in a league with the Revolutionary Government when he said there would be no war—laying a trap to lull us into security, and so give free ingress to the infernal revolutionary villains. There are not a thousand men in the country to resist them, and we shall all be butchered before a week is out—butchered, and our property confiscated. Cobden ought to be impeached and hanged. Lord John Russell ought to be impeached and hanged. Hope Guizot will be guillotined for not having used cannon, and slaughtered the ruffians before the Revolution came to a head.'—N.B. Blankley was a Liberal before he made his money, and had a picture of Tom Paine in his study.

"Towzer arrives. A messenger has just come to the Foreign Office wounded in three places, and in the disguise of a fishwoman. Paris is in flames in twenty-four quarters—the mob and pikemen raging through it. Lamartine has been beheaded. The forts have declared for the king and are bombarding the town. All the English have been massacred.

"Captain Shindy says, 'Nonsense! no such thing.' A messenger has come to the French Embassy. The king and family are at Versailles. The two Chambers have followed them thither, and Marshal Bugeaud has rallied a hundred and twenty thousand men. The Parisians have three days' warning: and if at the end of that time they do not yield, seven hundred guns will open on the dogs, and the whole *canaille* will be hurled to perdition.

"Pipkinson arrives. The English in Paris are congregated in the Protestant churches; a guard is placed over them. It is with the greatest difficulty that the rabble are prevented from massacring them. Lady Lunchington only escaped by writing 'Veuve d'O'Connell' on her door. It is perfectly certain that Guizot is killed. Lamartine and the rest of the Provisional Government have but a few days to live: the Communists will destroy them infallibly; and universal blood, terror, and anarchy will prevail over France, over Europe, over the would.

"Bouncer—on the best authority. Thirty thousand French entered Brussels under Lamoricière. No harm has been done to Leopold. The united French and Belgian army march on the Rhine on Monday. Rhenish Prussia is declared to form a part of the Republic. A division under General Bedeau will enter Savoy, and penetrate into Lombardy. The Pope abdicates his temporal authority. The Russians will cross the Prussian frontier with four hundred thousand men.

"Bowyer has just come from Mivart's, and says that rooms are taken there for the Pope, who has fled from his dominions, for the Countess of Landsfeld, for the King of Bavaria, who is sure to follow immediately, and for all the French princes, and their suite and families."

It was in this way that Rumour was chattering last week, while the great events were pending. But oh, my friends! wild and strange as these stories were, were they so wonderful as the truth!—as an army of a hundred thousand men subdued by a rising of bare-handed mechanics; as a great monarch, a Minister notorious for wisdom, and a great monarchy blown into annihilation by a blast of national breath; as a magnificent dynasty slinking out of existence in a cab; as a gallant prince, with an army at his back, never so much as drawing a sword, but at a summons from a citizen of the National Guard turning tail and sneaking away; as a poet braving the pikes which had scared away a family of kings and princes, and standing forward, wise, brave, sensible, and merciful, undismayed on the tottering pinnacle of popular power? Was there ever a day since the beginning of history, where small men were so great, and great ones so little? What satirist could ever have dared to invent such a story as that of the brave and famous race of Orleans flying, with nobody at their backs; of wives and husbands separating, and the deuce take the hindmost; of Ulysses shaving his whiskers off, and flinging away even his wig? It is the shamefullest chapter in history—a consummation too base for ridicule.

One can't laugh at anything so miserably mean. All the Courts in Europe ought to go into mourning, or wear sackcloth. The catastrophe is too degrading. It sullies the cause of all kings, as the misconduct of a regiment does an army. It tarnishes all crowns. And if it points no other moral, and indicates no future consequences, why, Progress is a mere humbug: Railroads lead to nothing, and Signs point nowhere: and there is no To-morrow for the world.

SPEC.

(*March* 1848.)

TRAVELS IN LONDON.

A ROUNDABOUT RIDE.

YOUNG HENGIST having kindly offered to lend me a pony, I went out for a ride with him this morning; and being now mercifully restored to my arm-chair at home, I write down, with a rapid and faithful pen, the events of the day.

Hengist lives in the Tyburn district, that great rival, and sometime, as 'twas thought, conqueror of Belgravia, where squares, cathedrals, terraces spring up in a night, as it were: where, as you wandered yesterday, you saw a green strip of meadow, with a washerwoman's cottage and a tea-garden; and to-day you look up, and lo! you see a portly row of whity-brown bow-windowed houses, with plate-glass windows, through the clear panes of which you may see bald-headed comfortable old fogies reading the *Morning Herald*. Butlers loll at the doors—(by the way, the Tyburnian footmen are by no means so large or so powdery as the Mayfair and Belgravian gentry)—the road is always freshly laid down with sharp large flint-stones. Missis's neat little brougham with two bay horses, and the page by the coachman's side, is creaking over the flints. The apothecary is driving here and there in a gig; the broad flag-stones are dotted about with a good number of tartan jackets and hats, enclosing wholesome-looking little children. A brand-new fishmonger's shop is just open, with great large white-bellied turbots, looking very cool and helpless on the marble slabs. A genteel stucco-faced public-house is run up for the accommodation of the grooms, and the domestics, and the hodmen of the neighbourhood; and a great bar is placed at the end of the street, beyond which is a chaos of bricks, wheelbarrows, mounds of chalk, with milky-looking pools beside them, scaffoldings and brown skeletons of houses, through which the daylight shines, and you can see patches of green land beyond, which are to be swallowed up presently by the great devouring City.

This quarter, my dear friends, is what Baker Street was in the days of our youth. I make no doubt that some of the best and stupidest dinners in London are given hereabouts; dinners where you meet a Baronet, a Knight, and a snuffy little old General; and where the master of the house, the big bald man, leads Lady Barbara Macraw downstairs, the Earl of Strathbungo's daughter, and godmother to his seventh child. A little more furniture would make the rooms look more comfortable; but they are very handsome as it is. The silver

dish-covers are splendaceous. I wish the butler would put a little more wine into the glasses, and come round rather oftener. You are the only poor man in the room. Those awful grave fellows give each other dinners round. Their daughters come solemnly in the evening. The young fellow of the house has been at Oxford, and smokes cigars, but not in the house, and dines a good deal out at his Club.

I don't wonder: I once dined with young Hengist, at his father's, Major-General Sir Hercules Hengist, K.C.B., and of all the——but hospitality forbids me to reveal the secrets of the mahogany.

Having partaken there of a slight refreshment of a sponge-cake from a former dessert (and a more pretentious, stuck-up, tasteless, seedy cake than a sponge-cake I don't know), and a glass of wine, we mounted our horses and rode out on a great exploring journey. We had heard of Bethnal Green and Spitalfields; we wished to see those regions; and we rode forth then like two cavaliers out of Mr. James's novels—the one was young, with curly chestnut ringlets, and a blonde moustache just shading his upper lip, &c.—We rode forth out of Tyburnia and down the long row of terraces to which two Universities have given their names.

At the end of Oxford Terrace, the Edgware Road cuts rapidly in, and the genteel district is over. It expires at that barrier of twopenny omnibuses: we are nearly cut in two by one of those disgusting vehicles, as we pass rapidly through the odious cordon.

We now behold a dreary district of mud, and houses on either side, that have a decayed and slatternly look, as if they had become insolvent, and subsequently taken to drinking and evil courses in their old age. There is a corner house not very far from the commencement of the New Road, which is such a picture of broken-windowed bankruptcy as is only to be seen when a house is in Chancery or in Ireland. I think the very ghosts must be mildewed that haunt that most desolate spot.

As they rode on, the two cavaliers peeped over the board of the tea-garden at the Yorkshire Stingo. The pillars of the damp arbours and the legs of the tables were reflected in the mud.

In sooth 'tis a dismal quarter. What are those whity-brown small houses with black gardens fronting, and cards of lodgings wafered into the rickety bow-windows? Would not the very idea that you have to pass over that damp and reeking strip of ground prevent any man from taking those hopeless apartments? Look at the shabby children paddling through the slush: and lo! the red-haired maid-of-all-work, coming out with yesterday's paper and her mistress's beer-jug in her hand, through the creaking little garden door, on which the name of "Sulsh" is written on a dirty brass-plate.

Who is Sulsh? Why do I want to know that he lives there? Ha! there is the Lying-in Hospital, which always looks so comfortable that we feel as if we should like to be in an interesting—fiddlestick; Here is Milksop Terrace. It looks like a dowager. It has seen better days, but it holds its head up still, and has nothing to do with Marylebone Workhouse, opposite, that looks as cheerful as a cheese-paring.

We rise in respectability: we come upon tall brown houses, and can look up long vistas of brick. Off with your hat. That is Baker Street; jolly little Upper Baker Street stretches away Regent's Parkward; we pass by Glum Street, Great Gaunt Street, Upper Hatchment Street; Tressel Place, and Pall Street—dark, tragic, and respectable abodes of worthy people. Their names should be printed in a black book, instead of a red book, however. I think they must have been built by an architect and undertaker.

How the omnibuses cut through the mud City-wards, and the rapid cabs with canvas-backed trunks on the top, rush towards the Great Western Railway. Yonder it lies, beyond the odious line of twopenny 'buses.

See, we are at Park Crescent. Portland Place is like a Pyramid, and has resisted time. It still looks as if Aldermen lived there, and very beneficed clergymen came to them to dine. The footmen are generally fat in Portland Place, I have remarked; fat and in red plush breeches—different from the Belgravian gents: from the Tyburnian. Every quarter has its own expression of plush, as flowers bloom differently in different climates.

Chariots with lozenges on the panels, and elderly ladies inside, are driving through the iron gates to take the cheerful round of Regent's Park. When all Nature smiles and the skies are intolerably bright and blue, the Regency Park seems to me to have this advantage, that a cooling and agreeable mist always lies over it, and keeps off the glare.

Do people still continue to go to the Diorama? It is an entertainment congenial to the respectability of the neighbourhood. I know nothing more charming than to sit in a black room there, silent and frightened, and with a dim sense that you are turning round; and then to see the view of the Church of Saint Rawhead by moonlight, while a distant barrel-organ plays the Dead March in "Saul" almost inaudibly.

Yoicks! we have passed the long defile of Albany Street; we cross the road of Tottenham—on either side of us the cheerful factories with ready-made tombstones and funereal urns; or great zinc slipper-baths and chimney-pots that look like the helmets of the Castle of Otranto. Extremely small cigar-shops, and dentists; one or two bug-destroyers, and coffee-shops that look by no means inviting, are

remarked by self and Hengist as our rapid steeds gallop swiftly onwards—onwards through the Square of Euston—onwards where the towers of Pancridge rise before us—rapidly, rapidly.

Ha! he is down—is he hurt?—He is up again—it is a cab-horse on ahead, not one of ours. It is the wood-pavement. Let us turn aside and avoid the dangerous path.

SPEC.

(*March* 1848.)

THE PROSER:

ESSAYS AND DISCOURSES BY DR. SOLOMON PACIFICO.

ON AN INTERESTING FRENCH EXILE.

AS he walks the streets of London in this present season, everybody must have remarked the constant appearance in all thoroughfares and public places of very many well-dressed foreigners. With comely beards, variegated neck-cloths, and varnished little boots, with guide-books in their hands, or a shabby guide or conductor accompanying a smart little squad of half-a-dozen of them, these honest Continentals march through the city and its environs, examine Nelson on his indescribable pillar, the Duke of York impaled between the Athenæum and the United Service Clubs—*les docks*, *le tunnel* (*monument du génie Français*), Greenwich *avec son parc et ses whites-bates*, *les monuments de la cité*, *les squarrs du West End*, &c. The sight of these peaceful invaders is a very pleasant one. One would like to hear their comments upon our city and institutions, and to be judged by that living posterity; and I have often thought that an ingenious young Englishman, such as there are many now amongst us, possessing the two languages perfectly, would do very well to let his beard grow, and to travel to Paris, for the purpose of returning thence with a company of excursionists, who arrive to pass *une semaine à Londres* and of chronicling the doings and opinions of the party. His excellency the Nepaulese Ambassador, and Lieutenant Futty Jung, know almost as much about our country as many of those other foreigners who live but four hours' distance from us; and who are transported to England and back again at the cost of a couple of hundred francs. They are conducted to our theatres, courts of justice, Houses of Parliament, churches; not understanding, for the most

part, one syllable of what they hear: their eager imaginations fancy an oration or a dialogue, which supplies the words delivered by the English speakers, and replaces them by figures and sentiments of their own *façon*; and they believe, no doubt, that their reports are pretty accurate, and that they have actually heard and understood something.

To see the faces of these good folks of a Sunday—their dreary bewilderment and puzzled demeanour as they walk the blank streets (if they have not the means of flight to Richemont or Amstedd, or some other pretty environs of the town where *gazon* is plentiful and ale cheap), is always a most queer and comic sight. Has not one seen that peculiar puzzled look in certain little amusing manikins at the Zoological Gardens and elsewhere, when presented with a nut which they can't crack, or examining a looking-glass of which they can't understand the mystery—that look so delightfully piteous and ludicrous? I do not mean to say that all Frenchmen are like the active and ingenious animals alluded to, and make a simious comparison odious to a mighty nation; this, in the present delicate condition of the diplomatic relations between the two countries, and while Lord Stanley's questions are pending respecting papers which have reference to the affairs of a celebrated namesake of mine,* would be a dangerous and unkind simile; but that, as our proverbial dulness and ferocity often shows itself in the resemblance between the countenances of our people and our *boules-dogues*, so the figure and motions of the Frenchman bear an occasional likeness to the lively ring-tail, or the brisk and interesting marmoset. They can't crack any of our nuts; an impenetrable shell guards them from our friends' teeth. I saw last year, at Paris, a little play called "Une Semaine à Londres," intending to ridicule the amusements of the excursionists, and, no doubt, to satirise the manners of the English. Very likely the author had come to see London—so had M. Gautier—so had M. Valentino—the first of whom saw "vases chiselled by Benvenuto" in the pot from which Mrs. Jones at Clapham poured out the poet's tea; the second, from a conversation in English, of which he didn't understand a syllable, with a young man in Messrs. Hunt and Roskell's shop, found out that the shopman was a Red Republican, and that he and most of his fellows were groaning under the tyranny of the aristocracy. Very likely, we say, the author of "Une Semaine à Londres" had travelled hither. There is no knowing what he did not see: he saw the barge of the Queen pulling to Greenwich, whither

* A Jew named Pacifico, who claimed compensation for damage done to property in a riot at Athens in 1847.

her Majesty was going to *manger un excellent sandwidg*; he saw the *bateaux* of the *blanchisseuses* on the river; and with these and a hundred similar traits, he strove to paint our manners in behalf of his countrymen.

I was led into the above and indeed the ensuing reflections, by reading an article in the *Times* newspaper last week, on Citizen Ledru Rollin's work on the decadence of this unhappy country; and by a subsequent reference to the work itself. That great citizen protests that he has cracked the British nut, and, having broken his grinders at it, pronounces the kernel utterly poisonous, bitter, and rotten. No man since the days of Pittetcobourg has probably cursed us with a more hearty ill-will—not O'Connell himself (whom the ex-tribune heartily curses and abuses too) abused us more in his best days. An enthusiastic malevolence, a happy instinct for blundering, an eye that naturally distorts the objects which its bloodshot glances rest upon, and a fine natural ignorance, distinguish the prophet who came among us when his own country was too hot to hold him, and who bellows out to us his predictions of hatred and ruin. England is an assassin and corrupter (roars our friend); it has nailed Ireland to the cross (this is a favourite image of the orator; he said, two years ago in Paris, that *he* was nailed to the cross for the purpose of saving the nation !); that, while in France the press is an apostleship, in England it is a business; that the Church is a vast aristocratic corruption, the Prelate of Canterbury having three million francs of revenue, and the Bishop of Hawkins having died worth six millions two hundred and fifty thousand; that the commercial aristocracy is an accursed power, making "Rule Britannia" resound in distant seas, from the height of its victorious masts; and so forth. I am not going to enter into an argument or quarrel with the accuracy of details so curious—my purpose in writing is that of friendly negotiator and interposer of good offices, and my object eminently pacific.

But though a man paints an odious picture, and writes beneath it, as the boys do, "This is England," that is no reason that the portrait should be like. Mr. Spec, for instance, who tried to draw Erminia as a figure-head for the Proser of last week, made a face which was no more like hers than it was like mine; and how should he, being himself but a wretched performer, and having only once seen the young lady, at an exhibition, where I pointed her out? As with Spec and Erminia, so with Ledru and Britannia. I doubt whether the Frenchman has ever seen at all the dear old country of ours which he reviles, and curses, and abuses.

How is Ledru to see England? We may wager that he does not know a word of the language, any more than nine hundred and

ninety-nine of a thousand Frenchmen. What do they want with Jordan when they have Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, which they consider to be the finest and most cleansing waters of the world? In the reader's acquaintance with Frenchmen, how many does he know who can speak our language decently? I have for my part, and for example, seen many of the refugees whom the troubles of '48 sent over among us, and not met one who, in the couple of years' residence, has taken the trouble to learn our language tolerably, who can understand it accurately when spoken, much more express himself in it with any fluency. And without any knowledge of Mr. Rollin, who blunders in every page of his book, who does not make the least allusion to our literature, one may pretty surely argue that this interesting exile does not know our language, and could not construe, without enormous errors, any half-a-dozen sentences in the *Times*. When Macaulay was busy with his great chapters on King William, he thoroughly learned Dutch, in order to understand, and have at first-hand, the despatches of the Prince of Orange. Have you heard of many Frenchmen swallowing a language or two before they thought of producing a history? Can Thiers read a page of Napier? No more than Ledru can, or communicate in our native language with any Englishman, of any party, from Lord John Manners to Mr. Julian Harney.

How many houses has Ledru visited of the ruffian aristocrats who are plundering the people, of the priests who are cheating them, of the middle classes who are leagued with the aristocracy, or of the people themselves? Is he intimate with any three English families? with any single nobleman? with any one parson, tradesman, or working man? He quotes a great mass of evidence against England from the *Morning Chronicle*: did he translate from the *Chronicle* himself, or get a secretary? Can he translate? If he will, without the aid of a dictionary, sit down in our office, and translate this paper fairly into French, he shall have the last volume of *Punch*, gilt, and presented to him gratis.

The chances are that this exile never sees our society at all; that he gets his dinner at a French *table-d hôte*, where other unfortunates of his nation meet and eat and grumble; that he goes to a French *café*, or coffee-shop used by Frenchmen, to read the French ews-papers; that he buys his cigars at a French house; that he takes his walk between the Quadrant and Leicester Square; that he takes his amusement at the French play, or at an hotel in Leicester Place where there is a billiard- and a smoking-room, and where the whiskered red men can meet and curse *l'infâme Angleterre*.

Marius sitting in the ruins of Carthage and scowling on his pur-

suers, is a grand figure enough ; but a French tribune looking upon *our* Carthage, standing alone we may fancy against the desolate statue yonder in Leicester Square, is the most dismal, absurd, ludicrous image imaginable. "Thou hireling soldier" (says he, folding his arms against the statue and knitting his brows with an awful air), "thou shuddering Cimbrian slave, tell thy master that thou hast seen Caius Marius, banished and a fugitive, seated on the ruins of," &c. The minion of despots whom he addresses does not care in the least about his scowls, or his folded arms, or his speech ; not he—Policeman X points with his staff, thinks within himself that it's only a Frenchman, and tells him to move on.

To an exile of this sort what a daily humiliation London must be ! How small he appears amongst the two millions ! Who the deuce cares for him ? The Government does not even pay him the compliment of the slightest persecution, or set so much as a spy or a policeman as a guard of honour at his door. Every man he meets of the two millions has his own business to mind. Yonder man can't attend to Marius : he is Chowler, and has got to "chaw up" Peel. The next can't listen : he is Cobden, who is so pressed that he cannot even receive Captain Aaron Smith, who has something particular to say to him. A third is engaged : it is Lord Ashley, who has the bettering of the working classes at heart, and the model houses to visit. A fourth gives Marius a little sympathy, but must pass on : it is Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds, author of "The Mysteries of London" and "The People's Instructor," who is going to beard Lord John at the meeting, and ask his lordship what his lordship is going to do for the millions ? One and all they have their own affairs to mind. Who cares about Marius ? Get along, Marius, and play a pool at billiards, and smoke a cigar, and curse England to the other braves. Move on, Marius, and don't block up the way.

(*June* 1850.)

ON AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER.

AS you sit in the great drawing-room at the Megatherium, or any other club, I dare say you will remark that as each man passes the great mirror in the middle room, be he ever so handsome or homely, so well or ill dressed, so hurried or busy, he nevertheless has time for a good survey of himself in the glass, and a deliberate examination of his clothes and person. He is anxious to know what

the glass thinks of him. We are anxious to know what all reflective persons think of us. Hence our constant pleasure in reading books of travel by foreigners: by Hadji Babas and Persian Princes; by Ledru Rollins or German philosophers; by Americans who come to England; and the like. If the black gentleman in Saint Paul's Churchyard, who was called away from his broom the other day, and lifted up into the Nepaulese General's carriage in the quality of interpreter, writes his account of London life, its crossings and sweepings, I have no doubt we shall all read it; and as for the Americans, I think a smart publisher might bring over a traveller from the States every season, at least, so constant is our curiosity regarding ourselves, so pleased are we to hear ourselves spoken of, of such an unfailing interest are We to Us.

Thus, after reading Ledru Rollin's book the other day, and taking the dismal view supplied of ourselves by that cracked and warped and dingy old estaminet looking-glass, I, for one, was glad to survey my person in such a bright and elegant New York mirror as that of Mr. Parker Willis; and seized eagerly, at a railway station, upon a new volume by that gentleman, bearing the fascinating title of "People I have Met." Parker Willis is no other than that famous and clever N. P. Willis of former days, whose reminiscences have delighted so many of us, and in whose company one is always sure to find amusement of some sort or the other. Sometimes it is amusement at the writer's wit and smartness, his brilliant descriptions, and wondrous flow and rattle of spirits; sometimes it is wicked amusement, and, it must be confessed, at Willis's own expense—amusement at the immensity of N. P.'s blunders, amusement at the prodigiousness of his self-esteem; amusement always, with him or at him; with or at Willis the poet, Willis the man, Willis the dandy, Willis the lover—now the Broadway Crichton, once the ruler of fashion, and heart-enslaver of Bond Street, and the Boulevard, and the Corso and the Chiaja, and the Constantinople Bazaar. It is well for the general peace of families that the world does not produce many such men; there would be no keeping our wives and daughters in their senses were such fascinators to make frequent apparitions amongst us; but it is comfortable that there should have been a Willis; and (since the appearance of the Proser) a literary man myself, and anxious for the honour of that profession, I am proud to think that a man of our calling should have come, should have seen, should have conquered, as Willis has done.

"There is more or less of truth," he nobly says, "in every one of the stories" which he narrates here in "People I have Met"—more or less, to be sure there is—and it is on account of this more or less of truth that I, for my part, love and applaud this hero and poet so; and

recommend every man who reads *Punch* to lay out a shilling and read Willis. We live in our country and don't know it: Willis walks into it and dominates it at once. To know a duchess, for instance, is given to very few of us. He sees things that are not given to us to see. We see the duchess pass by in her carriage, and gaze with much reverence on the strawberry leaves on the panels and her grace within: whereas the odds are that that lovely duchess has had one time or the other a desperate flirtation with Willis the Conqueror: perhaps she is thinking of him at this very minute as her jewelled hand presses her perfumed cambric handkerchief to her fair and coroneted brow, and she languidly stops to purchase a ruby bracelet at Gunter's, or to sip an ice at Howell and James's. He must have whole mattresses stuffed with the blonde, or raven, or auburn memories of England's fairest daughters. When the female English aristocracy read this title of "People I have Met," I can fancy the whole female peerage of Willis's time in a shudder: and the melancholy Marchioness, and the abandoned Countess, and the heart-stricken Baroness, trembling as each gets the volume, and asking of her guilty conscience, "Gracious goodness! is the monster going to show up *me*?"

"The greater number of his stories," Willis says, "embody such passages in the personal history of the eminent men and women of Europe as the author came to the knowledge of, by conversance with the circles in which they moved"—and this is the point, rather than their own liveliness, elegance of style, and intrinsic merit, which makes them so valuable to English readers. We can't hope for the facilities accorded to him. As at Paris, by merely exhibiting his passport, a foreigner will walk straight into an exhibition, which is only visible to a native on certain days in the year; so with English aristocratic society, to be admitted into that Elysium you had best be a stranger. Indeed, how should it be otherwise? A lady of fashion, however benevolently disposed, can't ask everybody to her house in Grosvenor Square or Carlton Gardens. Say there are five hundred thousand people in London (a moderate calculation) who have heard of Lady P.'s Saturday evening parties and would like to attend them: where could her ladyship put the thousandth part of them? We on the outside must be content to hear at second hand of the pleasures which the initiated enjoy.

With strangers it is different, and they claim and get admittance as strangers. Here, for instance, is an account of one Brown, an American (though, under that modest mask of Brown, I can't help fancying that I see the features of an N. P. W. himself): Brown arrived in London with a budget of introductions like the postman's bag on Valentine's Day; he "began with a most noble duke" (the sly rogue),

and, of course, was quickly "on the dinner-list of most of the patricians of Mayfair."

"As I was calling myself to account the other day over my breakfast," said Brown, filling his glass, and pushing the bottle, "it occurred to me that my round of engagements required some little variation. There's a *toujours perdrix*, even among lords and ladies, particularly when you belong as much to their sphere, and are as likely to become a part of it, as the fly revolving in aristocratic dust on the wheel of my lord's carriage. I thought, perhaps, I had better see some other sort of people.

"I had, under a *presse-papier* on the table, about a hundred letters of introduction—the condemned remainder, after the selection, by advice, of four or five only. I determined to cut this heap like a pack of cards and follow up the trump.

"'JOHN MIMPSON, Esquire, *House of* Mimpson *and* Phipps, *Mark Lane, London.*'

"The gods had devoted me to the acquaintance of Mr. (and probably Mrs.) John Mimpson."

After a "dialogue of accost," Brown produced his introductory letter to Mimpson, whom he finely describes as having that "*highly-washed look* peculiar to London City men;" and Mimpson asked Brown to lunch and sleep at his villa at Hampstead the next day, whither the American accordingly went in a "poshay" with "a pair of Newman's posters." Brown might, as he owns, have performed this journey in an omnibus for sixpence, whereas the chaise would cost four dollars at least; but the stranger preferred the more costly and obsolete contrivance.

"Mrs. Mimpson was in the garden. The dashing footman who gave me the information led me through a superb drawing-room, and out at a glass door upon the lawn, and left me to make my own way to the lady's presence.

"It was a delicious spot, and I should have been very glad to ramble about by myself till dinner; but, at a turn in the grand walk, I came suddenly upon two ladies.

"I made my bow, and begged leave to introduce myself as 'Mr. Brown.'

"With a very slight inclination of the head, and no smile whatever, one of the ladies asked me if I had walked from town, and begged her companion (without introducing me to her) to show me in to lunch. The spokester was a stout and tall woman, who had rather an aristocratic nose, and was not handsome; but, to give her her due, she had made a narrow escape of it. She was dressed very showily, and evidently had great pretensions; but that she was not at all glad to see Mr. Brown was as apparent as was at all necessary. As the other and younger lady who was to accompany me, however, was very pretty, though dressed very plainly, and had, withal, a look in her eye which assured me she was amused with my unwelcome apparition, I determined, as I

should not otherwise have done, to stay it out, and accepted her convoy with submissive civility—very much inclined, however, to be impudent to somebody, somehow.

"The lunch was on a tray in a side room, and I rang the bell and ordered a bottle of champagne. The servant looked surprised, but brought it, and meantime I was getting through the weather, and the other commonplaces, and the lady, saying little, was watching me very calmly. I liked her looks, however, and was sure she was not a Mimpson.

"'Hand this to Miss Armstrong,' said I to the footman, pouring out a glass of champagne.

"'Miss Bellamy, you mean, sir.'

"I rose and bowed, and, with as grave a curtsey as I could command, expressed my pleasure at my first introduction to Miss Bellamy—through Thomas the footman! Miss Bellamy burst into a laugh, and was pleased to compliment my American manners, and in ten minutes we were a very merry pair of friends, and she accepted my arm for a stroll through the grounds, carefully avoiding the frigid neighbourhood of Mrs. Mimpson."

There's a rascal for you! He enters a house, is received coolly by the mistress (and if Mrs. Mimpson had to receive every Brown in London—ye gods! what was she to do?). walks into chicken fixings in a side room, and, not content with Mimpson's sherry, calls for a bottle of champagne—not for a glass of champagne, but for a bottle; he catches hold of it and pours out for himself, the rogue, and for Miss Bellamy, to whom Thomas introduces him. And this upon an introduction of five years' date, from one mercantile man to another; upon an introduction, one of a thousand which lucky Brown possesses, and on the strength of which Brown sneers at Mimpson, sneers at Mrs. M., sneers at M.'s sherry, makes a footman introduce him to a lady, and consumes a bottle of champagne! Come, Brown! you are a stranger, and on the dinner-list of most of the patricians of Mayfair; but isn't this *un peu fort*, my boy? If Mrs. Mimpson, who is described as a haughty lady, fourth cousin of a Scotch Earl, and marrying M. for his money merely, had suspicions regarding the conduct of her husband's friends, don't you see that this sort of behaviour on your part, my dear Brown, was not likely to do away with Mrs. M.'s little prejudices? I should not like a stranger to enter my house, pooh-pooh my Marsala, order my servant about, and desire an introduction to my daughter through him; and deferentially think, Brown, that you had no right to be impudent somehow to somebody, as in this instance you certainly were.

The upshot of the story is, that Mrs. M. was dying to take her daughter to Almack's, for which place of entertainment Brown, through one of the patronesses, Lady X, "the best friend he has," could get as

many tickets as he wished ; and that, to punish Mrs. Mimpson for her rudeness, and reward Miss Bellamy for her kindness, Brown got tickets for Miss Bellamy and *her* mamma, but would get never a ticket for Miss Mimpson and hers—a wonderful story, truly, and with a wonderful moral.

(*July* 1850.)

PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
LONDON